

*(Character-Notes.)*

*H. Howard Miller*

# The Glad Refrain

By  
*Robert Lowry*  
and *W. Howard Doane.*

**BIGLOW & MAIN,**  
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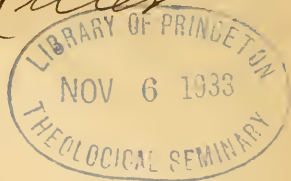


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*Mrs F. H. Miller*

The



# Glad Refrain

for

## The Sunday School.

A NEW COLLECTION OF

SONGS FOR WORSHIP.

Edited by

ROBERT LOWRY and W. HOWARD DOANE.

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BOTH YOUNG MEN, AND MAIDENS; OLD MEN, AND CHILDREN: LET THEM PRAISE THE  
NAME OF THE LORD.—Ps. cxlviii., 12, 13.

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Published in Separate Editions of Round and Character Notes.

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BIGLOW & MAIN,

76 East Ninth Street, New York. | 81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

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MAY BE ORDERED THROUGH BOOKSELLERS AND MUSIC DEALERS

# SALUTATION.

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*Glad Refrain* is in the line of the successful books edited by the same authors.

*Glad Refrain* takes up the old Gospel theme—CHRIST in His character and His work.

*Glad Refrain* is intended for practical use in the Song Service of the Sunday School.

*Glad Refrain* includes hymns both for the young and for grown-up people.

*Glad Refrain* presents music such as Sunday Schools delight to sing.

*Glad Refrain* is projected on a grade that recognizes an improved taste in the material for the Service of Song.

*Glad Refrain* does not contain any music that has the soul taken out of it by excess of technical polishing.

THE EDITORS.

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For the convenience of Superintendents who desire a schedule for the Sunday School Session, we suggest the following:

**Time—2:30.**

Bell Tap.

Silence.

Singing.

Opening Service.

Prayer.

Singing.

Reading Lesson.

Singing.

**Time—2:55.**

Studying Lesson.

**Time—3:30.**

Bell Tap.

Perfect Order.

Announcements.

Blackboard Exercise.

Miscellaneous.

Closing Service.

Singing.

**Time—3:50.**

Dismissal.

If another hour is used, the same intervals will be found desirable.

## 1. The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread:

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.

Amen.

## 2. Opening Service.

SUPERINTENDENT.—The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul:

*School.*—The testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple:

SUPT.—The statutes of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart:

*School.*—The commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes:

SUPT.—The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever:

*School.*—The judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether.

SUPT.—More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;

*School.*—Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

SUPT.—Moreover, by them is thy servant warned:

*School.*—And in keeping of them there is great reward.

SUPT.—Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight,

*School.*—O LORD, my strength and my redeemer.

## 3. Opening Service.

SUPT.—O come let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

*School.*—Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

SUPT.—They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles;

*School.*—They shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

SUPT.—It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.

*School.*—Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks; for that thy name is near thy wondrous works declare.

SUPT.—Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

*School.*—O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

SUPT.—Deal bountifully with thy servant, that I may keep thy word.

*School.*—Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

SUPT.—Quicken thou me according to thy word.

*School.*—Make me to understand the way of thy precepts.

SUPT.—Teach me, O LORD, the way of thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end.

*School.*—Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law: yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

## 4. Responsive Service.

SUPT.—Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

*School.*—Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

SUPT.—Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

*School.*—Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

SUPT.—Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

*School.*—Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

SUPT.—Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

*School.*—Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

SUPT.—Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

*School.*—Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

## 5. Missionary Service.

SUPT.—Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

*School.*—O let the nations be glad, and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

SUPT.—Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

*School.*—Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our God, shall bless us.

SUPT.—God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

*School.*—Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice: and let men say among the nations, The LORD reigneth.

SUPT.—Behold my servant, whom I uphold, mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth; he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.

*School.*—He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law.

SUPT.—God hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth.

*School.*—Whosoever shall call on the name of the LORD, shall be saved.

## 6. Closing Service.

SUPT.—Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever.

*School.*—Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

SUPT.—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

*School.*—Then art my hiding place and my shield: I hope in thy word.

SUPT.—Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

*School.*—At evening time it shall be light.

SUPT.—The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.

*School.*—He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

## 7. Closing Service.

SUPT.—All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

*School.*—Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.

SUPT.—Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.

*School.*—Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

SUPT.—From the rising of the sun, unto the going down of the same, the LORD's name is to be praised.

*School.*—Unto thee shall the vow be performed.

SUPT.—Grace be to you, and peace, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

*School.*—The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.

# Wait on the Lord. Concluded.

mag - ni - fy His grace, For ev - - - er - - - more.  
ev - er, ev - er - more.

## No. 3. Hold up the Cross.

Miss F. G. BROWNING.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. By the cross of Christ I lin - ger, Reading there the sto - ry old.  
2. By the cross I'm lift - ed near - er To the heart of Him who died;  
3. By the cross of Christ my longing For a crown is sat - is - fied;

Traced in blood by God's own fin - ger, When His love to man was told.  
Dai - ly grows my vis - ion clear - er To be - hold the Cru - ci - fied.  
Thoughts of joy be - yond are thronging, As I stand the cross be - side.

### REFRAIN.

Hold up the cross to a dy - ing world, Hold up the cross, hold up the cross ;

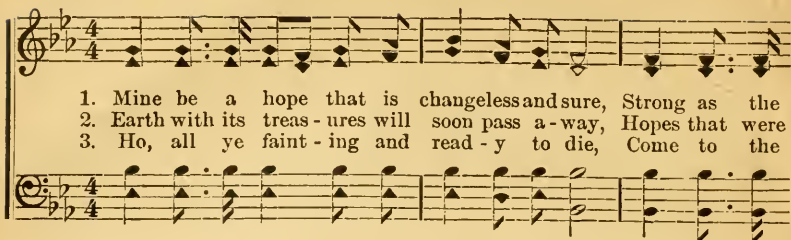
Hold up the cross to a dy - ing world, Hold up the cross.



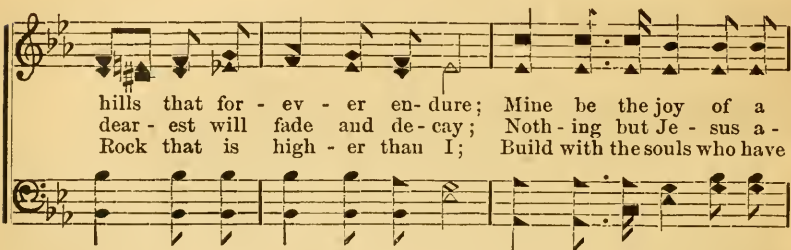
# No. 4. Only One Foundation.

W. O. CUSHING.

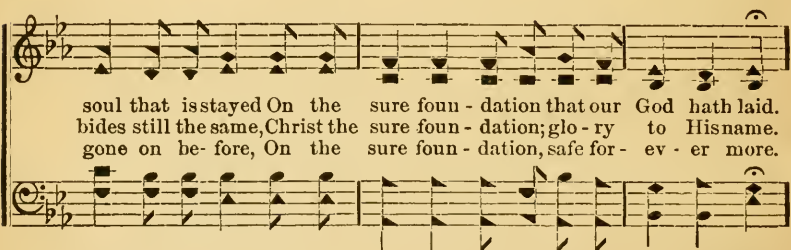
W. H. DOANE.



1. Mine be a hope that is changeless and sure, Strong as the  
 2. Earth with its treasures will soon pass a-way, Hopes that were  
 3. Ho, all ye faint-ing and read-y to die, Come to the

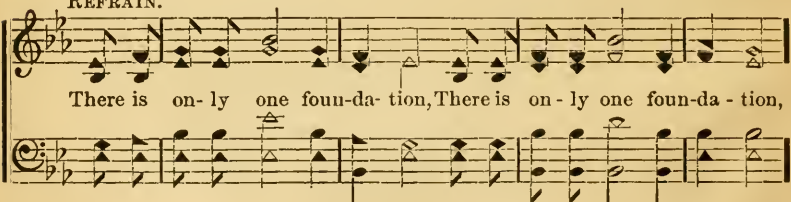


hills that for - ev - er en-dure; Mine be the joy of a  
 dear - est will fade and de - cay; Noth - ing but Je - sus a -  
 Rock that is high - er than I; Build with the souls who have

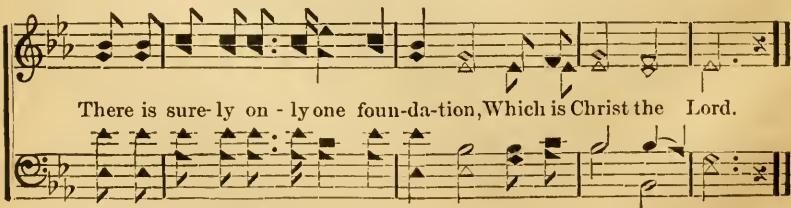


soul that is stayed On the sure foun - dation that our God hath laid.  
 bides still the same, Christ the sure foun - dation; glo - ry to His name.  
 gone on be - fore, On the sure foun - dation, safe for - ev - er more.

## REFRAIN.



There is on - ly one foun - da - tion, There is on - ly one foun - da - tion,




There is sure - ly on - ly one foun - da - tion, Which is Christ the Lord.

## No. 5.



## Send the Victory.

WM. STEVENSON.


ROBERT LOWRY.



1. We are hop-ing on For the golden dawn, When the world to Christ shall  
 2. Time is pass-ing by, Soon the night draws nigh ; We must labor while 'tis  
 3. When our work is done, And the vic't'ry won, Free from sorrow, pain, and

bow ; Strength to con - quer give, Grace for Thee to live ;  
 day ; What we find to do With our might pur - sue ;  
 care, We shall find our rest On Thy lov - ing breast,



## REFRAIN.


O




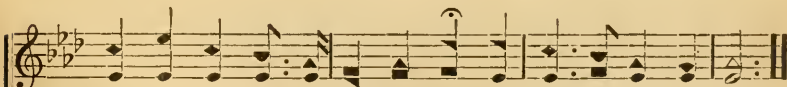
Sav-iour, send the vic - t'ry now. }  
 Swift the moments glide a - way. } Send the vic - t'ry now, Send the  
 And re-main for - ev - er there. }




Lord, O Lord;



vic - t'ry now, Send the vic - t'ry now, Send the vic - t'ry now ; Strength to

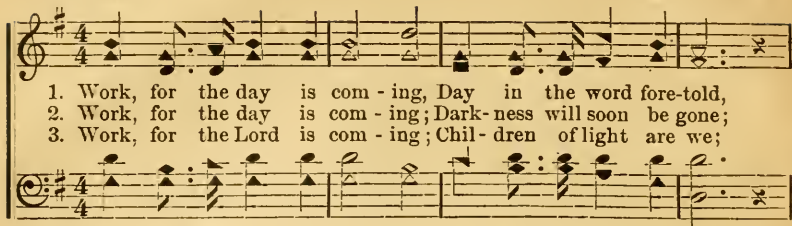
con - quer give, Grace for Thee to live ; O send the vic - t'ry now.



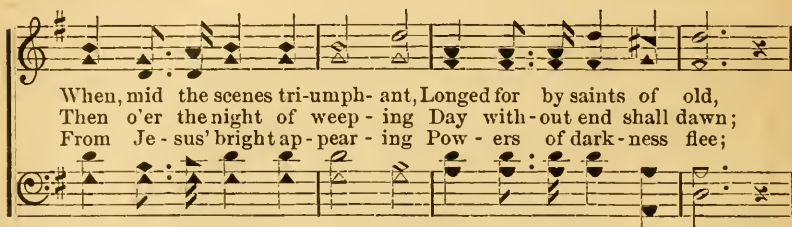
# No. 6. Work, for the Day is Coming.

BASIL MANLY.

W. H. DOANE.

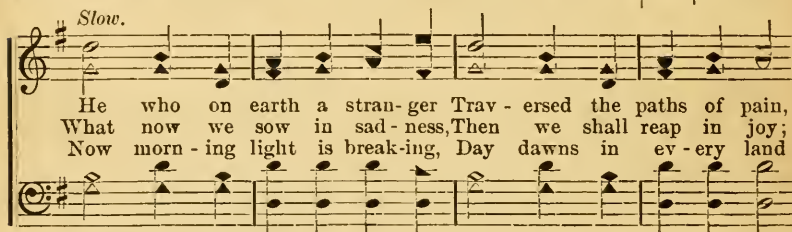


1. Work, for the day is com - ing, Day in the word fore-told,  
 2. Work, for the day is com - ing; Dark-ness will soon be gone;  
 3. Work, for the Lord is com - ing; Chil - dren of light are we;



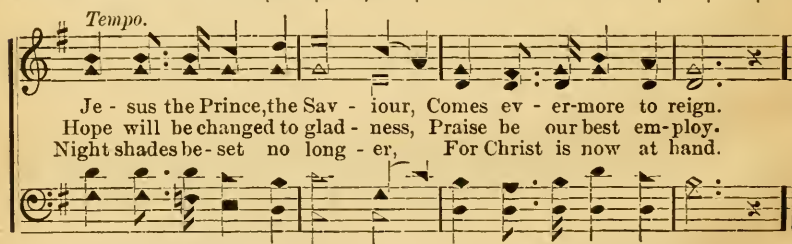
When, mid the scenes tri-umph-ant, Longed for by saints of old,  
 Then o'er the night of weep - ing Day with-out end shall dawn;  
 From Je - sus' bright ap-pear - ing Pow - ers of dark-ness flee;

*Slow.*



He who on earth a stran-ger Trav - ersed the paths of pain,  
 What now we sow in sad-ness, Then we shall reap in joy;  
 Now morn - ing light is break-ing, Day dawns in ev - ery land;

*Tempo.*



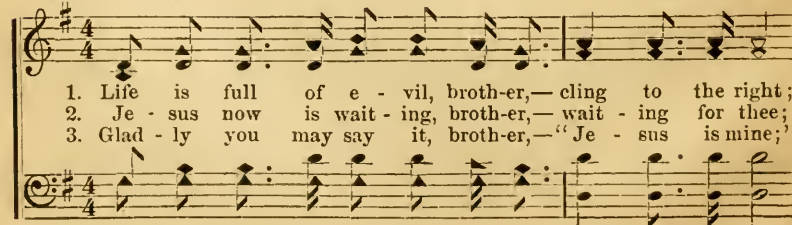
Je - sus the Prince, the Sav - iour, Comes ev - er-more to reign.  
 Hope will be changed to glad - ness, Praise be our best em-employ.  
 Night shades be-set no long - er, For Christ is now at hand.

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# No. 7. Come at the Call.

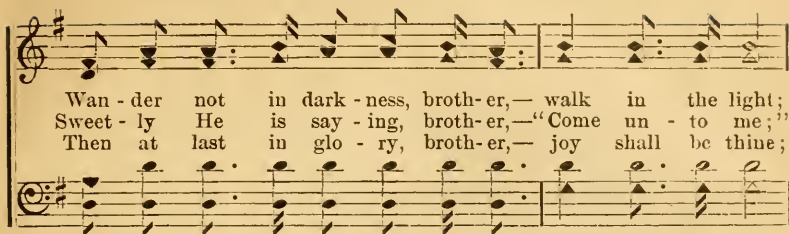
EDWARD A. BARNES.

ROBERT LOWRY.

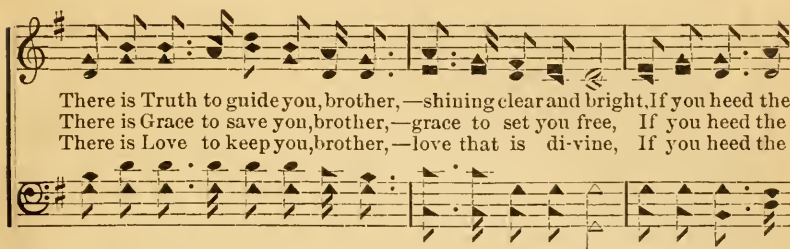


1. Life is full of e - vil, broth-er,—cling to the right;  
 2. Je - sus now is wait - ing, broth-er,—wait - ing for thee;  
 3. Glad - ly you may say it, broth-er,—“Je - sus is mine;”

# Come at the Call. Concluded.

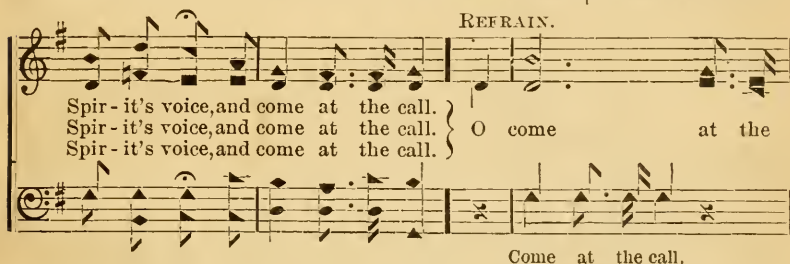


Wan - der not in dark - ness, broth - er, — walk in the light;  
 Sweet - ly He is say - ing, broth - er, — "Come un - to me;"  
 Then at last in glo - ry, broth - er, — joy shall be thine;

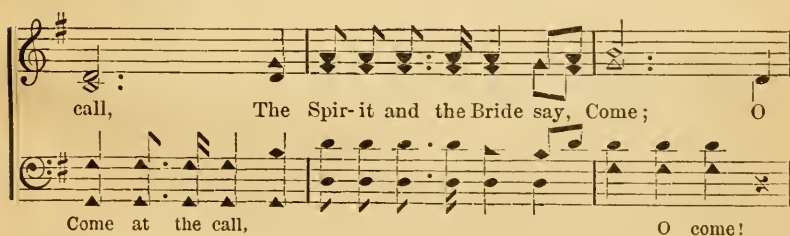


There is Truth to guide you, brother, — shining clear and bright, If you heed the  
 There is Grace to save you, brother, — grace to set you free, If you heed the  
 There is Love to keep you, brother, — love that is di - vine, If you heed the

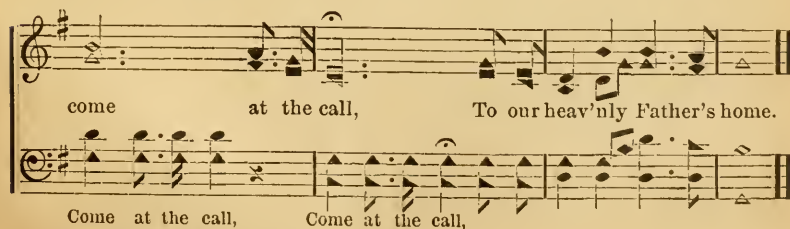
REFRAIN.



Spir - it's voice, and come at the call. }  
 Spir - it's voice, and come at the call. } O come at the  
 Spir - it's voice, and come at the call. }



call, The Spir - it and the Bride say, Come; O  
 Come at the call, O come!



come at the call, To our heav'nly Father's home.  
 Come at the call, Come at the call,



## No. 8.

## Blessed Sabbath.

W. S.

(Primary Song.)

WM. STEVENSON.

1. Bless-ed Sabbath, source of pleasure, Bright the hours and free from care;  
 2. Pleasant smiles and friendly greetings, Sweetest hymns of love and praise,  
 3. All these earthly Sabbaths end-ed, Joys im-mor-tal will be giv'n;

Joys they bring us with-out measure, Pur-est joys that all may share.  
 Pre-cious les-sons, too, re-peat-ing, Make the Sabbath best of days.  
 And our songs, with an-gels blend-ed, Swell the har-mo-ny of heav'n.

## CHORUS.

We are hap-py, yes, we're hap-py; Ev-ery rule we will o-bey;

We are hap-py, O, so hap-py, In our Sun-day School to-day.

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## No. 9.

## "Perfect," O Lord?

C. C. DAWSON.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

1. "Perfect," O Lord? the word is Thine; Weakness and sin, a-las, are mine;  
 2. Thou, Lord, art per-fect; far a-bove All love of an-gels is Thy love;  
 3. Without Thy help, O Lord, in vain Are sor-row, pen-i-tence, and pain;



## No. 12.

## Beyond this Vale.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Be - yond this vale of sor - row, Be - yond the si - lent riv - er,  
 2. He who the word hath spok - en, "Ye shall have trib - u - la - tion,"  
 3. When death's dark shades encroaching Shall end life's day of sad - ness,  
 4. Be brave, my soul, till morning Breaks on thy raptured vis - ion ;

Shall dawn a bright - er mor - row, When joy shall reign for - ev - er.  
 Hath giv - en us a to - ken Of fi - nal con - so - la - tion.  
 E - ter - nal morn ap - proach - ing Will thrill the soul with glad - ness.  
 Light shall be thine a - dorn - ing In yon - der realms e - lys - ian.

## CHORUS.

Christ as - cend - ed to pre - pare Dwell - ing pla - ces there, In His

Fa - ther's house on high ; He is com - ing to re - ceive

All who faith - ful live, And will bear them to the sky.

## No. 13.

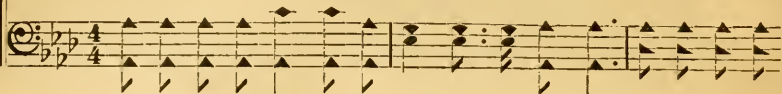
## Precious Hope.

W. O. CUSHING.

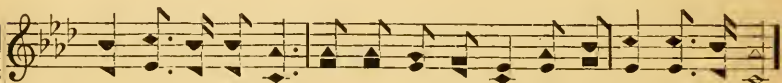
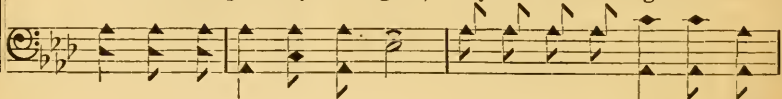
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Precious is the hope that in Je - sus we cher-ish, Fair-er than the
2. Precious is the thought, He will lead all His peo - ple, Lead them to the
3. Bless-ed are the souls whom He calls to His kingdom; They shall en-ter



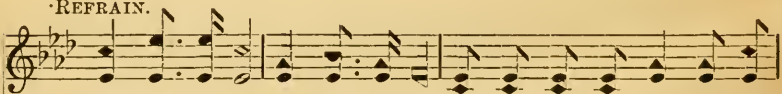
crowns of all kingdoms is He; Rich-er far than gold are the  
land where no sor-row is known; Noth-ing shall be lost that we  
in thro' the gate-ways of gold; They shall have a right to the



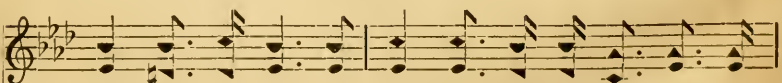
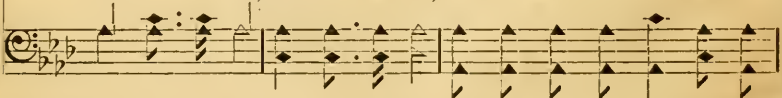
treasures He brings us, Dear-er to my heart than the wealth of the sea.  
trust in His keeping, Nothing shall be lost that He claims for His own.  
pleasures e - ter-nal, Ev - er-more the face of the King to behold.



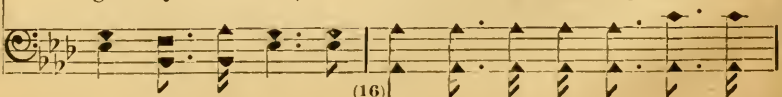
## REFRAIN.



Dear-er to me, dear-er to me, Dear-er than the world and its



glo - ry is He; I count but as noth-ing all the



# Precious Hope. Concluded.

wealth of the sea, Compared with the joy He has purchased for me.

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## No. 14. Daily, Hourly, Lead Me.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Lov-ing Saviour, lead me Ev-ery day and hour; Keep me ev-er  
 2. O Thou gracious Giv-er, Hear my ear-nest plea; Keep, O keep me  
 3. Thro' the pathway dear-y Guide me day by day; When oppressed and

near Thee, Hold me by Thy power; Ev-ery moment, Lord, I need Thee;  
 ev-er Ver-y close to Thee; Let Thy pres-ence ev-er cheer me;  
 wea-ry, Be my help and stay; In the hour of death, O hide me;

### REFRAIN.

O my Sav-iour, lead me. }  
 Keep, O keep me near Thee. } Dai-ly, hour-ly, lead me; Loving Saviour,  
 Thro' its shad-ow guide me. }

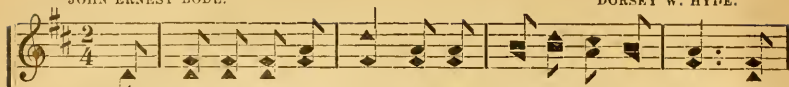
lead me; Ev-ery moment lead me, Till I rest with Thee.

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# No. 15. Saviour, I Have Promised.

JOHN ERNEST BODE.

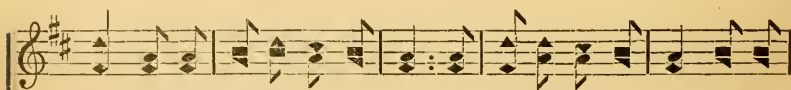
DORSEY W. HYDE.



1. O Saviour, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be  
 2. O Saviour, Thou hast prom-ised To all who fol- low Thee, That  
 3. O let me see Thy footprints, And in them plant my own; My

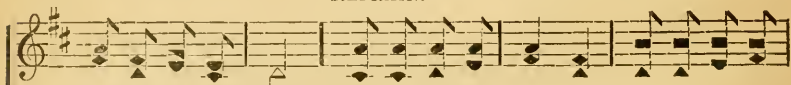


Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend; I shall not fear the  
 when Thou art in glo - ry Thy servant there shall be; And, Saviour, I have  
 hope to fol-low du - ly Is in Thy strength a-lone; O guide me, call me,




bat - tle If Thou art by my side, Nor wander from the path-way If  
 promised To serve Thee to the end; O give me grace to fol - low, My  
 draw me, Up- hold me to the end; And then in heaven re - ceive me, My

## REFRAIN.



Thou wilt be my Guide. }  
 Mas-ter and my Friend. } Saviour, I have prom-ised, Saviour, I have  
 Saviour and my Friend. }



prom-ised, Sav-iour, I have prom-ised; O keep me to the end.



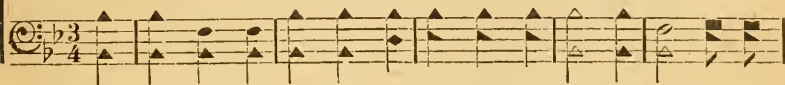
# No. 16. I Know There's a Rest.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

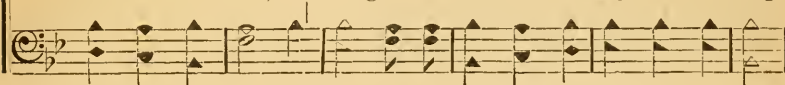
HUBERT P. MAIN.



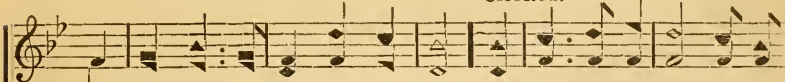
1. I know there's a rest that re-main-eth for me, A rest when my
2. I know there's a rest that re-main-eth for me, A rest with my
3. I know there's a rest that re-main-eth for me; I'll pa-tient-ly



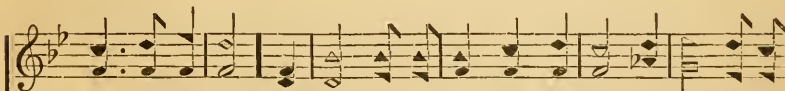
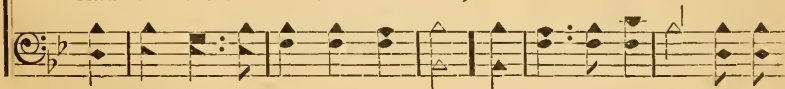
jour-ney is o'er; I know that the ransomed in bliss I shall see,  
Sav-iour a - bove, Where, clothed in His im-age, His face I shall see,  
wait till it come, — Till an-gels shall bear me a-way on their wings,



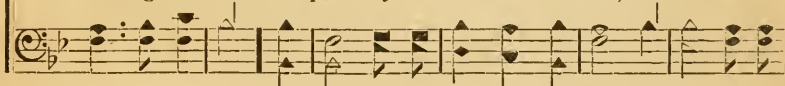
## CHORUS.



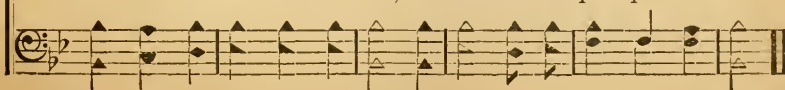
And la - bor and sor - row no more. }  
And feast on the smile of His love. } Then on-ward I'll go, and with  
And Je - sus shall wel-come me home. }



cour-age I'll tread The path my Re-deem-er has trod, Since He hath de-



clared there re-main-eth a rest, A rest for the peo - ple of God.







# No. 17. What A Gath'ring That Will Be!

J. H. K.


J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home,  
 2. At the great and fi - nal judgment, when the hid - den comes to light,  
 3. When the gold - en harps are sounding, and the an - gel bands proclaim



We will greet each oth - er by the crys - tal sea, crys - tal sea,  
 When the Lord in all his glo - ry we shall see, we shall see,  
 In tri-umphant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee,



With the friends and all the loved ones who are wait - ing till we come;  
 At the bid - ding of our Saviour, "Come, ye bless - ed, to my right,"  
 Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,



What a gath' - ring of the faith - ful that will be!  
 What a gath' - ring of the faith - ful that will be!  
 What a gath' - ring of the faith - ful that will be!

## REFRAIN.



What a gath' - - - - - ring, gath' - - - - - ring,

What a gath'ring of the loved ones, when we'll meet with one anoth - er,

# What A Gath'ring That Will Be! Concluded.

At the sounding of the glo-rious ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee!

What a gath' - - - - ring, gath' - - - - ring,

What a gath'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet each oth-er,

What a gath' - ring of the faith - ful that will be!

By permission of J. H. Kurzenknae & Sons.

## No. 18. Come, Holy Spirit.

Rev. F. H. MAGOUN.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, Light Divine, Illume this darkened heart of mine;
2. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, Guide Divine, To this bewildered heart of mine;
3. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort - er Divine, En-ter this troubled heart of mine;
4. Come, Ho-ly Spirit, Strength Divine, In-to this wea-ry heart of mine;

Dis - pel the clouds of doubt and grief, Let Thy bright presence bring relief.  
 Then shall I nev - er go a - stray From God's own true and holy way.  
 Then, with Thy gracious presence blest, I shall be filled with sweetest rest.  
 With en - er - gy my be - ing fill, And make me strong to do God's will.

## No. 19.

## Who'll be Sowing?

N. H. ALBAUGH.

W. H. DOANE.



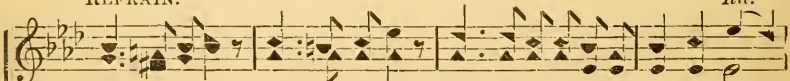
1. Who'll be sowing, who'll be sowing, Sow-ing pre-cious gold-en grain,
2. Who'll be sowing seeds of kindness Right and left a-long the way,
3. Who'll be sowing deeds of mercy, Sowing through life's checkered vale,
4. May we all be sow-ing, reaping, On-ly best of life's fair-ield,



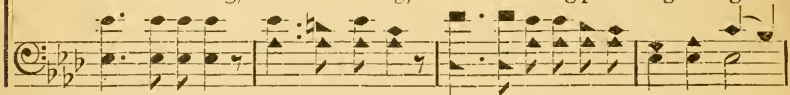
In the val-ley, on the hillside, Wide a-cross the fer-tile plain?  
 At the home hearth, by the sick couch, Here and there where'er we stray?  
 Love and hon-or, virt-ue, goodness, Mighty truth that must pre-vail?  
 So that, in the fi-nal harvest, We may reap in heaven's bright field.



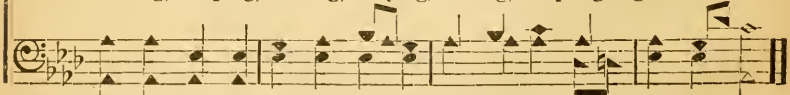
REFRAIN.

*Rit.*

Who'll be sowing, who'll be sowing, Who'll be sowing precious golden grain?

*Tempo.*

Sow-ing, reaping, sow-ing, reaping, Sow-ing, reap-ing gold-en grain?



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## No. 20.

## Sweet Moments.

W. O. CUSHING.

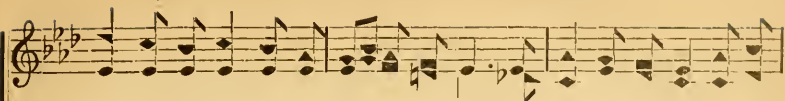
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. O sweet are the mo-ments, so hal-lowed in feel-ing, While
2. We pray to be free from the stains of trans-gres-sion, For
3. O here may new life to our spir-its be giv-en, The



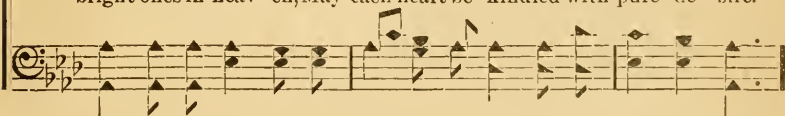
# Sweet Moments. Concluded.



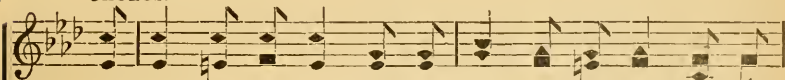
here in His tem-ple His praises we sing; For oft we have felt, in our  
all should be clean in His temple to-day; He knows every thought, and He  
joy of His presence new courage in-spire; In wor-ship of song, with the



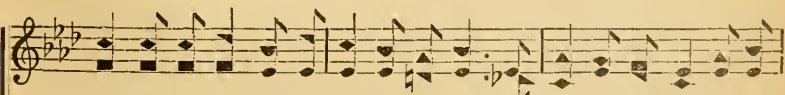
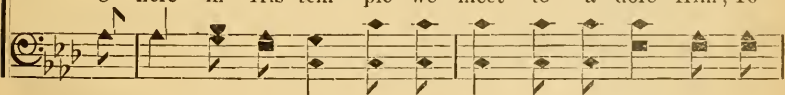
hearts' deep re-veal-ing, The presence of Je-sus our Lord and King.  
hears each con-fes-sion; His Spir-it descends where His chil-dren pray  
bright ones in heav-en, May each heart be kindled with pure de-sire.



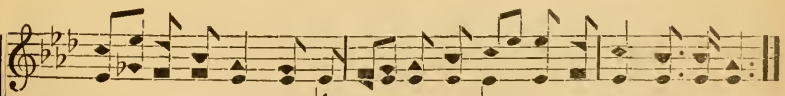
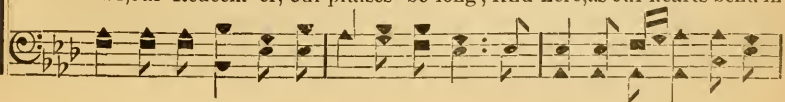
## CHORUS.



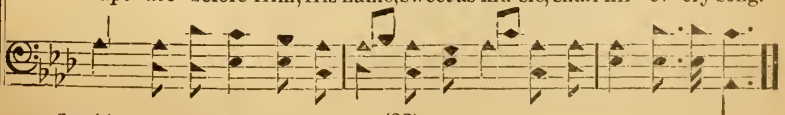
O here in His tem-ple we meet to a-dore Him; To



Him, our Redeem-er, our praises be-long; And here, as our hearts bend in



rapt-ure before Him, His name, sweet as mu-sic, shall fill ev-ery song.

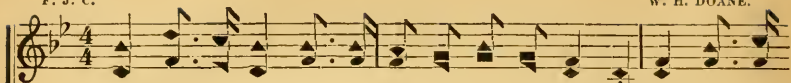




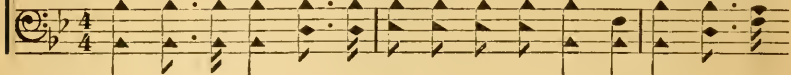
# No. 21. Blessed King of Judah.

F. J. C.

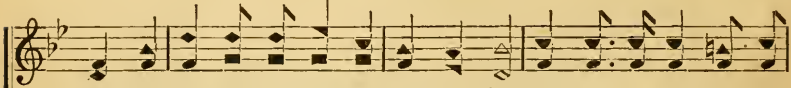
W. H. DOANE.



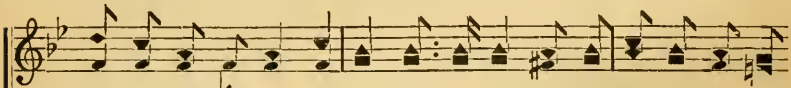
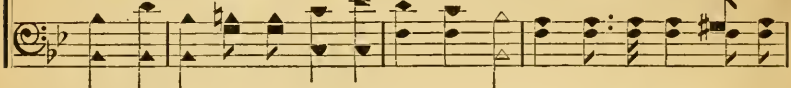
1. O there is none like the bless-ed King of Ju - dah; Hailed by the  
2. Hark, 'tis the voice of the bless-ed King of Ju - dah, Sounding a -  
3. We will re - joice in the bless-ed King of Ju - dah, We will o -



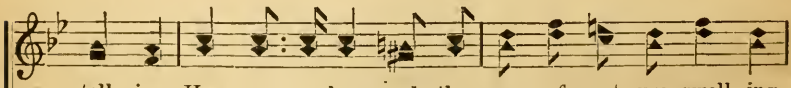
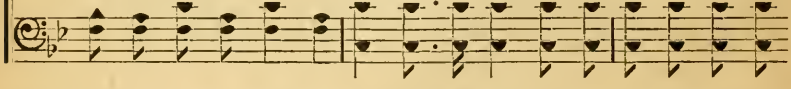
world His reign shall be; Light of the soul and of a - ges ev - er -  
far the sweet command; "Look and be saved," are its words of lov - ing  
bey His voice of love, Call - ing a - way to the fields of end - less



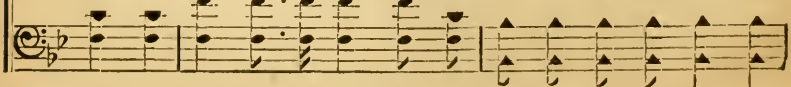
last - ing, O there is none so great as He; They who a - bide in His  
kindness; Firm as the hills this truth shall stand; Look, and be saved; O the  
pleas - ure, Call - ing to rest and life a - bove; When, on the banks of the



pure and ho - ly dwelling, Crowned with delight all His wonders now are  
millions that be - fore Him Fall at His feet while they worship and a -  
clear and crys - tal riv - er, Those we have loved we shall meet no more to



tell - ing; Harp answers harp, and the songs of rapt - ure swell - ing  
dore Him, Tell of His love while they shout a - loud the sto - ry,  
sev - er, There we shall sing with the pure in heart for - ev - er,





# Blessed King of Judah. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Hal - low the name of the Lord our King.  
 Saved and redeemed by the Lord our King. } O there is none like the  
 Praise to the name of the Lord our King.

bless-ed King of Ju-dah; Hailed by the world His reign shall be; Light and

hope of ev-er-last-ing a-ges, O there is none so great as He.

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## No. 22.

## Benediction.

2 Cor. 13: 14.

*Moderato.*

ROBERT LOWRY.

The grace of our Lord Je-sus Christ, and the love of God,

and the love of God,

and the communion of the Ho-ly Ghost be with you all. A - MEN.

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## No. 23.

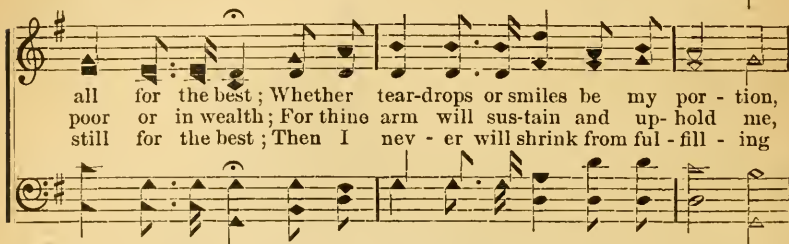
## All for the Best.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

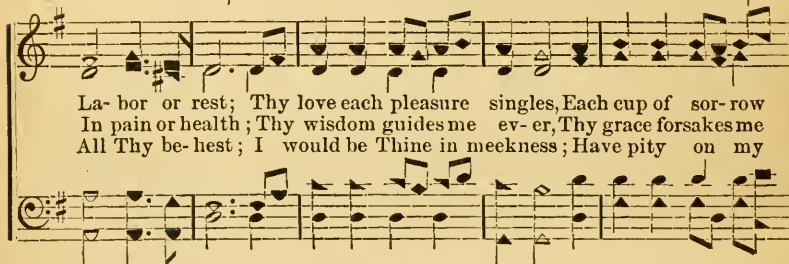
ROBERT LOWRY.



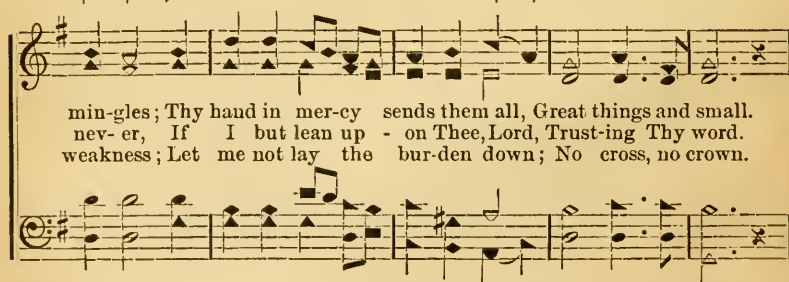
1. It is all for the best, O my Fa - ther, All for the best,  
 2. It is all for the best, O my Fa - ther, Poor or in wealth,  
 3. It is all for the best, O my Fa - ther, Still for the best,



all for the best; Whether tear-drops or smiles be my por - tion,  
 poor or in wealth; For thine arm will sus-tain and up-hold me,  
 still for the best; Then I nev - er will shrink from ful - fill - ing

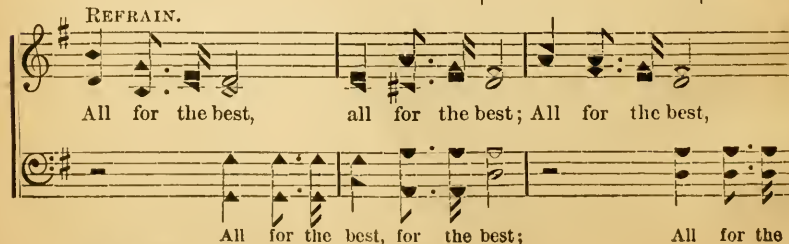


La - bor or rest; Thy love each pleasure singles, Each cup of sor - row  
 In pain or health; Thy wisdom guides me ev - er, Thy grace forsakes me  
 All Thy be - best; I would be Thine in meekness; Have pity on my



min-gles; Thy hand in mer-cy sends them all, Great things and small.  
 nev - er, If I but lean up - on Thee, Lord, Trust-ing Thy word.  
 weakness; Let me not lay the bur-den down; No cross, no crown.

## REFRAIN.



All for the best, all for the best; All for the best,  
 All for the best, for the best; All for the

# All for the Best. Concluded.

all for the best; Shadow or sunlight, labor or rest, It is all for the best.  
best, for the best;

## No. 24.

## Hide Me.

F. J. C.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me In Thy ho - ly place;
2. Hide me when the storm is rag - ing O'er a troub-led sea;
3. Hide me when my heart is break-ing With its weight of woe;
4. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me Till the night is o'er;

Rest-ing there beneath Thy glo - ry, O let me see Thy face.  
Like a dove on o - cean's bil-lows, O let me fly to Thee.  
When in tears I seek the com-fort Thou canst a-lone be - stow.  
In the se - cret of Thy pres-ence Hide me for ev - er - more.

### REFRAIN.

Hide me, Hide me, O Bless-ed Sav-iour, hide me;  
Hide me, hide me, safe - ly hide me,

O Sav-iour, keep me Safe - ly, O Lord, with Thee.

# No. 25.

# Come Again.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Arr. by W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Have you spent a pleasant day? Come again, come again; Would you learn the
2. Would you leave all sinful ways? Come again, come again; Would you join our
3. Words of comfort you shall hear, Come again, come again; From the Book we

bet - ter way? Then come, come again;  
cheer - ful lays? Then come, come again;  
love so dear; Then come, come again;

Here you'll find a welcome true,  
We are bound for Canaan's land,  
Je - sus suffered on the tree,

Hearts that warmly beat for you; They will tell you what to do; O  
Will you come and join our band? We will take you by the hand; O  
Je - sus died for you and me; His dis - ci - ple you may be; O

## REFRAIN.

come, come a - gain.  
come, come a - gain.  
come, come a - gain.

Have you spent a pleas - ant day? Come again,

come again; Would you learn the better way? Then come, come again.



## No. 26.

## What Mercy!

Rev. A. KENYON.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. My trust is in Je - sus a - lone, For mer - cy on Him I re -  
 2. He died for the guilt - y and lost, His prom - ise of par - don is  
 3. Then all that I have I will give, I'll lay it just down at His

ly; For me did His blood once a - tone, For me did He  
 free; To save me how great was the cost! What mer - cy He  
 feet; This life for my Sav - iour I'll live; To serve Him is

## REFRAIN.

For me, . . . . for me, . . . .  
 suf - fer and die. }  
 of - fers to me! } For me, for me, For me, for me, What  
 pre - cious and sweet. }

for me, . . . . For me, . . . . For  
 mer - cy, what mer - cy, what mer - cy for me! For me, for me, For

me, . . . . for me! . . . .  
 me, for me, What mer - cy, what mer - cy for me, for me!



## No. 27.

## Land Above.

WM. STEVENSON.

WM. STEVENSON.

1. There's a land a-bove, Home of peace and love ; All my longings thither  
 2. There no cloud-edskies, There no tear-ful eyes, And no farewells there are  
 3. There the white-robed throng Sing with raptured tongue Of the Lamb who died to

tend ; When earth's toils are o'er, On its gold - en shore Will my  
 given ; There no tem - pest blows, All is calm re - pose, Mine the  
 save ; Bliss my soul shall fill, Joys ce - les - tial thrill ; 'T was for

## CHORUS.

wanderings have an end. }  
 peace and joy of Heaven. } O the joys that wait, When I  
 me that life He gave. }

pass the gate, And the gold - en streets ap - pear ! Lord, I

would not miss Such a wealth of bliss For the toys that tempt me here.

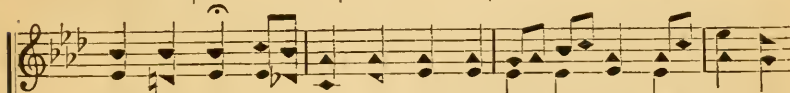
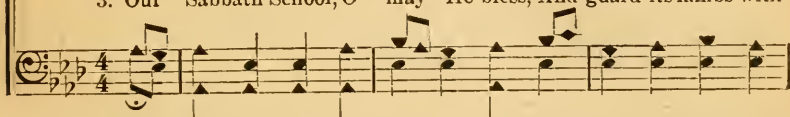
# No. 28. Our Song of Jubilee.

Mrs. MARIA B. BARNES.

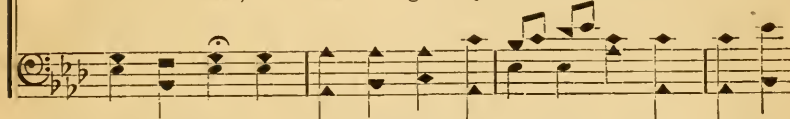
WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. We sing our song of ju - bi - lee, Our voic - es ris - ing
2. We praise Him for the year now past, And at His feet our
3. Our Sabbath School, O may He bless, And guard its lambs with



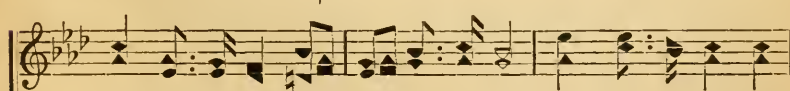
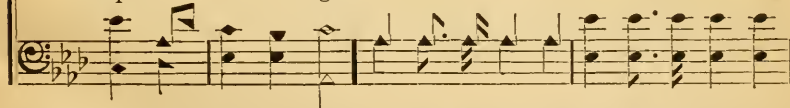
loud and free; And with the notes of sweet ac - cord, We praise our  
cares we cast; And O may He who guides our way For - bid our  
ten - der - ness; And lead us gen - tly when we die To our Good



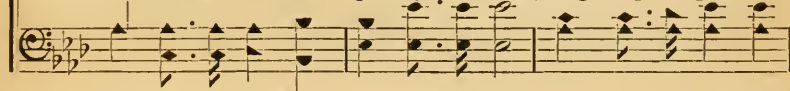
## CHORUS.



ev - er	bless - ed Lord.	} Singing to - geth - er, sing - ing to - geth - er,
youth - ful	steps to stray.	
Shepherd's	fold on high.	



Teachers and scholars glad - ly u - nite; Sing - ing to - geth - er,



sing - ing to - geth - er, Love fills our hearts, and our fac - es are bright.



## No. 29.

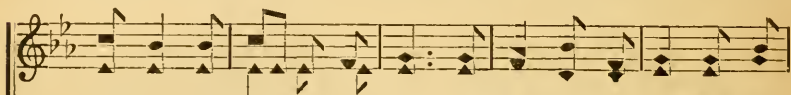
## We Must Be True.

W. O. CUSHING.

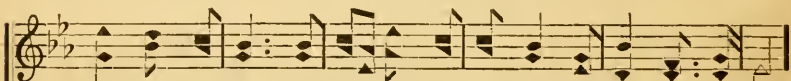
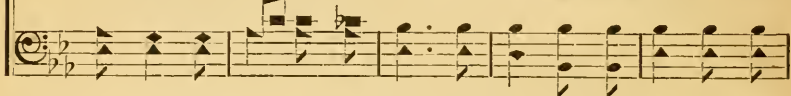
ROBERT LOWRY.



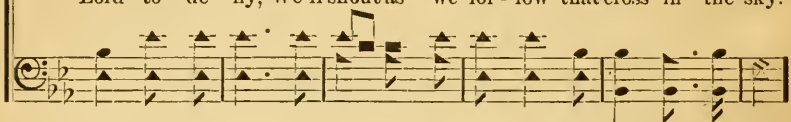
1. Tho' all men for-sake Him, yet we must not fear To stand where He  
 2. Tho' all prove un-wor-thy, our du-ty is still To stand by our  
 3. O bright is the ban-ner that gleams with the cross, The sign of our



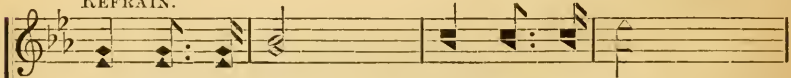
bids us, tho' dan-ger be near; 'Tis noth-ing to us what ten  
 ban-ner thro' good and thro' ill; Tho' storms beat like hail on the  
 vic-t'ry, our triumph thro' loss; Tho' Sa-tan would tempt us our



thousands may do; Tho' all should prove faithless, yet we must be true.  
 lone Christian's head, His feet must go brave-ly where martyrs have led.  
 Lord to de-ny, We'll shout as we fol-low that cross in the sky.



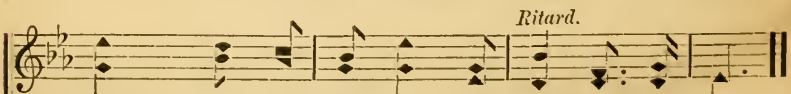
## REFRAIN.



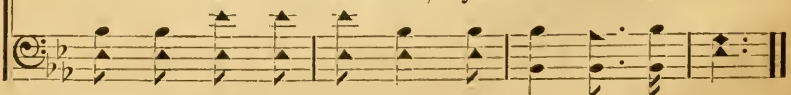
We must be true, we must be true;



We must be true, we must be



Tho' all for-sake Him, yet we must be true.



true; Tho' all, &c.

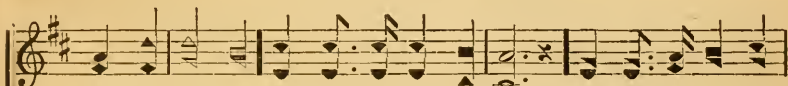
# No. 30. Look to the Precious Jesus.

T. P. W.

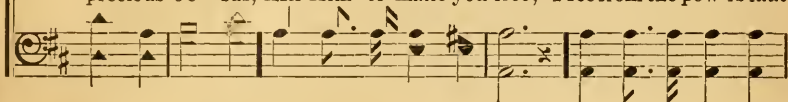
THOS. P. WESTENDORF.



1. Look to the precious Je - sus, Think of the life He gave; Look to the
2. Look to the precious Je - sus, Ask Him for help to - day; Look to the
3. Look to the precious Je - sus, Glad-ly He'll come to thee; Look to the



precious Je - sus, He has the pow'r to save; Wild-ly the waves are  
precious Je - sus, Ask Him to lead the way; Safe thro' the clouds of  
precious Je - sus, Ask Him to make you free; Free from the pow'rs that



*Cres.*



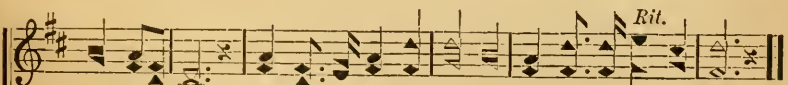
dashing, Storm-clouds are hanging near, While lightnings sharp are flashing,  
sor - row, Safe o'er the dark'ning tide, In - to the glad - mor - row,  
bind thee, Free from the ways of sin, Free from the thoughts that blind thee,



REFRAIN.



Fill-ing the soul with fear. }  
Up to the Father's side. } Look to the precious Je - sus, Think of the  
Help-ing a crown to win. }



*Rit.*

life He gave; Look to the precious Je - sus, He has the pow'r to save.

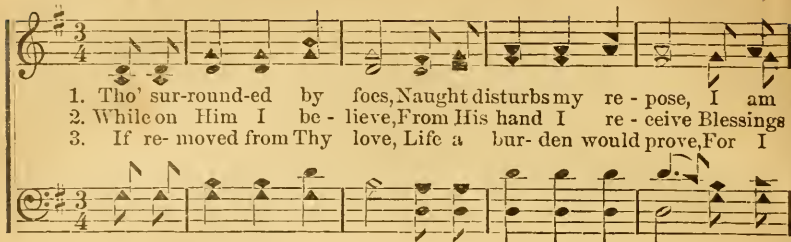




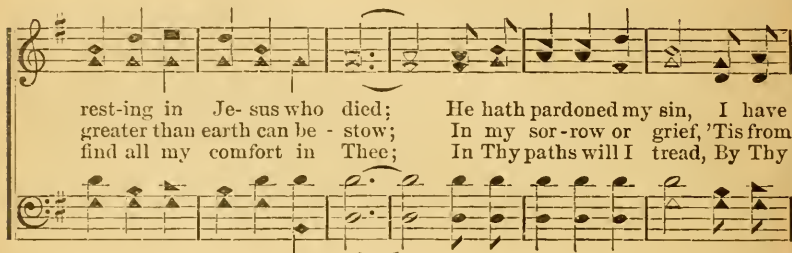
# No. 31. By the Blood of the Lamb.

WM. STEVENSON.

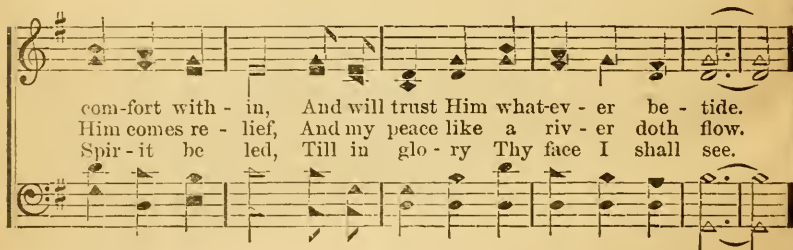
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Tho' sur-round-ed by foes, Naught disturbs my re - pose, I am  
 2. While on Him I be - lieve, From His hand I re - ceive Blessings  
 3. If re - moved from Thy love, Life a bur - den would prove, For I

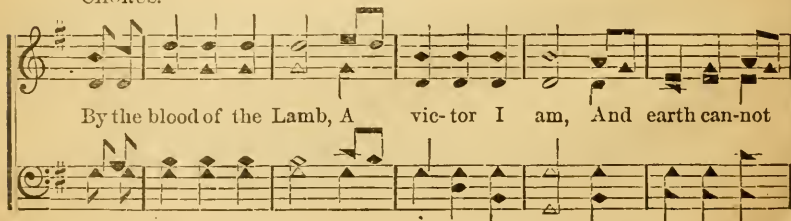


rest-ing in Je - sus who died; He hath pardoned my sin, I have  
 greater than earth can be - stow; In my sor - row or grief, 'Tis from  
 find all my comfort in Thee; In Thy paths will I tread, By Thy

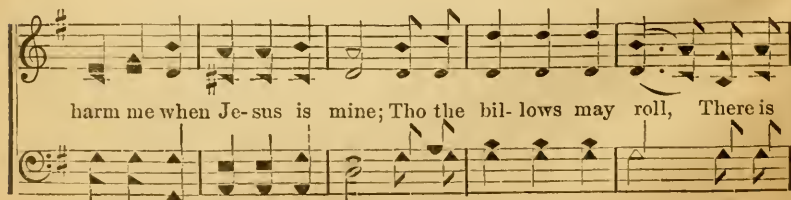


com-fort with - in, And will trust Him what-ev - er be - tide.  
 Him comes re - lief, And my peace like a riv - er doth flow.  
 Spir - it be - led, Till in glo - ry Thy face I shall see.

## CHORUS.



By the blood of the Lamb, A vic - tor I am, And earth can-not



harm me when Je - sus is mine; Tho the bil - lows may roll, There is



# By the Blood of the Lamb. Concluded.

peace in my soul, For the arm of my strength is di - vine.

## No. 32. Heaven is Mine.

Rev. EDMOND HEZ SWEM.

W. H. DOANE.

1. The welcome news my soul makes glad, Heaven is mine, Heaven is mine;
2. My wea-ry soul is com-fort-ed, Heaven is mine, Heaven is mine;
3. My burdens fall, my cares are gone, Heaven is mine, Heaven is mine;
4. In hours of day, in dreams of night, Heaven is mine, Heaven is mine;

If thou wilt let my Saviour in, Heaven is thine, Heaven is thine.  
 When thy soul elings to Christ my Lord, Heaven is thine, Heaven is thine.  
 When thou wilt let Christ bear thy sins, Heaven is thine, Heaven is thine.  
 O Chris-tian, watch, and pray, and praise; Heaven is thine, Heaven is thine.

### REFRAIN.

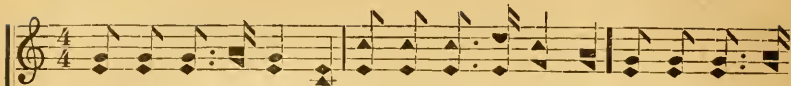
'Tis Heaven on earth to think, to know, Though I want, though I roam,

*Rit.*  
 My mansion's made, my Master waits, Heaven is mine, Heaven is home.

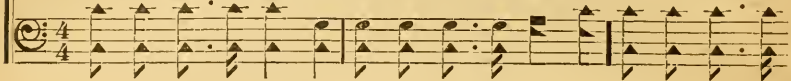
# No. 33. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW.

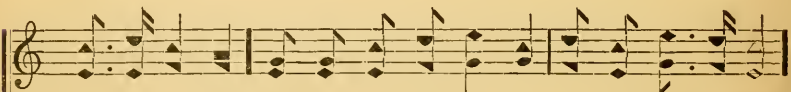
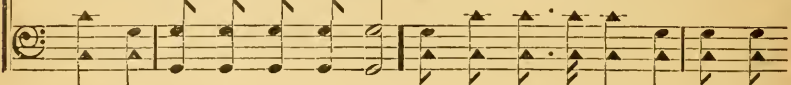
GEORGE A. MINOR.



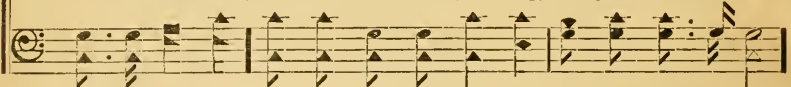
1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the
2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fearing nei-ther
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-



noon-tide and the dew - y eve, Wait-ing for the har-vest and the  
clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze, By and by, the har-vest and the  
tain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves, When our weeping's o - ver, He will



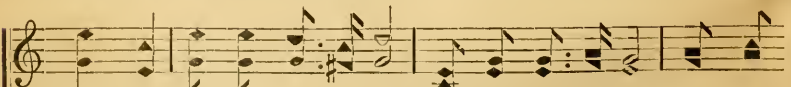
time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.  
la - bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.  
bid ns wel-come, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.



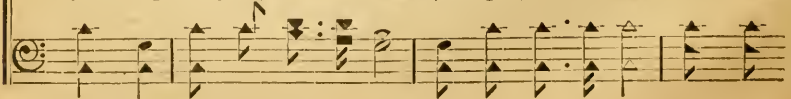
## REFRAIN.



Bring-ing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-



joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; Bringing in the sheaves, bring-ing



# Bringing in the Sheaves. Concluded.

in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.

## No. 34. Saviour, Pass Not By.

WM. STEVENSON.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sav - iour, pass not by; Hear my ear - nest cry; Thou a - lone canst  
2. From Thy wounds there flows Balm for all my woes; Great Phy - si - cian,  
3. Lord, I long to trace, In Thy smil - ing face, That my sins are

cleanse my sin; In this sa - cred hour, Show Thy sav - ing power;  
make me whole; I be - lieve Thy word; Now Thy help af - ford;  
all for - given; Now Thy - self im - part; Fill my wait - ing heart

### REFRAIN.

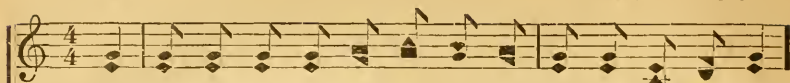
Now the work of grace be - gin.  
Come and raise my pros - trate soul.  
With the joy and peace of heaven. } O my Sav - iour,

*rit.*  
Hear my ear - nest cry; O my Sav - iour, Hear, and pass not by.


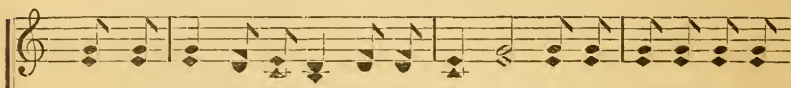
# No. 35. Seek Salvation To-Day.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

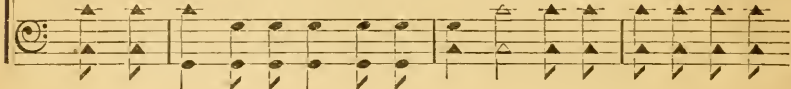
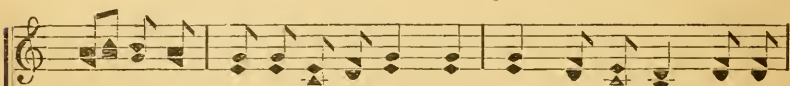
WM. B. BRADBURY.



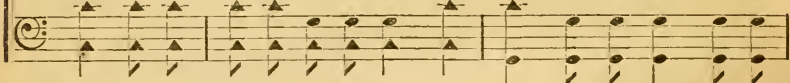
1. We nev - er shall be hap - py if we walk the ways of sin,  
 2. We'll nev - er get to heav - en if we do not learn the way,  
 3. The tempt - er may as - sail us, but with Je - sus by our side,


'Tis a path that leads on - ward to sor - row ; If the right we would pur -  
 And pre - pare for the jour - ney be - fore us ; If for Je - sus we would  
 And a hope in His pow - er pos - sess - ing, We will make His ho - ly



sue, it is time we should begin, For why need we wait till to -  
 live, we must always watch and pray, And thus will His ban - ner be  
 word still our coun - sel and our guide, And count ev - ery tri - al a



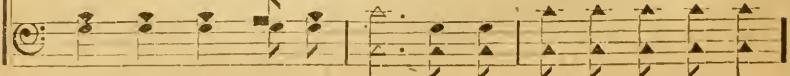
CHORUS.



mor - row ? }  
 o'er us. } Let us seek sal - va - tion to - day, yes, to-day,  
 bless - ing. }

Seek sal - va - tion to - day ; If the crown we would se - cure,





# Seek Salvation To-Day. Concluded.

We must make our call-ing sure, And seek sal - va - tion to - day.

## No. 36. O What a Saviour is Mine.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

ALEX. VAN ALSTYNE.

1. O what a Sav-iour is mine, Lov-ing and ten-der;  
2. O what a thrill of de-light Wakes ev-ery feel-ing!  
3. Now I can sing of His love; Won-der-ful sto-ry!

All for His glo-ry di-vine Now I sur-ren-der;  
Pleas-ure un-earth-ly and bright O-ver me steal-ing;  
Now is my treas-ure a-bove, His be the glo-ry;

Trust-ing I came, Plead-ing His name, Then, my trans-  
Cleansed from my sin, Hap-py with-in, Mer-cy and  
Safe on His breast, Calm-ly I rest; O that my

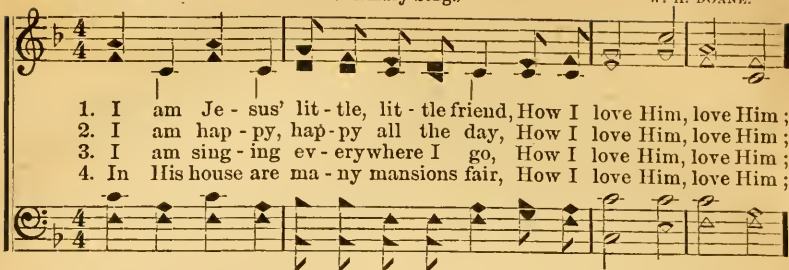
gres-sion con-fess-ing, Rich was the gift of His bless-ing.  
par-don re-ceiv-ing, Great is my peace in be-liev-ing.  
soul may for-ev-er Drink of the life-giv-ing riv-er.

# No. 37. Jesus Loves Me Too.

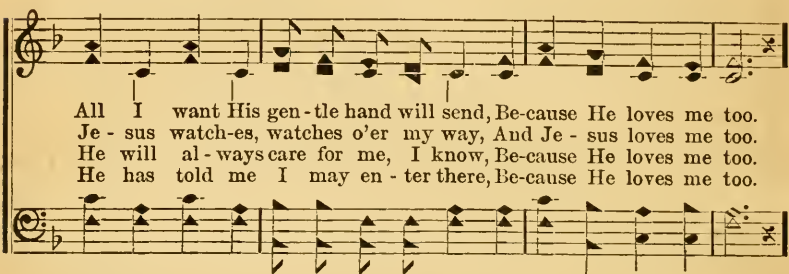
Mrs. CLARA M. WILSON.

(Primary Song.)

W. H. DOANE.

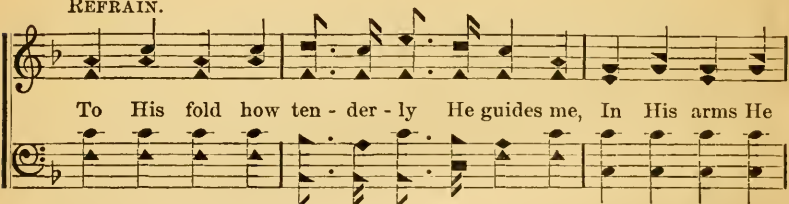


1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle, lit - tle friend, How I love Him, love Him ;  
 2. I am hap - py, hap - py all the day, How I love Him, love Him ;  
 3. I am sing - ing ev - erywhere I go, How I love Him, love Him ;  
 4. In His house are ma - ny mansions fair, How I love Him, love Him ;

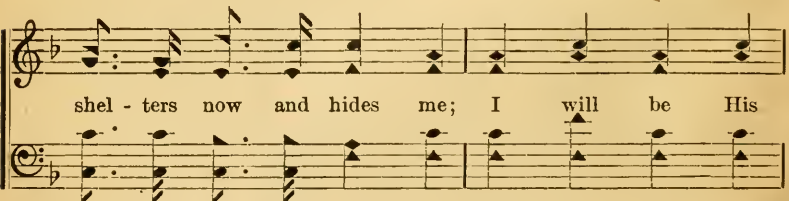


All I want His gen - tle hand will send, Be - cause He loves me too.  
 Je - sus watch - es, watches o'er my way, And Je - sus loves me too.  
 He will al - ways care for me, I know, Be - cause He loves me too.  
 He has told me I may en - ter there, Be - cause He loves me too.

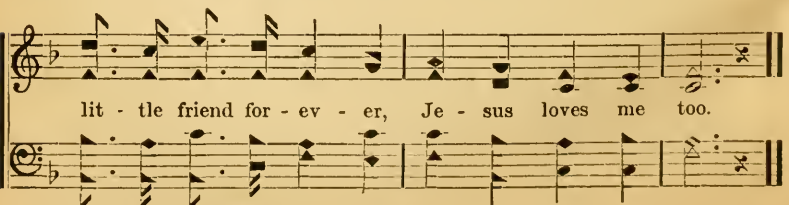
## REFRAIN.



To His fold how ten - der - ly He guides me, In His arms He



shel - ters now and hides me; I will be His



lit - tle friend for - ev - er, Je - sus loves me too.

# No. 38. Come, Learn of the Meek and Lowly.

ORACE J. FRANCES.

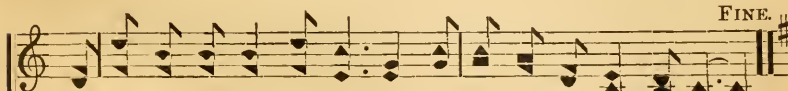
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Come, learn of the meek and low - ly, Come, sit at the Master's feet;



*Ref.*—Then learn of the meek and low - ly, Come, sit at the Master's feet;



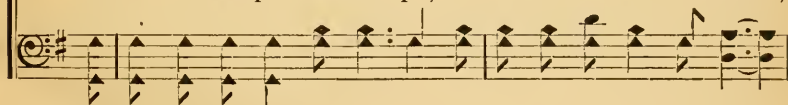
No place in the world so ho - ly, No place in the world so sweet;



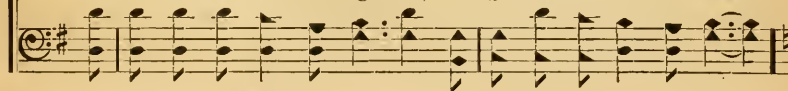
No place in the world so ho - ly, No place in the world so sweet.



His les - sons are plain and sim - ple, A balm to the wounded breast;



He mak - eth our bur - den light - er, And giv - eth His chil - dren rest.



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2 O if we were more like Jesus,  
And more from the world apart,  
Communing with Him in spirit,  
And nearer to Him in heart,—  
We should not complain so sadly,  
When trouble and care we meet,  
But carry at once our sorrows,  
And lay them at Jesus' feet.—*Ref.*

3 He wept o'er the holy city,  
He wept o'er a loved one dead;  
He knoweth our every trial,  
And seeth the tears we shed;  
O live that our souls may enter  
His kingdom with joy complete;  
And there, through eternal ages,  
We'll sit at the Master's feet.—*Ref.*

# No. 39. Knocking at the Door.

Mrs. J. G. WELSH.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Knocking at the door of thy heart to - day, Listening for thy faintest  
2. Drear-y is the life thou hast lived so long, Groping in the night of

call, Lo, thy Sav-iour's stand-ing, call-ing thee a-way  
sin; Let thy voice of sor-row now be turned to song,

## CHORUS.

Ere the shades of evening fall. } O why de-lay? Hear Him to-day;  
Rise and let thy Sav-iour in. }

Christ at thy heart takes His sta-tion; He has oft-en knocked be-

fore; He may knock again no more; It is now you may have His salvation.



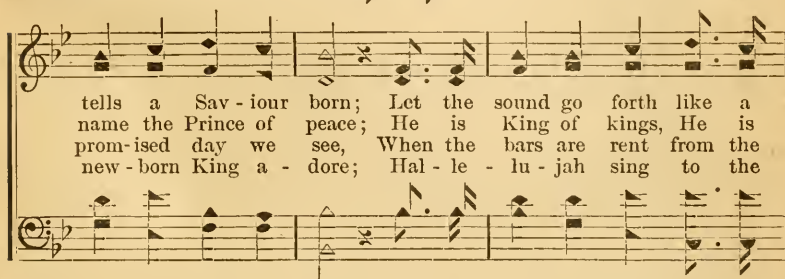
# No. 40. Let the Sound Go Forth.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

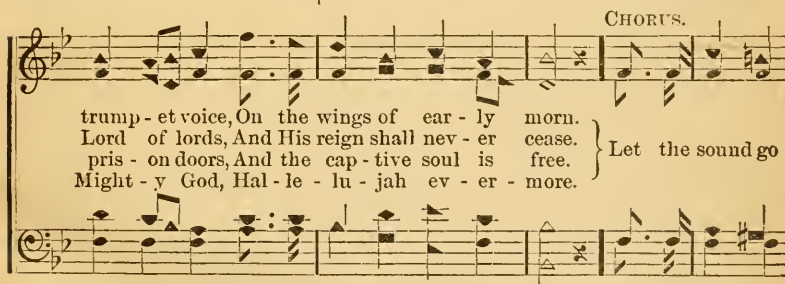
WM. F. SHERWIN.



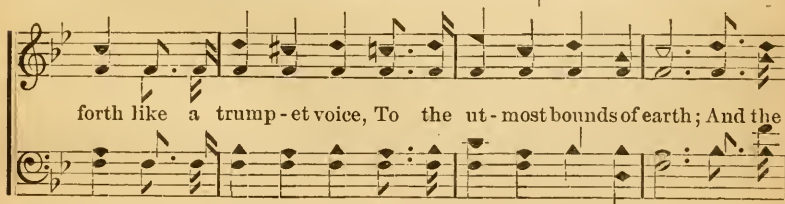
1. Good news, good news from the heaven - ly heights, And it  
 2. Good news, good news, our Re - deem - er comes, And His  
 3. Good news, good news, our Re - deem - er comes, And the  
 4. Good news, good news, shout a - loud for joy, And the



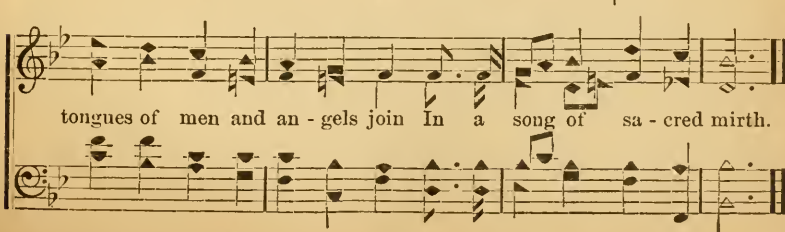
tells a Sav - iour born; Let the sound go forth like a  
 name the Prince of peace; He is King of kings, He is  
 prom - ised day we see, When the bars are rent from the  
 new - born King a - dore; Hal - le - lu - jah sing to the



CHORUS.  
 trump - et voice, On the wings of ear - ly morn.  
 Lord of lords, And His reign shall nev - er cease.  
 pris - on doors, And the cap - tive soul is free. } Let the sound go  
 Might - y God, Hal - le - lu - jah ev - er - more.



forth like a trump - et voice, To the ut - most bounds of earth; And the



tongues of men and an - gels join In a song of sa - cred mirth.

# No. 41.

# Zion's Happy Soldiers.

F. J. C.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Hark, 'tis the gospel trumpet sounding far and near; In the roy-al ar-my  
 2. Where our Commander leadeth we will follow still; He will guard and keep us  
 3. O let us nev-er wea-ry till the war is past; Then the blessed promise,

who will vol-un-tee? Zi-on's happy sol-diers clad in bright ar-ray,  
 safe from ev-ery ill; To the front of bat-tle if He bids us go,  
 vic-to-ry at last; Do our du-ty no-bly, conquer though we die;

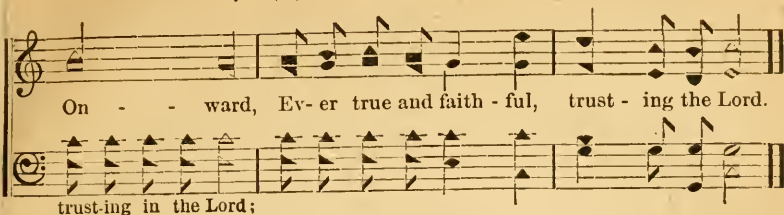
REFRAIN.

Hand in hand u-nit-ed, march, march a-way. }  
 Zi-on's hap-py sol-diers fear not the foe. } On - - ward,  
 Now the time to la-bor, rest by and by. }

On - - ward, Ev-er true and faith-ful,  
 On-ward let us go,

trust-ing the Lord; On - - ward,  
 We are march-ing on-ward,

# Zion's Happy Soldiers. Concluded.

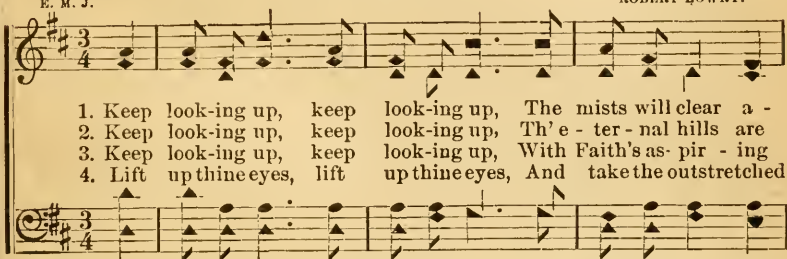


On - - ward, Ev - er true and faith - ful, trust - ing the Lord.  
trust-ing in the Lord;

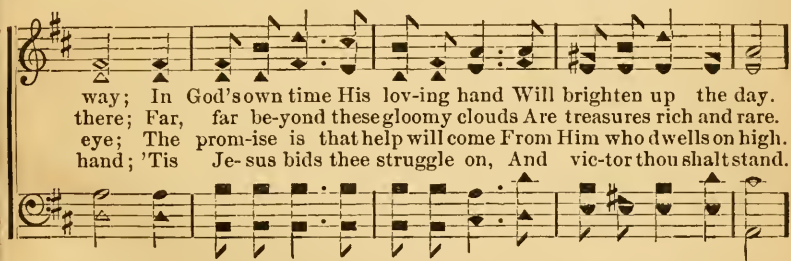
## No. 42. Looking Up.

E. M. J.

ROBERT LOWRY.

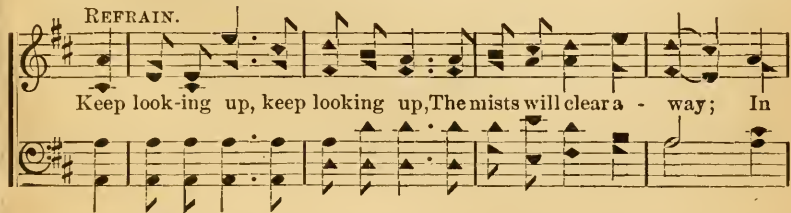


1. Keep look-ing up, keep look-ing up, The mists will clear a -  
2. Keep look-ing up, keep look-ing up, Th'e - ter - nal hills are  
3. Keep look-ing up, keep look-ing up, With Faith's as - pir - ing  
4. Lift up thine eyes, lift up thine eyes, And take the outstretched

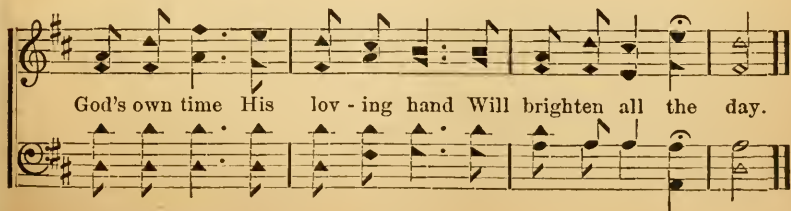


way; In God's own time His lov-ing hand Will brighten up the day.  
there; Far, far be-yond these gloomy clouds Are treasures rich and rare.  
eye; The prom-ise is that help will come From Him who dwells on high.  
hand; 'Tis Je-sus bids thee struggle on, And vic-tor thou shalt stand.

### REFRAIN.



Keep look-ing up, keep looking up, The mists will clear a - way; In

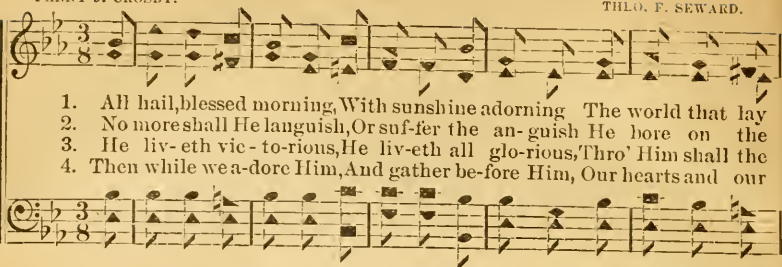


God's own time His lov - ing hand Will brighten all the day.

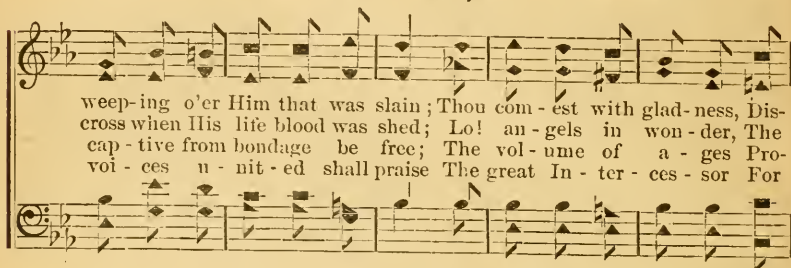
# No. 43. All Hail, Blessed Morning.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

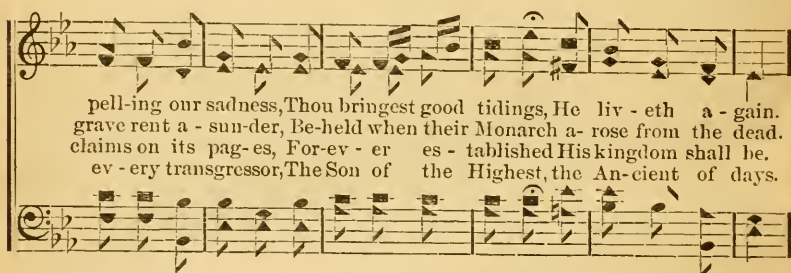
THLO. F. SEWARD.



1. All hail, blessed morning, With sunshine adorning The world that lay
2. No more shall He languish, Or suffer the anguish He bore on the
3. He liv-eth vic-tor-ious, He liv-eth all glo-rious, Thro' Him shall the
4. Then while wea-dore Him, And gather be-fore Him, Our hearts and our

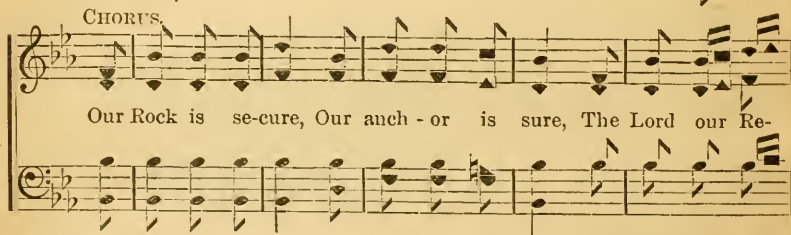


weep-ing o'er Him that was slain; Thou com-est with glad-ness, Dis-cross when His life blood was shed; Lo! an-gels in won-der, The cap-tive from bondage be free; The vol-ume of a-ges Pro-voic-es u-nit-ed shall praise The great In-ter-ces-sor For

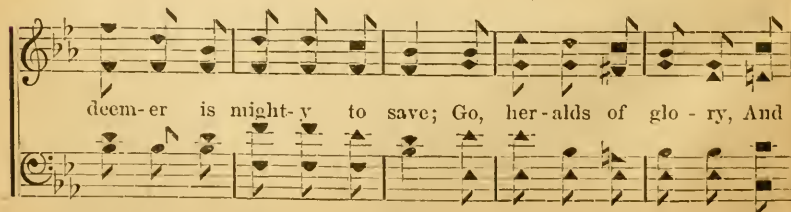


pell-ing our sadness, Thou bringest good tidings, He liv-eth a-gain. grave rent a-sun-der, Be-held when their Monarch a-rose from the dead. claims on its pag-es, For-ev-er es-tablished His kingdom shall be. ev-ery transgressor, The Son of the Highest, the An-cient of days.

CHORUS.



Our Rock is se-cure, Our anch-or is sure, The Lord our Re-



deem-er is night-y to save; Go, her-alds of glo-ry, And



# All Hail, Blessed Morning. Concluded.

publish the sto-ry That Je-sus has triumphed o'er death and the grave.

## No. 44. Glory in the Highest.

MAUD MARION.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. Hark, hark-a-gain, an-gel-ic voi-ces blending, Tell of a night in
2. While in the fields the shepherds watch were keeping, Guarding their flocks be-
3. Still we proclaim in joy-ful ex-ul-ta-tion, Wel-come to Him whose

Judah's land a-far, When from His throne, at God's command descending,  
neath the arch a-bove, Joy filled their hearts, and earth from dreamy sleeping  
arm sal-va-tion brings; Lift up your hearts in ho-ly ad-o-ra-tion;

*D.S.*—Still we re-peat the an-gels' bless-ed sto-ry,

*FINE. f* CHORUS.  
They sang of One, the bright and morning Star.  
Waked with the song of God's e-ter-nal love. } Glo-ry to God, for-  
He is the Lord, and He the King of kings. }

Heard in the land of Ju-dah long a-go.

*p* *D.S.*  
ev-er more be glo-ry, Peace on earth, good-will to men be-low;

## No. 45.

## Was it For Me?

HARRIET E. JONES.

(May be sung as a Solo or Duet.)

W. H. DOANE.

1. O can it be, O can it be, My sins have nailed Thee to the tree?  
 2. Was it for me, that wea - ry sigh? Was it for me, that dy - ing cry  
 3. Low in the dust I bow to Thee, While viewing all Thy ag - o - ny

And didst Thou groan and die for me? O Lamb of God, what Love, what Love!  
 That rent the rocks and veiled the sky? O Lamb of God, what Love, what Love!  
 That I Thy ransomed child might be, O Lamb of God! O Lamb of God!

## REFRAIN.

Was it for me,..... O Son of God,  
 Was it for me, O Son of God,

That riv - en side,..... that crim-son flood?  
 That riv - en side, that crim-son flood?

Was it for me,..... that cleans - ing blood?  
 Was it for me, that cleansing blood?

# Was it For Me? Concluded.

*Rit.*

O Lamb of God,..... what Love, what Love!

O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, what Love!

## No. 46. The Sweetest Name.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWES.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I'll take Thy Name where'er I go, Dear Lord, Thy precious Name, The
2. It makes the way of life so plain, The brightest day more bright, The
3. The journey of each day becomes A new-born joy to me; Each
4. O Je-sus, I will bind Thy Name More closely to my heart, And

sweet-est Name ear ev - er heard, In heaven and earth the same.  
 thorn - y path more pleas - ant seem, And heav - y bur - dens light.  
 night's en - campment shad - ows forth E - ter - nal rest in Thee.  
 waft it heavenward as I go, When from this life I part.

### REFRAIN.

O the Name, the sweet-est Name, The bless - ed Name of Je - sus!

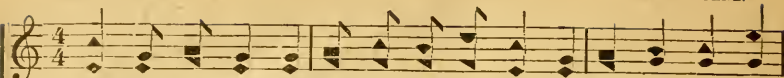
Dear-est Name, in heaven and earth the same, The precious Name of Je - sus!

## No. 47.

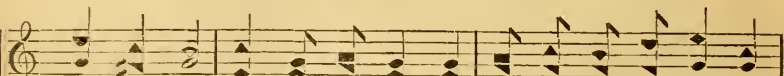
GRACE TUREMAN.

## Promptly On Time.

W. H. DOANE.

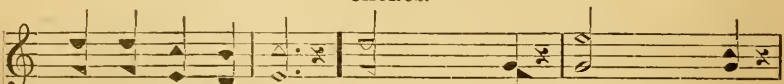


1. Promptly on time we'll gath-er in our pla-ces, Ev-ery Sab-bath,  
 2. Promptly on time to sing the opening cho-rus, Time to bow our  
 3. See how the clock, still faith-ful in its du-ty, Points when-e'er the



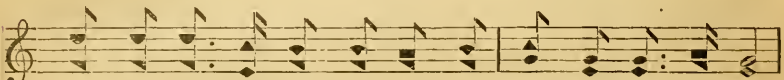
rain or clear; O let us come, with hap-py smil-ing fa-ces  
 heads in prayer; O what a feast of joy is spread be-fore us;  
 hour comes round; So in the path that leads to life and beau-ty,

## CHORUS.

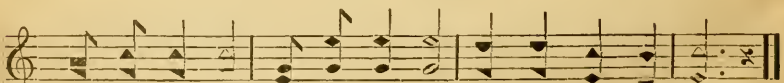


Greet our teach-ers dear.  
 Then on time be there.  
 May we all be found. } Prompt - - ly, prompt - - ly,

Prompt-ly on time, prompt-ly on time,



Keep in mind the watchword, Nev-er late to Sun-day School;



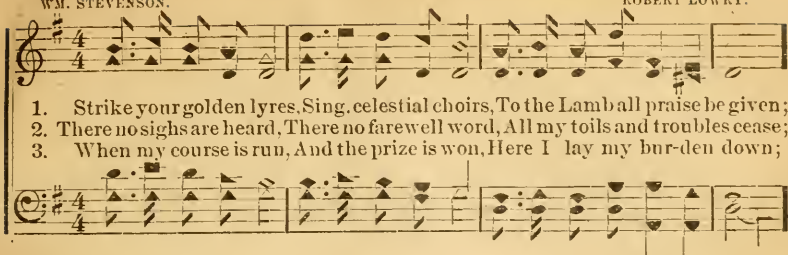
Al-ways on time, promptly on time—This shall be our rule.



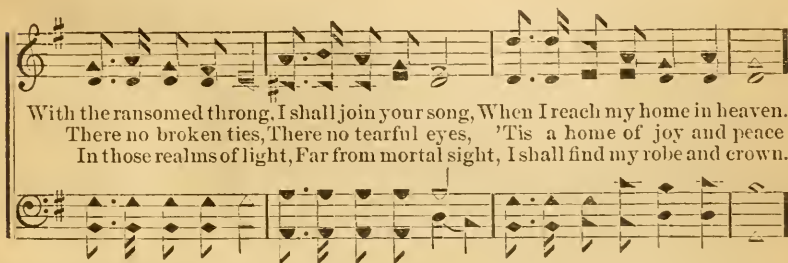
# No. 48. Strike Your Golden Lyres.

WM. STEVENSON.

ROBERT LOWRY.

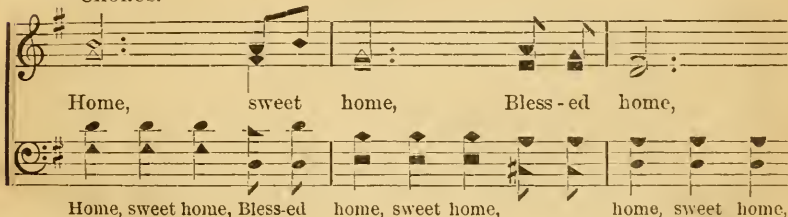


1. Strike your golden lyres, Sing, celestial choirs, To the Lamb all praise be given;  
 2. There no sighs are heard, There no farewell word, All my toils and troubles cease;  
 3. When my course is run, And the prize is won, Here I lay my bur-den down;

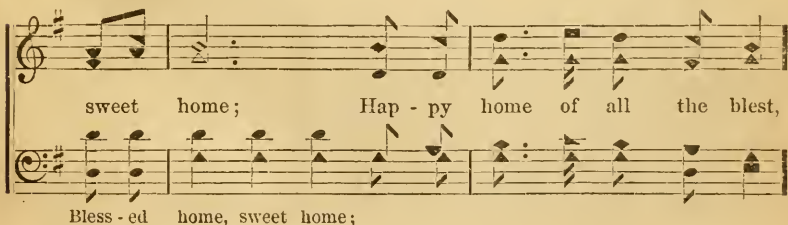


With the ransomed throng, I shall join your song, When I reach my home in heaven.  
 There no broken ties, There no tearful eyes, 'Tis a home of joy and peace  
 In those realms of light, Far from mortal sight, I shall find my robe and crown.

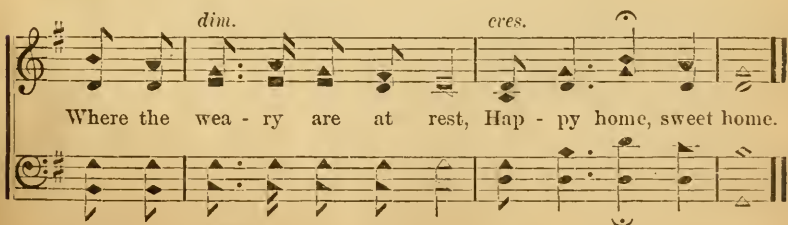
## CHORUS.



Home, sweet home, Bless-ed home,  
 Home, sweet home, Bless-ed home, sweet home, home, sweet home,



sweet home; Hap - py home of all the blest,  
 Bless-ed home, sweet home;



*dim.* Where the wea - ry are at rest, *cres.* Hap - py home, sweet home.

# No. 49. Soldiers of the Lord.

D. B. P.

D. B. PURINTON.

1. We are soldiers of the Lord, Marching on with shield and sword, 'Neath the  
 2. We are striving for the lost In the ranks of Sa-tan's host, Till the  
 3. With the hosts of sense and sin, Foes without and foes within, We will  
 4. We shall o-ver-come our foes, Tho' the powers of hell oppose, For the

ban-ner bright Of Truth and Right; We shall con-quer in His might.  
 cap-tives be From bond-age free; For in Christ is lib-er-ty.  
 bat-tle still, With roy-al will; We shall fear no com-ing ill.  
 Right is strong To con-quer Wrong, Tho' the bat-tle may be long.

## CHORUS.

We'll march, we'll fight, For Truth and the Right, In

We'll march, we'll fight, For Truth and the Right; We'll

God's own might, Till we shout the vic-to-ry.

march and fight, In God's own might,

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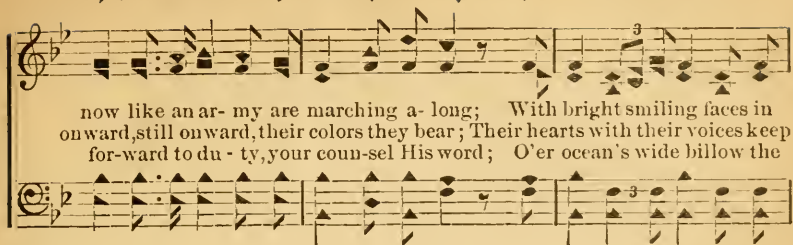
# No. 50. The Sunday School Army.

F. J. C.

W. H. DOANE.

1. The chil-dren are com-ing, u-nit-ed and strong, And  
 2. Their ban-ners up-lift-ed are wav-ing in air, While  
 3. Go for-ward, young soldiers, and trust in the Lord; Go

# The Sunday School Army. Concluded.



now like an ar- my are marching a- long; With bright smiling faces in  
onward, still onward, their colors they bear; Their hearts with their voices keep  
for-ward to du- ty, your coun-sel His word; O'er ocean's wide billow the



cho- rus they sing, Ho- san- na, Ho- san- na to Je- sus our King.  
time while they sing, Ho- san- na, Ho- san- na to Je- sus our King.  
ech- o shall ring, Ho- san- na, Ho- san- na to Je- sus our King.

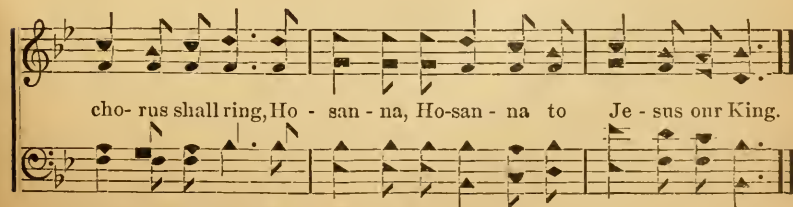
## REFRAIN.



To Je- sus our King, our Saviour and King, Hosan- na, Ho- san- na to



Je- sus we sing; O'er val- ley and mount- ain their



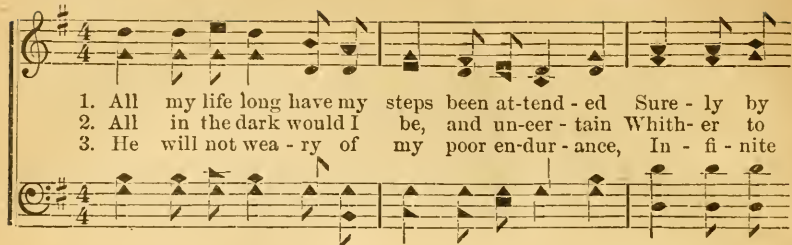
cho- rus shall ring, Ho- san- na, Ho- san- na to Je- sus our King.

## No. 51.

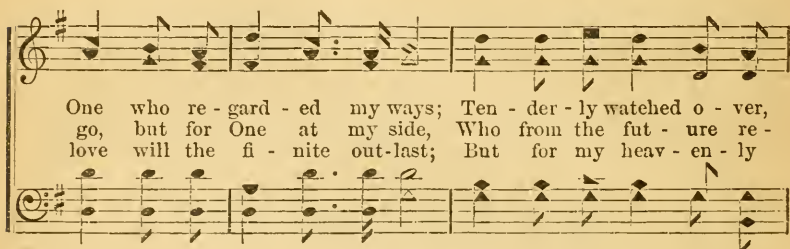
## All my Life Long.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

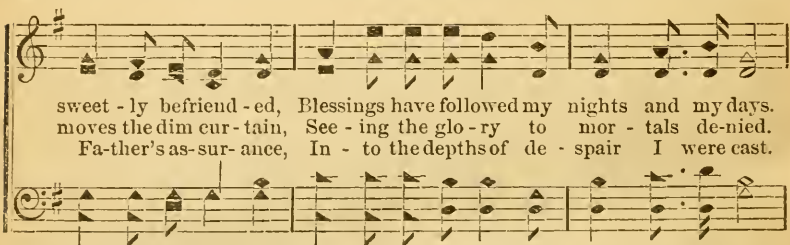
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



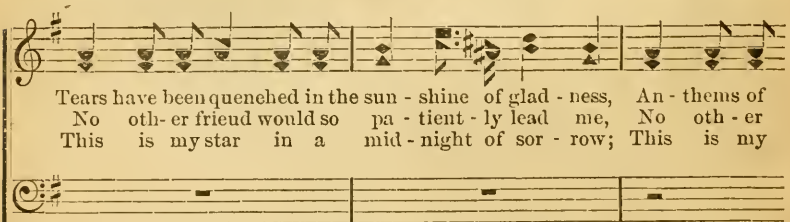
1. All my life long have my steps been at-tend-ed Sure-ly by  
 2. All in the dark would I be, and un-er-tain Whith-er to  
 3. He will not wea-ry of my poor en-dur-ance, In-fi-nite



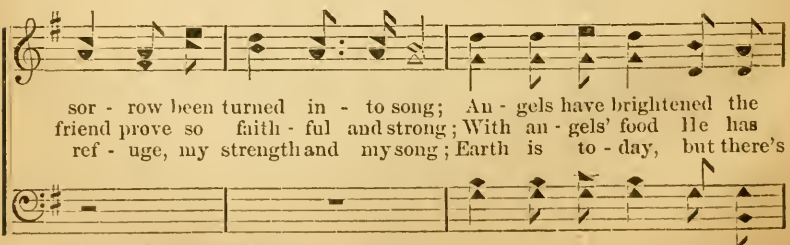
One who re-gard-ed my ways; Ten-der-ly watched o-ver,  
 go, but for One at my side, Who from the fut-ure re-  
 love will the fi-nite out-last; But for my heav-en-ly



sweet-ly befriend-ed, Blessings have followed my nights and my days.  
 moves the dim cur-tain, See-ing the glo-ry to mor-tals de-nied.  
 Fa-ther's as-sur-ance, In-to the depths of de-spair I were cast.



Tears have been quenched in the sun-shine of glad-ness, An-thems of  
 No oth-er friend would so pa-tient-ly lead me, No oth-er  
 This is my star in a mid-night of sor-row; This is my



sor-row been turned in-to song; An-gels have brightened the  
 friend prove so faith-ful and strong; With an-gels' food he has  
 ref-uge, my strength and my song; Earth is to-day, but there's



# Coming Home To-Night. Concluded.

I am coming home to-night; Coming home to - night, com-ing home to-

night, Com-ing home to Je - sus, I am com-ing home to - night.

## No. 54. While the Golden Sceptre Waits.

F. J. C.

(Quartette.)

W. H. DOANE.

1. While the gold - en scep - tre waits, Mer - cy, standing at her gates,  
 2. While the gold - en scep - tre waits, Now from yon - der pal - ace gates  
 3. While the gold - en scep - tre bright Waves a - mid the gos - pel light,

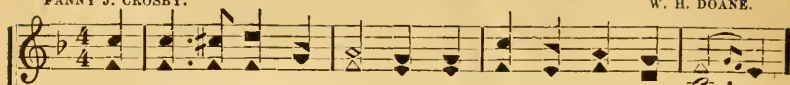
Calls with ten - der, pleading voice, Come, be - hold it, and rejoice;  
 Hap - py songs that sweet - ly ring Bid us hail our might - y King;  
 At the feet of Je - sus fall, Hail and crown Him Lord of all;

To the roy - al scep - tre bow, Own the Sav - iour Conqueror now.

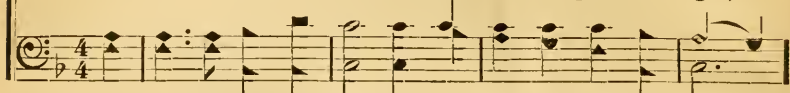
# No. 55. Awake, O Voice of Music.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

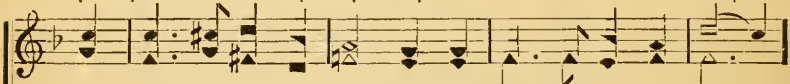
W. H. DOANE.



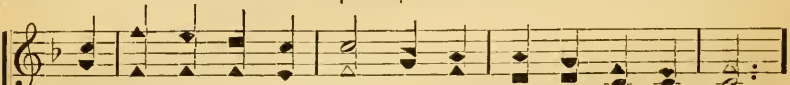
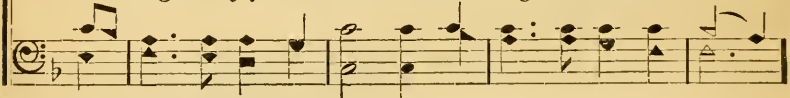
1. A - wake, O voice of mu - sic, A - wake, O harp of love,
2. A - wake the song of a - ges, That rolled a - long the sky
3. A - wake the song tri-umph - ant That filled the gates of light,



And tell how stars of morn - ing Gave praise to God a - bove;  
When le - gions veiled in glo - ry Sang praise to God on high;  
When Christ the Lord a - ris - ing Dis-pelled the gloom of night;



Tell how the might-y an - gels Sang forth the birth of time,  
What full and free sal - va - tion Was brought to all man - kind,  
O song of joy un-bound - ed! O song that ne'er shall cease!



Proclaimed Je - ho - vah's great - ness, His maj - es - ty sub - lime.  
Through Him, the Lord's a - noint - ed, Who came the lost to find.  
He died, He rose, He con- quered, He lives, the Prince of Peace.



## REFRAIN.

A - wake, A - wake, O harp of love;



A - wake, a - wake, a - wake, a - wake, A - wake, a - wake;  
O harp of love;



A - wake, a - wake, A - wake, O harp of love;

# All my Life Long. Concluded.

*Rit.*

path-way of sad-ness, Sum-mer and win-ter, yea, all my life long.  
 prom-ised to feed me, Who has befriended me all my life long.  
 heav-en to-mor-row; Je-sus will guide me thro' all my life long.

## No. 52. Save, Save One.

CHARLOTTE M. TUCKER.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Souls are per-ish-ing be-fore thee; Save, save one!  
 2. Who the worth of souls can meas-ure? Save, save one!

It may be thy crown of glo-ry; Save, save one!  
 Who can count the priceless treas-ure? Save, save one!

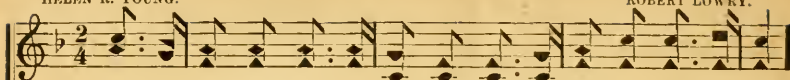
From the waves that o'er thee tow-er, From the rag-ing li-on's  
 Like the stars, shall shine for-ev-er Those who faith-ful-ly en-

pow-er, From destruction's fier-y show-er, Save, save one!  
 deav-or Dy-ing sin-ners to de-liv-er; Save, save one!



# No. 53. Coming Home To-Night.

HELEN R. YOUNG.

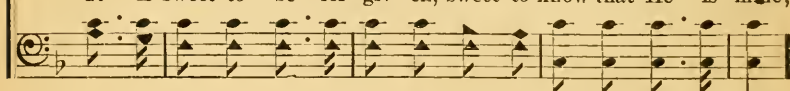
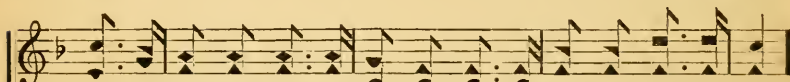
ROBERT LOWRY.



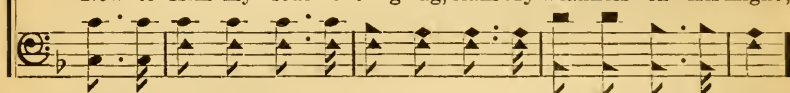

1. Yes, I'm com-ing home to Je - sus, for His lov-ing call I've heard,  
 2. I am guilt-y, vile, and help-less, but 'tis such He came to save;  
 3. O the joy of full sal - va - tion! O the depth of love di - vine!

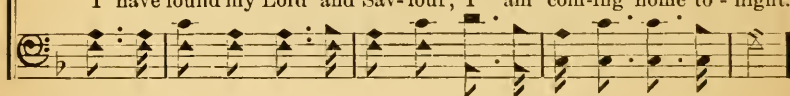
And my soul would glad-ly hast-en now to rest up - on His word;  
 'Twas for sin - ners lost and ru - ined that His pre - cious life He gave;  
 It is sweet to be for - giv - en, sweet to know that He is mine;


Tho' my sins have been as crim-son, still His blood can make me white;  
 Now in Him a - lone I'm trust-ing, now to Him I look for light;  
 Now to Him my soul is cling-ing, leans my weakness on His might;

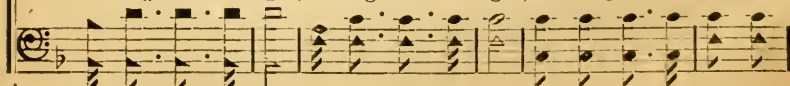
I will trust His pre-cious promise; I am com-ing home to - night.  
 From the paths of sin and darkness I am com-ing home to - night.  
 I have found my Lord and Sav-iour; I am com-ing home to - night.



## REFRAIN.

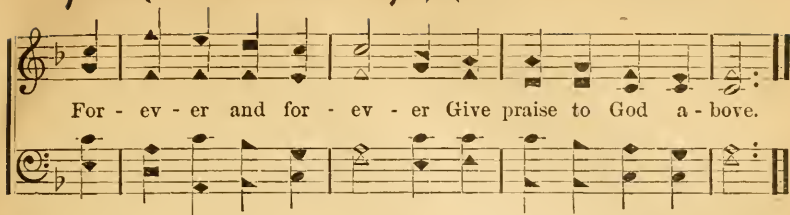


Com-ing home to-night, coming home to-night, Trusting in the promise,





# Awake, O Voice of Music. Concluded.

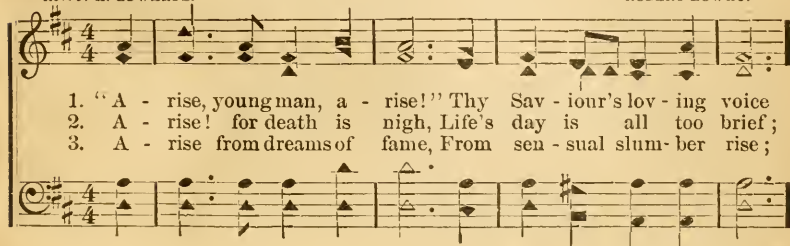


For - ev - er and for - ev - er Give praise to God a - bove.

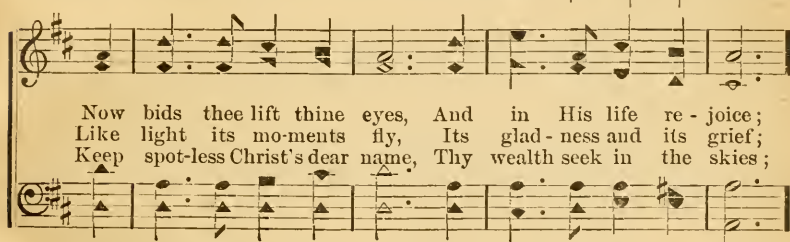
## No. 56. Young Man, Arise.

Rev. J. H. EDWARDS.

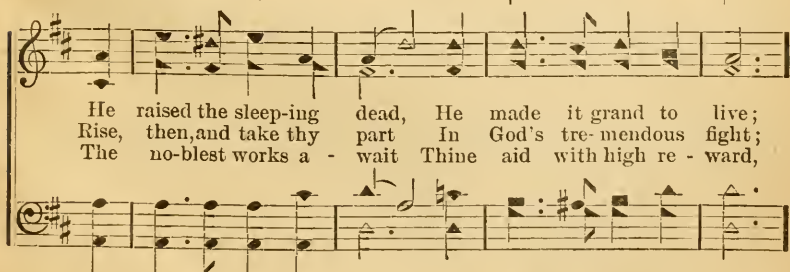
ROBERT LOWRY.



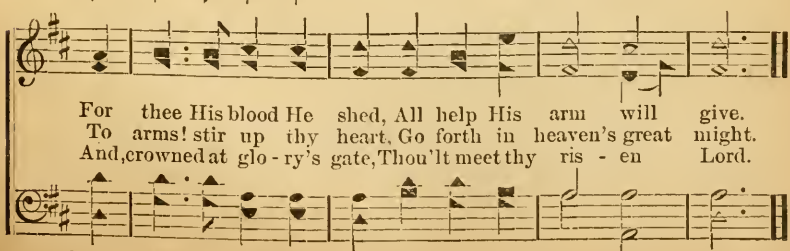
1. "A - rise, young man, a - rise!" Thy Sav - iour's lov - ing voice  
 2. A - rise! for death is nigh, Life's day is all too brief;  
 3. A - rise from dreams of fame, From sen - sual slum - ber rise;



Now bids thee lift thine eyes, And in His life re - joice;  
 Like light its mo - ments fly, Its glad - ness and its grief;  
 Keep spot - less Christ's dear name, Thy wealth seek in the skies;



He raised the sleep - ing dead, He made it grand to live;  
 Rise, then, and take thy part In God's tre - mendous fight;  
 The no - blest works a - wait Thine aid with high re - ward,

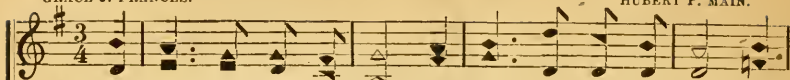


For thee His blood He shed, All help His arm will give.  
 To arms! stir up thy heart, Go forth in heaven's great might.  
 And, crowned at glo - ry's gate, Thou'lt meet thy ris - en Lord.

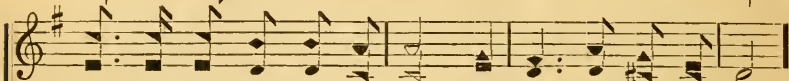
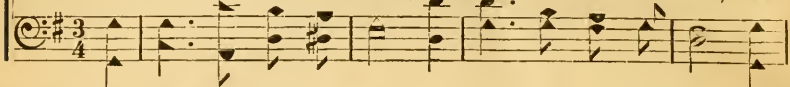
# No. 57. O Lord, my Heart is Thine.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

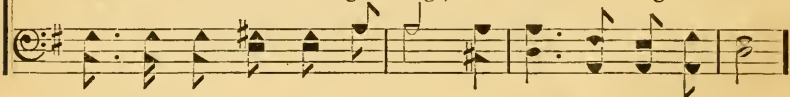
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. O Lord, my heart is Thine, Thy love a - bides in me; My
2. O Lord, my heart is Thine, And Thou Thy trust wilt keep; Thy
3. O Lord, my heart is Thine, And with my soul 'tis well; By
4. O Lord, my heart is Thine; And when its chords shall break, 'Twill



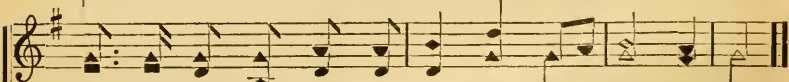
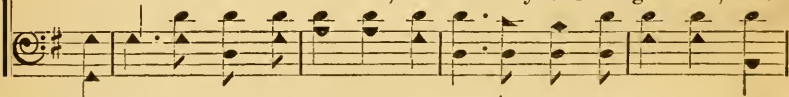
faith is anchored on Thy word, My life is hid with Thee.  
voice will calm its troubled waves, And lull its cares to sleep.  
cool - ingstreams Thou lead - est me, And there in peace I dwell.  
soar a - loft on ea - gle wings, A sweet - er song to make.



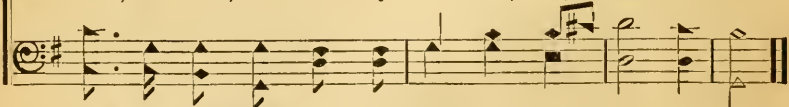
## REFRAIN.



No harm shall e'er be - tide me, For Thou Thy - self wilt guide me, And



Thou, O Lord, wilt safe - ly hide me; My heart is Thine.



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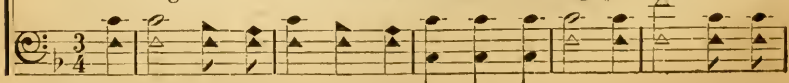
# No. 58. Not Far from the Kingdom.

S. D. PHELPS, D.D.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

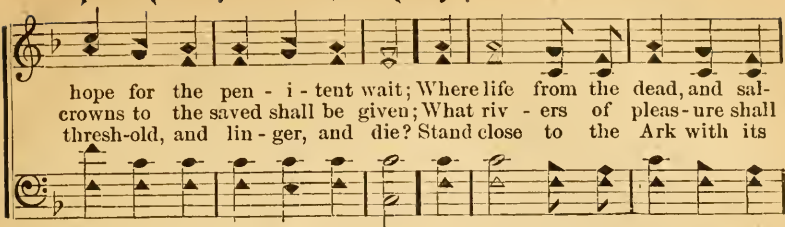


1. Not far from the kingdom—so near to the gate Where par-don and
2. What glo - ries are thine, blessed kingdom of heaven! What garments and
3. O king - dom of Je - sus! shall mor - tals come nigh, And stop at the

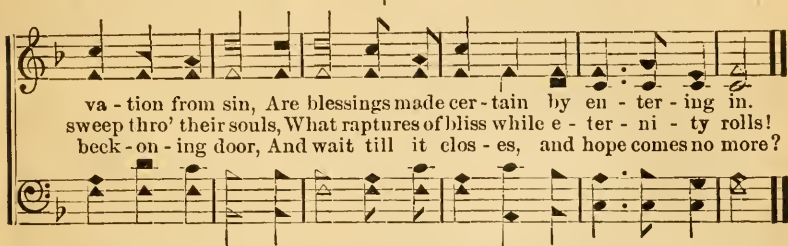


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# Not Far from the Kingdom. Concluded.



hope for the pen - i - tent wait; Where life from the dead, and sal-  
crowns to the saved shall be given; What riv - ers of pleas - ure shall  
thresh - old, and lin - ger, and die? Stand close to the Ark with its



va - tion from sin, Are blessings made cer - tain by en - ter - ing in.  
sweep thro' their souls, What raptures of bliss while e - ter - ni - ty rolls!  
beck - on - ing door, And wait till it clos - es, and hope comes no more?

## No. 59.

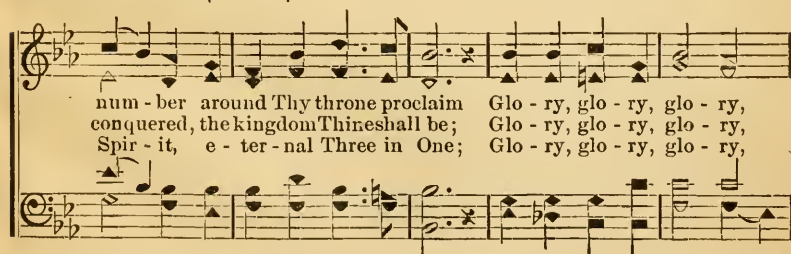
F. J. C.

## Glory, Glory.

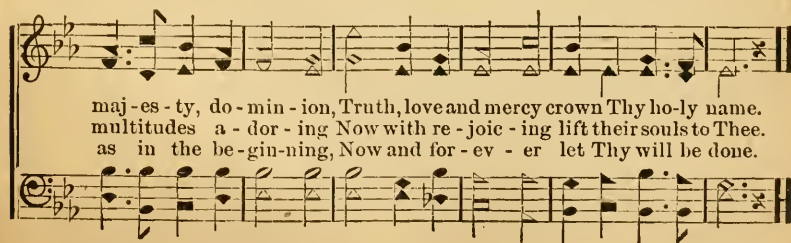
W. H. DOANE.



1. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Lord, our Cre - a - tor; Numbers without  
2. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Lord, our Cre - a - tor; Thou a - lone hast  
3. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Thine be the glo - ry, Fa - ther, Son, and



num - ber around Thy throne proclaim Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,  
conquered, the kingdom Thine shall be; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,  
Spir - it, e - ter - nal Three in One; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

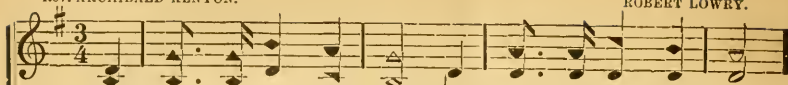


maj - es - ty, do - min - ion, Truth, love and mercy crown Thy ho - ly name.  
multitudes a - dor - ing Now with re - joic - ing lift their souls to Thee.  
as in the be - gin - ning, Now and for - ev - er let Thy will be done.

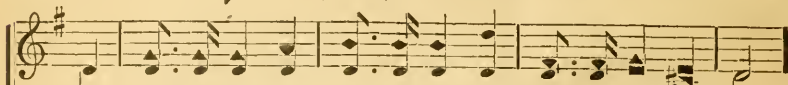
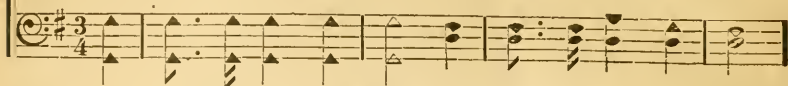
# No. 60. He Paid the Price.

Rev. ARCHIBALD KENYON.

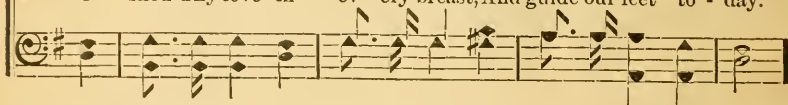
ROBERT LOWRY.



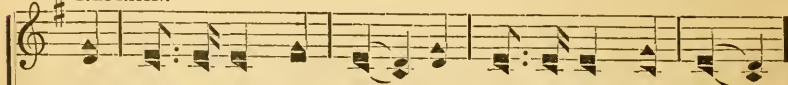
1. A song, a song of joy, To Him who died for me;
2. Thy bless - ed name we praise, Our Sav - iour and our King;
3. Thy smile up - on us rest, Now met to praise and pray;



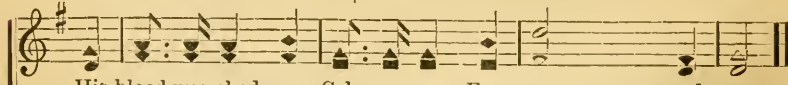
Let old and young their tongues employ, And sing the ju - bi - lee.  
Our joy - ous songs to Thee we raise, And grate - ful offerings bring.  
O shed Thy love in ev - ery breast, And guide our feet to - day.



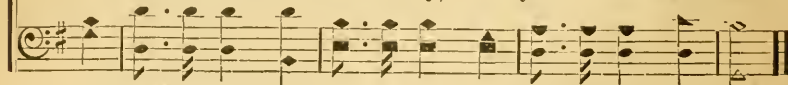
## REFRAIN.



He paid the price for you, He paid the price for me;



His blood was shed on Cal - va - ry, For you and me.



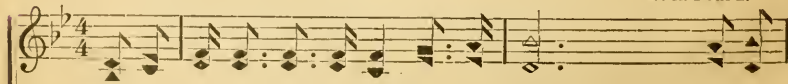
Copyright, 1886, by Biglow & Main.

for you

# No. 61. With a Persevering Faith.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. O re - mem - ber there's a work to be done; Are you
2. Are you read - y for the cross? can you say You are
3. Are you giv - ing up the ways of the world? Are you



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to be done;



# With a Persevering Faith. Concluded.

read-y for the race? will you run?  
 read-y for the toils of the way?  
 lay-ing ev-ery weight now a-side?

Are you striving for the  
 Are you trusting in the  
 Are you clinging to the

will you run?

crown to be won,  
 Lord? do you pray  
 arm of your guide

With a per-se-vering faith and love?  
 With a per-se-vering faith and love?  
 With a per-se-vering faith and love?

to be won,

## REFRAIN.

Will you stand for truth, and bat-tle for the right? Will you firm-ly

stand and keep your ar-mor bright? Then re-joice with vig-or new,

There's a crown of life for you, In the mansions of glo-ry a-bove.

## No. 62.

## God Be With You.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels, guide, up -  
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly  
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's banner floating

hold you, With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we  
 hide you, Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we  
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we

CHORUS.

meet a - gain. }  
 meet a - gain. } Till we meet,..... till we meet,  
 meet a - gain. }

Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet,.....

till we meet; Till we meet,

till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

till we meet a - gain,

## No. 63.

## Follow the Standard.

B. M.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Charge and en - cour - age them, bid them go for - ward; See, the King  
 2. Charge and en - cour - age them, cheer the faint-heart-ed; Say to the  
 3. Charge and en - cour - age them; none shall be wea - ry, None shall be  
 4. Fair are the man-sions just o - ver the riv - er, Bright are the

rides in the midst of His host; All His true soldiers fight un - der a  
 fear - ful, Be strong for the fight—Strong with the strength that is perfect in  
 downcast or faint a - ny more; On - ly each heart must beat true to the  
 crowns and transcendent their worth; Sweetest of all the near smile of the

## REFRAIN.

standard That nev - er was lowered and can - not be lost.  
 weakness, And clad by the King in His ar - mor of light.  
 Captain, Whom all the great armies of heav - en a - dore. } For - ward,  
 Master; O charge and encourage them, bid them go forth.

Forward, forward,

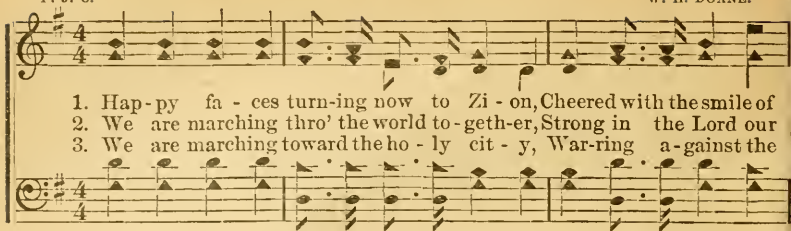
fol - low the standard; For - ward, Christ leads the host; For - ward,  
 Forward, forward, Forward, forward,

fol - low the standard That nev - er was lowered and can - not be lost.

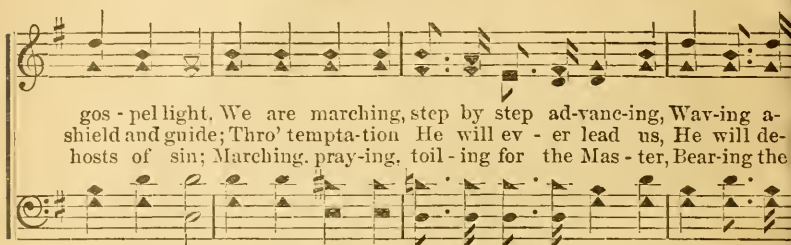
# No. 64. Marching in the Sunlight.

F. J. C.

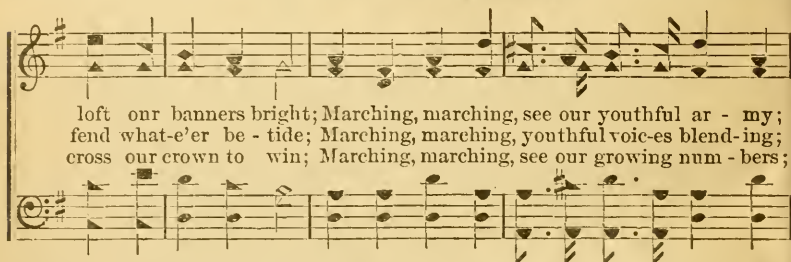
W. H. DOANE.



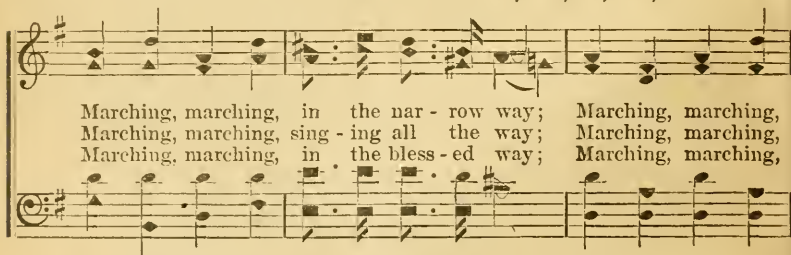
1. Hap - py fa - ces turn - ing now to Zi - on, Cheered with the smile of  
 2. We are marching thro' the world to - geth - er, Strong in the Lord our  
 3. We are marching toward the ho - ly cit - y, War - ring a - gainst the



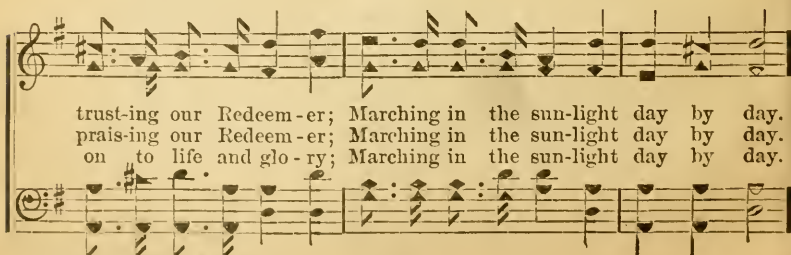
gos - pel light, We are marching, step by step ad - vanc - ing, Wav - ing a -  
 shield and guide; Thro' tempta - tion He will ev - er lead us, He will de -  
 hosts of sin; Marching, pray - ing, toil - ing for the Mas - ter, Bear - ing the



loft our banners bright; Marching, marching, see our youthful ar - my;  
 fend what - e'er be - tide; Marching, marching, youthful voic - es blend - ing;  
 cross our crown to win; Marching, marching, see our growing num - bers;



Marching, marching, in the nar - row way; Marching, marching,  
 Marching, marching, sing - ing all the way; Marching, marching,  
 Marching, marching, in the bless - ed way; Marching, marching,

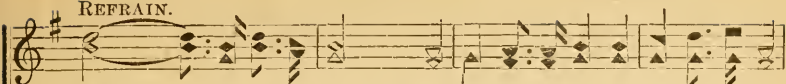


trust - ing our Redeem - er; Marching in the sun - light day by day.  
 prais - ing our Redeem - er; Marching in the sun - light day by day.  
 on to life and glo - ry; Marching in the sun - light day by day.

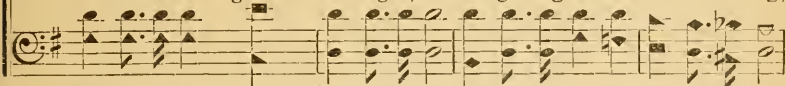


# Marching in the Sunlight. Concluded.

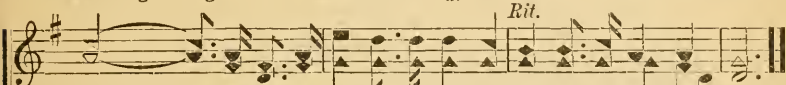
## REFRAIN.



March - - ing in the sun-light, Marching along with hearts full of song;



Marching a - long with hearts full of song,



Wav - - ing now our banners so bright, And cheered by the gospel light.



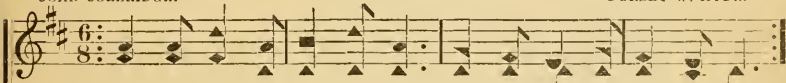
Wav - ing a - loft our

## No. 65.

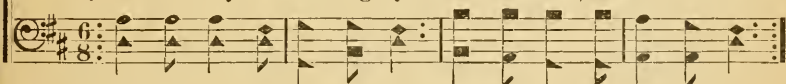
## Once Again.

JOHN COLERIDGE.

DORSEY W. HYDE.



1. { Once a - gain to meet the day, Time has brought us on our way; }
2. { Once a - gain to God we bring Prayer and praise, our of - fer - ing. }
3. { Round us al - ways as we move, Fold - ed be Thy ten - der love; }
4. { If we wan - der from the way, Lead us back, O Lord, we pray. }
5. { In our joy and in our care, Thou art with us ev - erywhere; }
6. { Un - der Thy all - see - ing eye We must live, and we must die. }



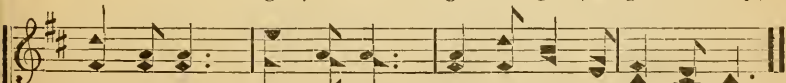
## REFRAIN.



Once a - gain, once a - gain, Once a - gain we greet the day;



Once a - gain, once a - gain we greet, we greet the day;



Once a - gain, once a - gain, Once a - gain we meet to pray.



Once a - gain, once a - gain we meet, we meet to pray.

# No. 66. Saviour, I Come to Thee.

O. R. B.

OREN R. BARROWS.

1. Sav - iour, I come to Thee, my heart with sin de-filed ; Heal me, and  
2. Give me a heart of glow-ing love, to trust Thy grace, Give me a

com-fort me, a weak and wea-ry child ; Long have I wandered in the  
con-stant hope in heaven to see Thy face ; Give me an ear - nest zeal to

*D.S.*—Thou who hast suffered, Thou wilt

paths of rayless night ; Thou canst the darkness cleave, and speak the dawning light.  
do Thy ho - ly will, Give me the strength to bear, Thy purpose to ful-fill.

pit - y and forgive—Speak, Lord, the word is Thine that bids the sin - ner live.

## CHORUS.

Sav - iour of sin - ners, hear, O hear my hum - ble prayer ;

Low at Thy cross I lie ; I can but per - ish there ;

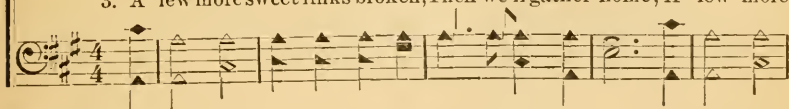
# No. 67. A Few More Marchings Weary.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

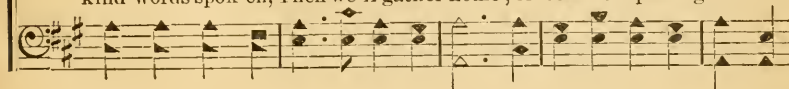
W. H. DOANE.



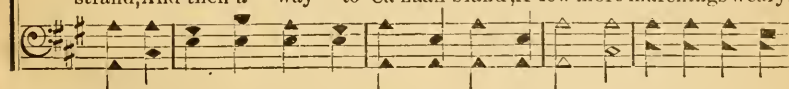
1. A few more marchings wea-ry, Then we'll gather home; A few more
2. A few more nights of weeping, Then we'll gather home; A few more
3. A few more sweet links broken, Then we'll gather home; A few more



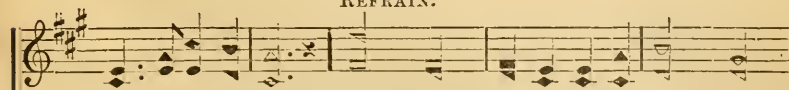
storm-clouds dreary, Then we'll gather home; A few more days the cross to  
watch- es keep-ing, Then we'll gather home; A few more victories o - ver  
kind words spok-en, Then we'll gather home; A few more partings on the



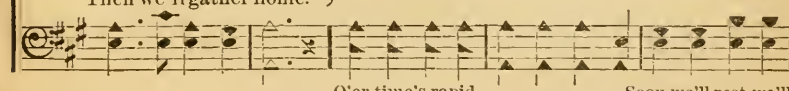
bear, And then with Christ a crown to wear; A few more marchings weary,  
sin, A few more sheaves to gath - er in, A few more marchings weary,  
strand, And then a - way to Ca-naan's land; A few more marchings weary,



## REFRAIN.



Then we'll gather home. }  
Then we'll gather home. } O'er time's rap-id riv-er, Soon we'll  
Then we'll gather home. }

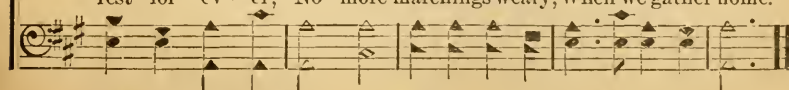


O'er time's rapid,

Soon we'll rest, we'll



rest for ev - er; No more marchings weary, When we gather home.

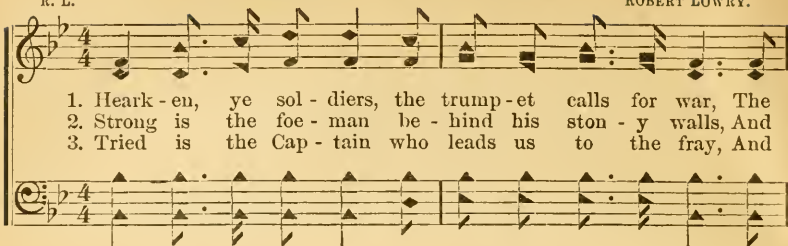


## No. 68.

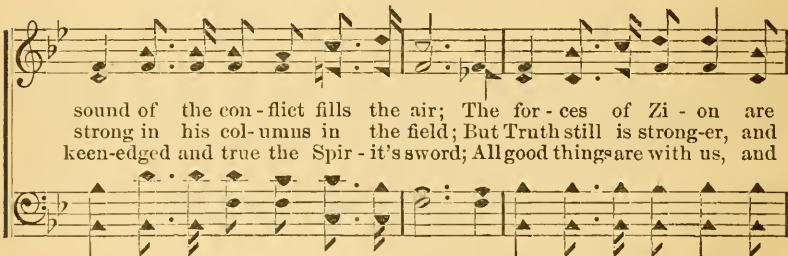
## Hearken, Ye Soldiers.

R. L.

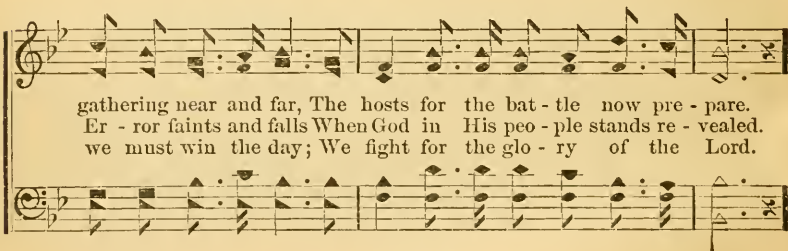
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Heark - en, ye sol - diers, the trump - et calls for war, The  
 2. Strong is the foe - man be - hind his ston - y walls, And  
 3. Tried is the Cap - tain who leads us to the fray, And

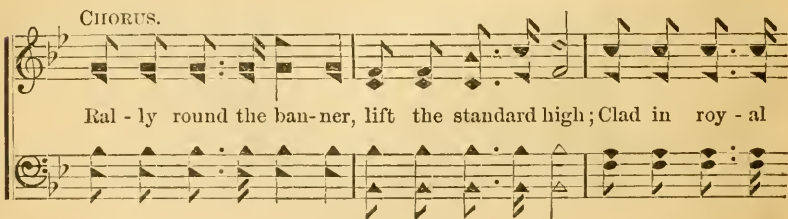


sound of the con - flict fills the air; The for - ces of Zi - on are  
 strong in his col - umns in the field; But Truth still is strong - er, and  
 keen-edged and true the Spir - it's sword; All good things are with us, and

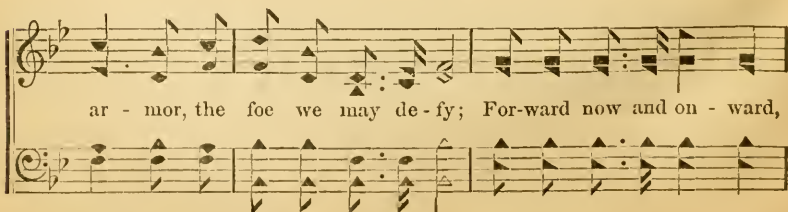


gathering near and far, The hosts for the bat - tle now pre - pare.  
 Er - ror faints and falls When God in His peo - ple stands re - vealed.  
 we must win the day; We fight for the glo - ry of the Lord.

## CHORUS.



Ral - ly round the ban - ner, lift the standard high; Clad in roy - al



ar - mor, the foe we may de - fy; For - ward now and on - ward,



# Hearken, Ye Soldiers. Concluded.

raise the bat-tle cry; We are marching on to vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry.

No. 69.

Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

Up and Work.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE.

1. Up! and work; be-hold, the morning Sheds a - far its gold-en ray;  
2. Do you love the bless-ed Saviour? Have you faith in God a-bove?  
3. Not the small-est seed you scat-ter From your hand shall fall in vain;

Can you sleep, when souls are dy-ing? Up! and la-bor with the day;  
By a life of self de-ni-al Prove the ar-dor of your love;  
You will see the cloud a-ris-ing, God will bring the promised rain;

God has called, and you have heard Him; Will you slight His great command?  
Feed the lambs with hunger pin-ing In the rug-ged wilds of sin;  
Be con-tent for Him to la-bor, Count it gain to suf-fer loss;

Will you plead your want of cour-age When be-fore His bar you stand?  
You can find them all around you, You can help to bring them in.  
If you wear a crown of glo-ry, You must win it by the cross.

1. Joy, joy to all, O hap-py, hap-py ti-dings; Hear the voice of  
 2. Joy, joy to all, the promised day is breaking; Soon the world its  
 3. Joy, joy to all, O bless-ed proc-la-mation! Peace and truth in

mer-cy and love; Come, wea-ry soul, on Christ the Lord be-lieve;  
 glo-ry shall see; Soon will the star that hailed Mes-si-ah's birth,  
 tri-umph shall reign; Lift up your eyes, be-hold the ransomed ones

*D.S.—Come, wea-ry soul, on Christ the Lord be-lieve;*  
 FINE.

Look un-to Him, His grace re-ceive; Praise ye the Lord, O  
 Shine, bright-ly shine o'er all the earth; Praise ye the Lord, the  
 Shout-ing a-loud their tune-ful strain; Praise ye the Lord, the

*Look un-to Him, His grace re-ceive.*

praise Him, ev-ery na-tion, Come be-fore Him with a grate-ful song;  
 hope of our sal-va-tion, Now with rapt-ure let the tem-ple ring;  
 Prince of Life e-ter-nal, Sing His glo-ry while we march-a-long;

*D.S.*  
 Strike, strike your harps, ye everlasting throng, Praise Him now and forev-er.  
 Come with delight, and worship Judah's King, Praise Him now and forev-er.  
 Strike, strike your harps, ye everlasting throng, Praise Him now and forev-er.

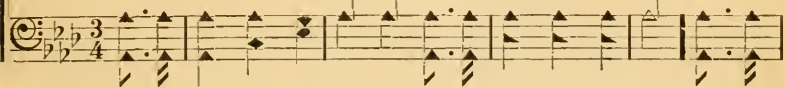
# No. 71. Is my Name Written There?

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

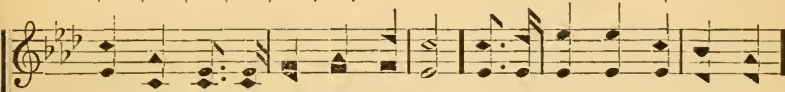
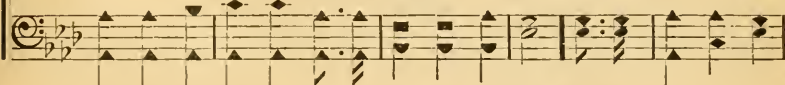
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would
2. Lord, my sins they are ma-ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy
3. O that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its



make sure of heav-en, I would en-ter the fold; In the book of Thy blood, O my Sav-iour, Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is glo-ri-fied be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing



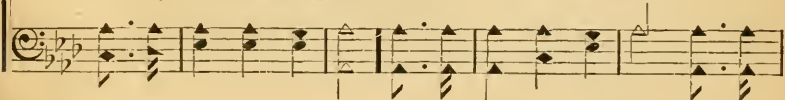
king-dom, With its pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus my Sav-iour, writ-ten, In bright let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, com-eth, To de-spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching,—



## REFRAIN.



Is my name writ-ten there? }  
 I will make them like snow." } Is my name writ-ten there? On the  
 Is my name writ-ten there? }



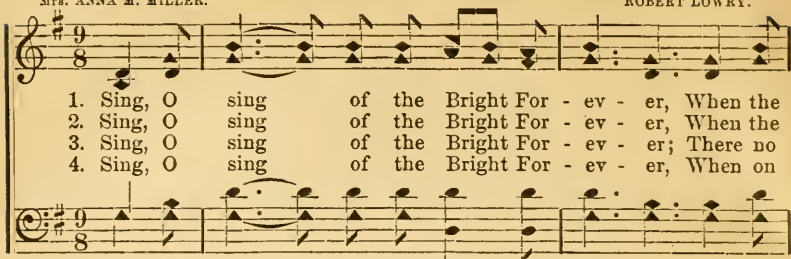
page white and fair? In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?



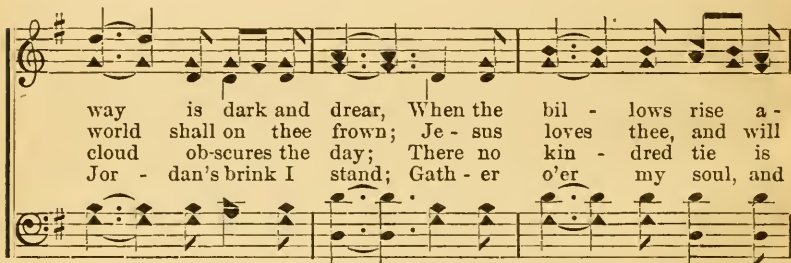
# No. 72. Sing of the Bright Forever.

Mrs. ANNA M. MILLER.

ROBERT LOWRY.

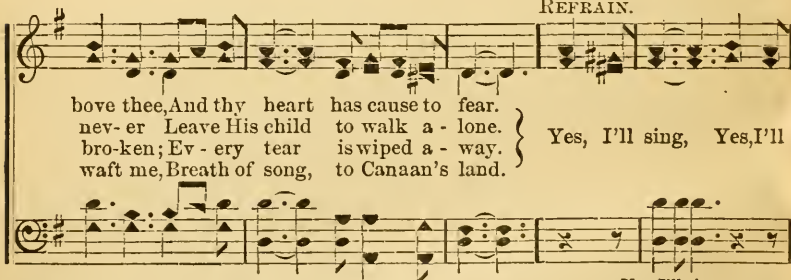


1. Sing, O sing of the Bright For - ev - er, When the  
 2. Sing, O sing of the Bright For - ev - er, When the  
 3. Sing, O sing of the Bright For - ev - er; There no  
 4. Sing, O sing of the Bright For - ev - er, When on

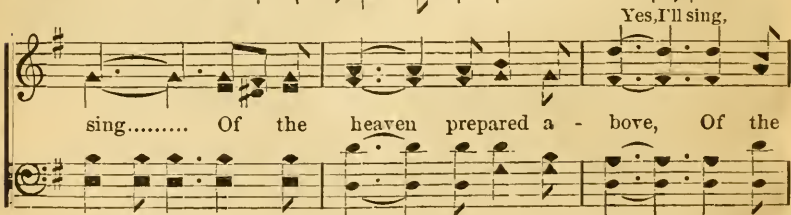


way is dark and drear, When the bil - lows rise a -  
 world shall on thee frown; Je - sus loves thee, and will  
 cloud ob - scures the day; There no kin - dred tie is  
 Jor - dan's brink I stand; Gath - er o'er my soul, and

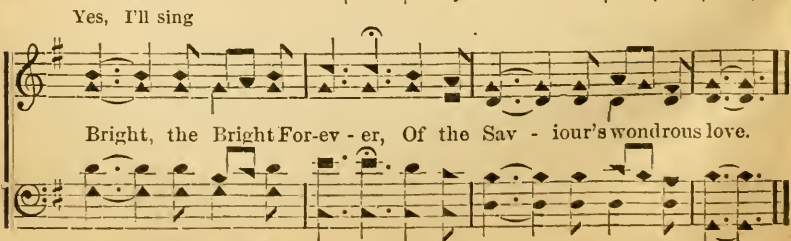
## REFRAIN.



bove thee, And thy heart has cause to fear.  
 nev - er Leave His child to walk a - lone. } Yes, I'll sing, Yes, I'll  
 bro - ken; Ev - ery tear is wiped a - way. }  
 waft me, Breath of song, to Canaan's land.



Yes, I'll sing,  
 sing..... Of the heaven prepared a - bove, Of the



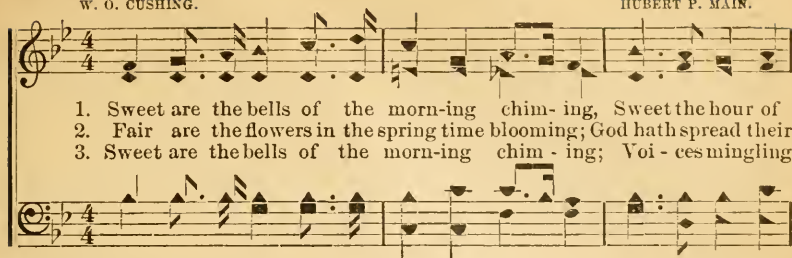
Yes, I'll sing  
 Bright, the Bright For - ev - er, Of the Sav - iour's wondrous love.



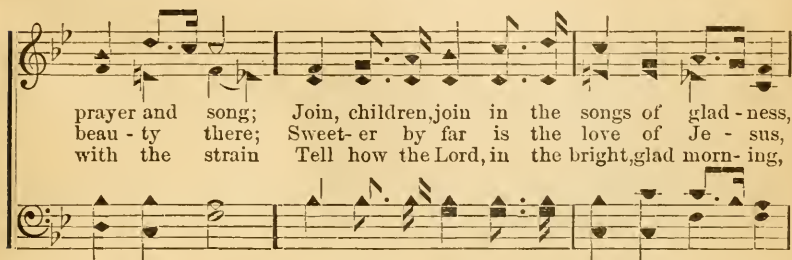
# No. 73. Sweet are the Bells.

W. O. CUSHING.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Sweet are the bells of the morn-ing chim-ing, Sweet the hour of  
 2. Fair are the flowers in the spring time blooming; God hath spread their  
 3. Sweet are the bells of the morn-ing chim-ing; Voi - ces mingling

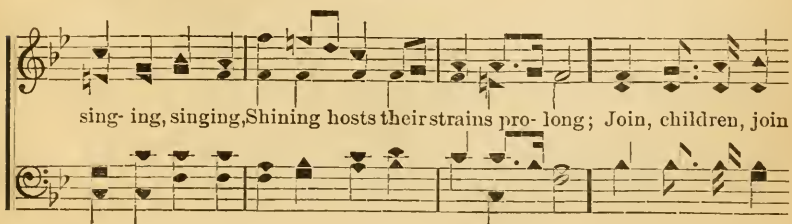


prayer and song; Join, children, join in the songs of glad-ness,  
 beau-ty there; Sweet-er by far is the love of Je - sus,  
 with the strain Tell how the Lord, in the bright, glad morn-ing,


## CHORUS.



Prais-es sweet to God be-long.  
 While we seek His face in prayer. } Hark! how the an-gel choirs are  
 Rose from death, in heaven to reign.



sing-ing, singing, Shining hosts their strains pro-long; Join, children, join

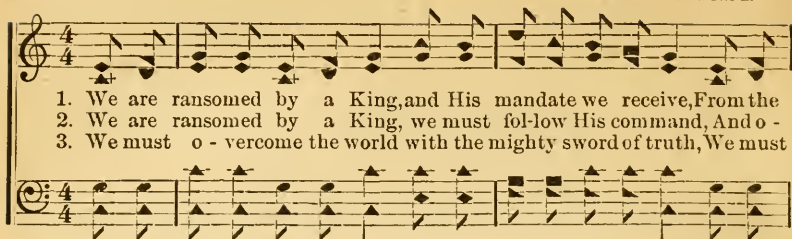


in the songs of glad-ness, Prais-es sweet to God be-long.

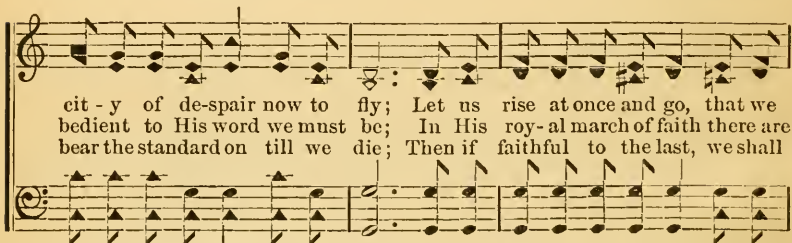
# No. 74. At the Lovely Palace Gate.

ELLA DALE.

W. H. DOANE.



1. We are ransomed by a King, and His mandate we receive, From the  
2. We are ransomed by a King, we must fol-low His command, And o -  
3. We must o - vercome the world with the mighty sword of truth, We must

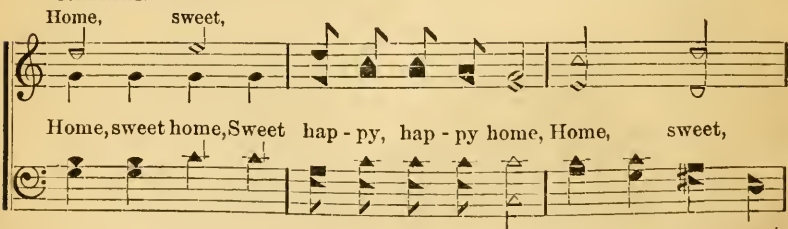


cit - y of de-spair now to fly; Let us rise at once and go, that we  
bedient to His word we must be; In His roy-al march of faith there are  
bear the standard on till we die; Then if faithful to the last, we shall



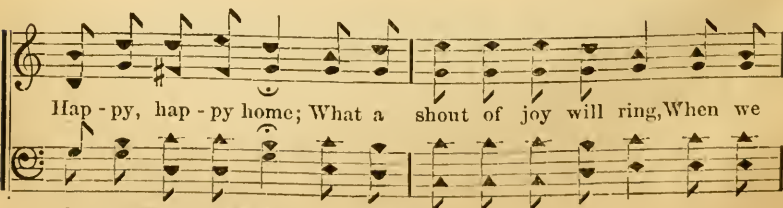
all may en-ter in At the love-ly Pal-ace Gate by and by.  
ma - ny foes to meet Ere the love-ly Pal-ace Gate we shall see.  
en-ter in - to rest At the love-ly Pal-ace Gate by and by.

## REFRAIN.



Home, sweet, Home, sweet home, Sweet hap - py, hap - py home, Home, sweet,

Home, sweet home, sweet,



Hap - py, hap - py home; What a shout of joy will ring, When we

# At the Lovely Palace Gate. Concluded.

hail our Sav-iour King, At the love-ly Pal-ace Gate by and by.

## No. 75. The Humble Heart.

F. J. C.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Dear Sav-iour, let Thy watchful eye Pro-tect me day by day,  
 2. I want Thy Spir-it's gen-tle power, My constant guide to be:  
 3. In sweet sub-mis-sion may I walk A-long the shining way,

That from the pre-cious fold I love My heart may nev-er stray.  
 I want Thy love, Thy ten-der care, To bind me close to Thee.  
 Till Thou my Sav-iour call me home, To realms of end-less day.

CHORUS.

Make me hum-ble, lov-ing, du-ti-ful; Make Thy home with-

in me beau-ti-ful; Cleanse my heart from sin; Let no stranger in.

# No. 76. Cleansed and Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Cleansed in the blood that was shed on the tree, When Je-sus gave Him-  
2. Cleansed and redeemed, this as-sur-ance of mine Is witnessed in my

self as a ran-som for me; Cleansed and redeemed in the  
heart by His Spir-it Di-vine; Sealed by His grace, now through

*D.S.—Cleansed and redeemed in the*

blood of the Lamb, O glo-ry be to Him that I am what I am.  
faith I re-ceive The blessing He bestows on the souls that be-lieve.

*blood of the Lamb, O glo-ry be to Him that I am what I am.*

REFRAIN. D.S.

Cleansed and redeemed, yes, cleansed and redeemed, I am happy in my Saviour now;

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3 Cleansed in His blood that from sin can restore,  
I give myself away to be His evermore;  
Cleansed and redeemed, I rejoice while I sing,  
O glory be to Him, my Redeemer and King.—*Ref.*

4 Cleansed and redeemed—O the depth of His love,  
To care for such as I and His mercy to prove;  
Cleansed and redeemed, let my song ever be,  
O glory be to Him for His mercy to me.—*Ref.*

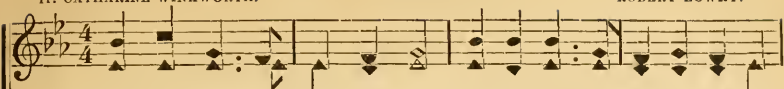


## No. 77.

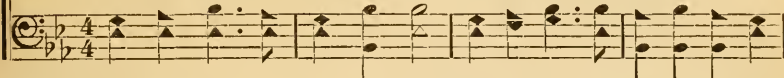
## Light of Light.

Tr. CATHARINE WINKWORTH.

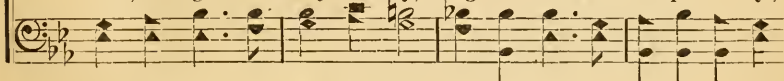
ROBERT LOWRY.



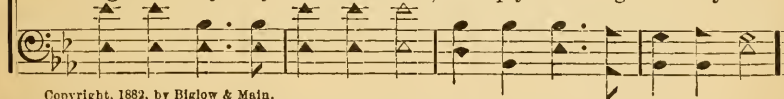
1. Light of light, en - light - en me, Now a - new the day is dawning ;
2. Let me with my heart to - day, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, singing,
3. Hence, all care, all van - i - ty, For the day to God is ho - ly ;



Sun of grace, the shadows flee, Brighten Thou the sabbath morning ;  
 Rapt a - while from earth a - way, All my soul to Thee upspringing,  
 Come, Thou glo - rious Maj - es - ty, Deign to fill this tem - ple low - ly ;



With Thy joy - ous sun - shine blest, Hap - py is my day of rest.  
 Have a bless - ed fore - taste given, How they wor - ship Thee in heaven.  
 Naught to - day my soul shall move, Sim - ply rest - ing in Thy love.



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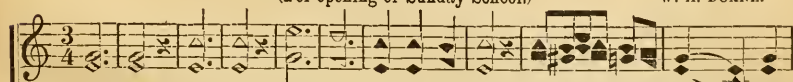
## No. 78.

## Great is the Lord.

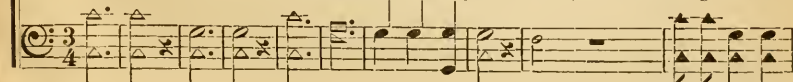
F. J. C.

(For opening of Sunday School.)

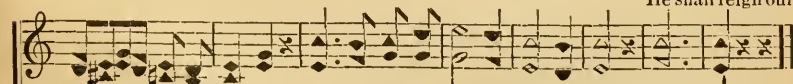
W. H. DOANE.



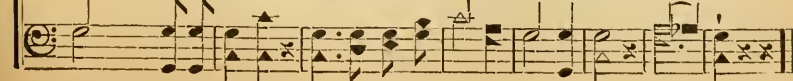
1. Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry! Great is the Lord ; Sing His love and
2. Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise ye the Lord ; He shall reign our



Sing His love and  
 He shall reign our



tell of His mercy ; Enter now His courts with holy song. A - men.  
 King ev - er - lasting ; Blessed be His name for - ev - er - more. A - men.



Copyright, 1886, by W. H. Doane.

# No. 79. The Soul's Bright Land Above.

ORACE TUREMAN.

W. H. DOANE.

May be sung as a Duet.

1. There is a land whereshines the light Of God's e - ter - nal love,
2. There Christ the Lord triumphant reigns, And saints be-fore Him fall;
3. There tears are wiped from ev - ery eye, And ev - ery pain is o'er;
4. Tho' faith may soar a - bove the clouds To reach that land so fair,

The sa - cred realm of ho - ly joy, The soul's bright land a - bove.  
They shout a - loud re - deem - ing grace, And hail Him Lord of all.  
And hearts that here in sor - row bled Shall feel its throb no more.  
Yet who can tell the pure de - light Of those who en - ter there?

## REFRAIN.

O that love - - ly land, the sum - mer land, The

O that love - ly, love - ly land, the gold - en sum - mer land,

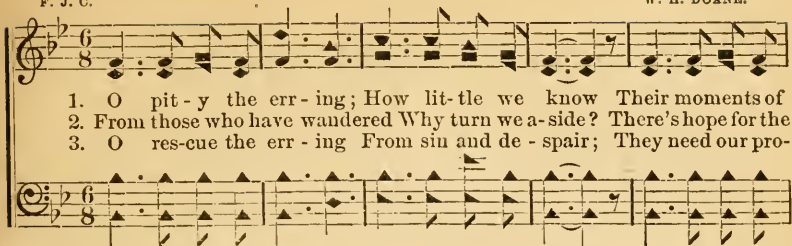
land be - yond the Jordan's strand; O that love - ly, love - ly land, the

gold - en sum - mer land, The soul's bright land a - bove.

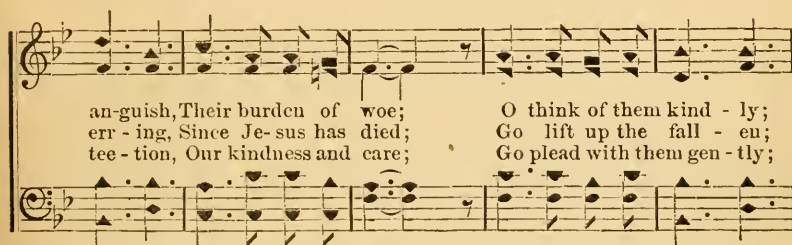
# No. 80. Go Lead Them To-Day.

F. J. C.

W. H. DOANE.

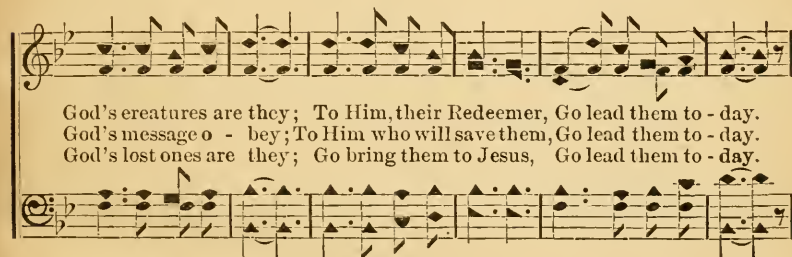


1. O pit - y the err - ing; How lit - tle we know Their moments of  
 2. From those who have wandered Why turn we a - side? There's hope for the  
 3. O res - cue the err - ing From sin and de - spair; They need our pro-



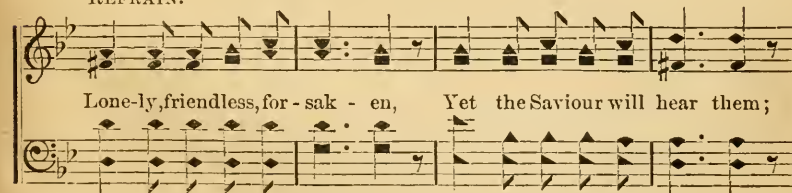
an - guish, Their burden of woe;  
 err - ing, Since Je - sus has died;  
 tee - tion, Our kindness and care;

O think of them kind - ly;  
 Go lift up the fall - eu;  
 Go plead with them gen - tly;

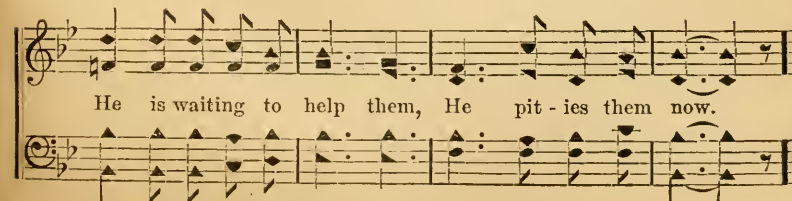


God's creatures are they; To Him, their Redeemer, Go lead them to - day.  
 God's message o - bey; To Him who will save them, Go lead them to - day.  
 God's lost ones are they; Go bring them to Jesus, Go lead them to - day.

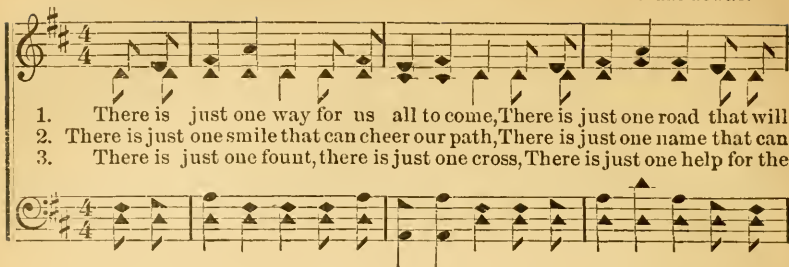
## REFRAIN.



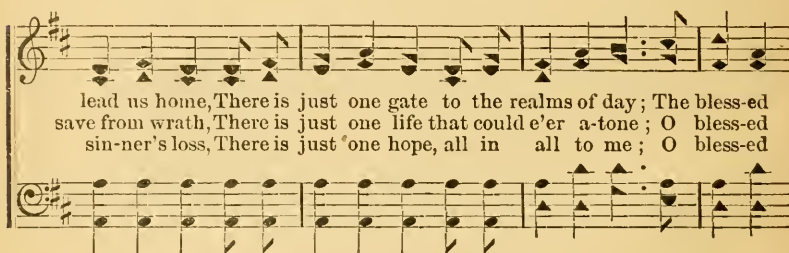
Lone - ly, friendless, for - sak - en, Yet the Saviour will hear them;



He is waiting to help them, He pit - ies them now.

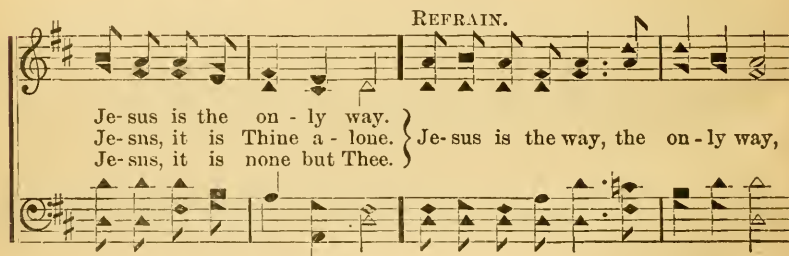


1. There is just one way for us all to come, There is just one road that will  
 2. There is just one smile that can cheer our path, There is just one name that can  
 3. There is just one fount, there is just one cross, There is just one help for the

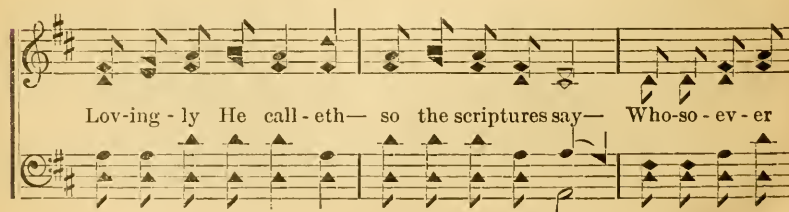


lead us home, There is just one gate to the realms of day; The bless-ed  
 save from wrath, There is just one life that could e'er a-tone; O bless-ed  
 sin-ner's loss, There is just one hope, all in all to me; O bless-ed

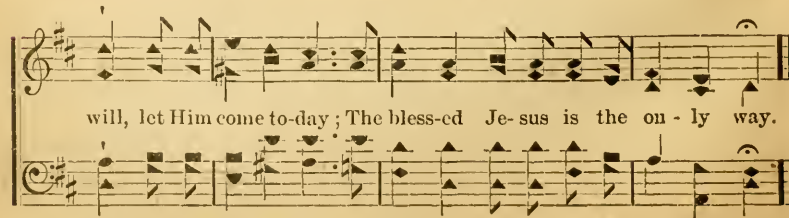
REFRAIN.



Je-sus is the on - ly way. } Je-sus is the way, the on - ly way,  
 Je-sus, it is Thine a - lone. }  
 Je-sus, it is none but Thee. }



Lov-ing - ly He call - eth — so the scriptures say — Who-so - ev - er



will, let Him come to-day; The bless-ed Je-sus is the on - ly way.

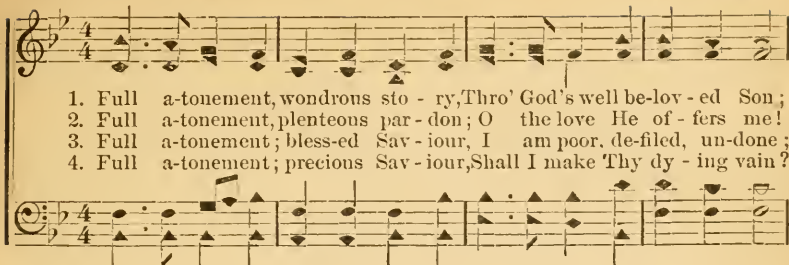


# No. 82.

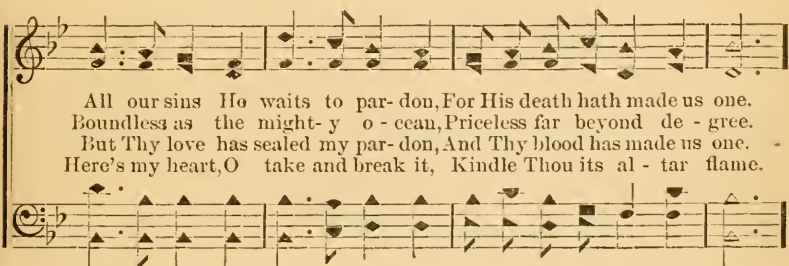
# Full Atonement.

Miss ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

W. H. DOANE.

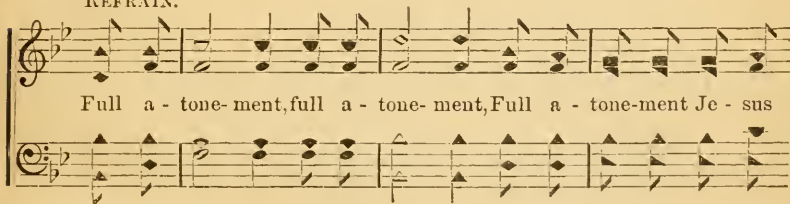


1. Full a-tonement, wondrous sto - ry, Thro' God's well be-lov - ed Son;  
 2. Full a-tonement, plenteous par-don; O the love He of - fers me!  
 3. Full a-tonement; bless-ed Sav-iour, I am poor, de-filed, un-done;  
 4. Full a-tonement; precious Sav-iour, Shall I make Thy dy - ing vain?

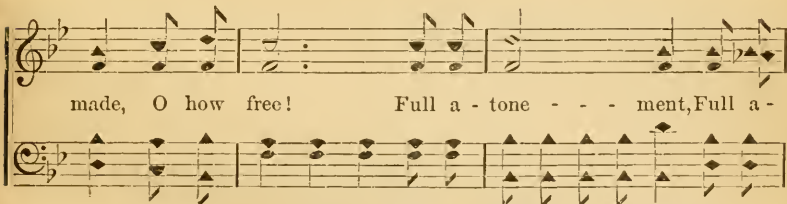


All our sins He waits to par-don, For His death hath made us one.  
 Boundless as the might-y o - cean, Priceless far beyond de - gree.  
 But Thy love has sealed my par-don, And Thy blood has made us one.  
 Here's my heart, O take and break it, Kindle Thou its al - tar flame.

## REFRAIN.

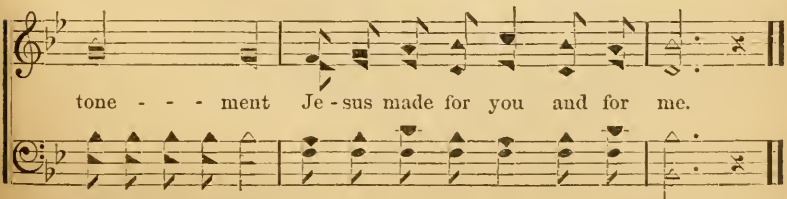


Full a - tone-ment, full a - tone-ment, Full a - tone-ment Je - sus



made, O how free! Full a - tone - - - ment, Full a -


how free! Full a - tonement Je - sus made, Full a -




tone - - - ment Je - sus made for you and for me.

tonement Je - sus made,

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1. When the blush of morn-ing light Paints the gold-en east-ern skies,  
 2. From the sul-try noontide beams, Would'st thou find a calm re-treat?  
 3. When the even-ing shades de-scend, Tranquil o'er the earth and sea,  
 4. Watch with Je-sus all the night, Till the shadows glide a-way;

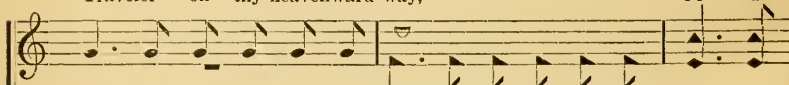


From the balm-y sleep of night, Lift to God thy wak-ing eyes.  
 Dost thou pant for cool-ing streams? Rest thee at the mer-cy-seat.  
 Go, thy Sav-iour and thy Friend Holds a precious gift for thee.  
 Watch till comes the morn-ing light, Wea-ry pil-grim, watch and pray.

## CHORUS.

Traveler on thy heavenward way,

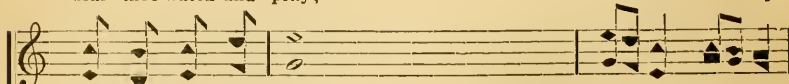
Je - sus



Traveler on thy heavenward way, He


bids thee watch and pray;

Traveler on thy



bids thee watch and pray;  
 Je - sus bids thee watch and pray; Traveler

heaven-ward way,



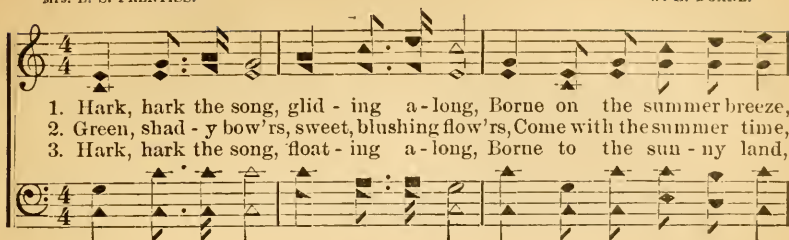
on thy heavenward way, Je - sus bids thee watch and pray.

## No. 84.

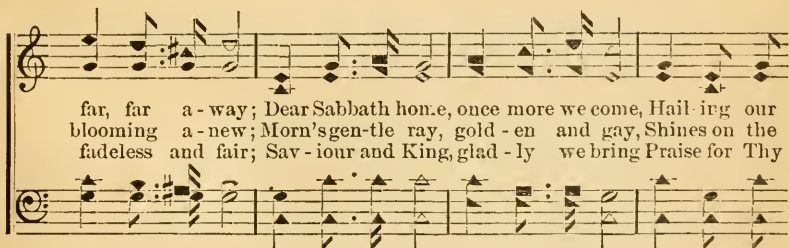
## Our Jubilee Song.

Mrs. E. S. PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.



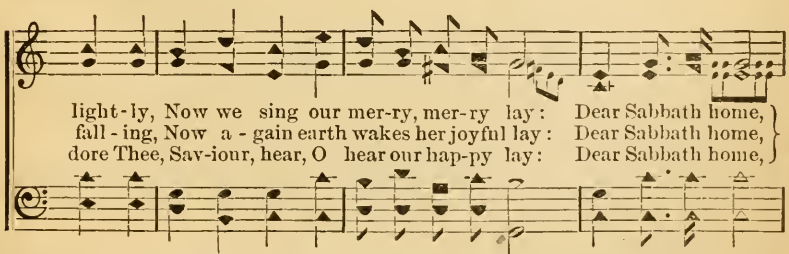
1. Hark, hark the song, glid - ing a-long, Borne on the summer breeze,  
 2. Green, shad - y bow'rs, sweet, blushing flow'rs, Come with the summer time,  
 3. Hark, hark the song, float - ing a-long, Borne to the sun - ny land,



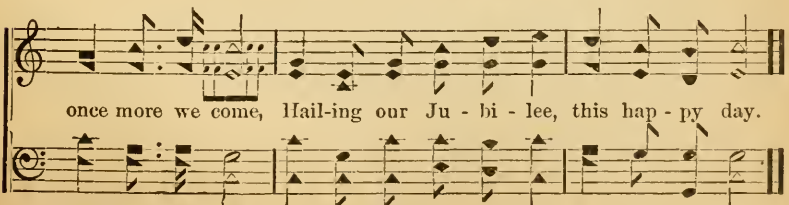
far, far a-way; Dear Sabbath home, once more we come, Hail - ing our  
 blooming a - new; Morn'g'en - tle ray, gold - en and gay, Shines on the  
 fadeless and fair; Sav - iour and King, glad - ly we bring Praise for Thy



Ju - bi - lee this hap - py day; Eyes beaming brightly, hearts bounding  
 lil - y bells sparkling with dew; Beau - ty is call - ing, mu - sic is  
 pre - cious love, Thy ten - der care; Gathered be - fore Thee, young hearts a -



light - ly, Now we sing our mer - ry, mer - ry lay : Dear Sabbath home, }  
 fall - ing, Now a - gain earth wakes her joyful lay : Dear Sabbath home, }  
 dore Thee, Sav - iour, hear, O hear our hap - py lay : Dear Sabbath home, }

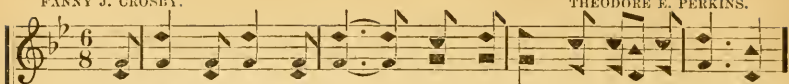


once more we come, Hail - ing our Ju - bi - lee, this hap - py day.

# No. 85. O Hear the Trump of Joy.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.



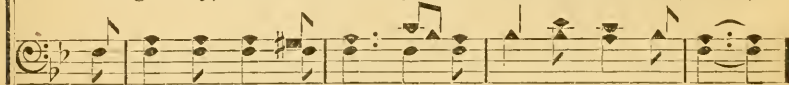
1. O hear the trump of joy, O'er the world a - gain re-sounding;
2. Still rings the might-y song, With the news of full sal - va - tion;
3. O love, im - mor - tal love! Like a boundless o - cean roll - ing;



A - wake! be-hold, our light is come, O hail its bless-ed ray;  
Thro' Christ the Ev - er - last - ing Lord, The well - be - lov - ed Son;  
With grate-ful hearts and joy - ful tongues Wesing that love to - day;



The light that God has prom - ised Shall now and ev - er shine,  
The yoke of sin is bro - ken, Op - pres-sion reigns no more,  
O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! To God the Fa - ther, Son;



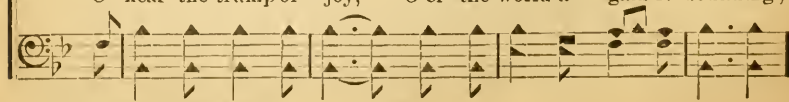
The light of life and glo - ry, With its heal-ing beams di - vine.  
The Lord has come to Zi - on, Now her night of gloom is o'er.  
All glo - ry to the Spir - it give, E - ter - nal Three in One.



## CHORUS.



O hear the trump of joy, O'er the world a - gain re-sounding;





# O Hear the Trump of Joy. Concluded.

A - wake! be - hold, our light is come, O hail its bless-ed ray!

## No. 86. He is Risen To-day.

THOS. KELLY.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Come, ye saints! look here and wonder; See the place where Jesus lay;
2. Je - sus triumphs! sing ye praises; By His death He o - ver - came;
3. Jesus triumphs! countless legions Came from heaven to meet their King;

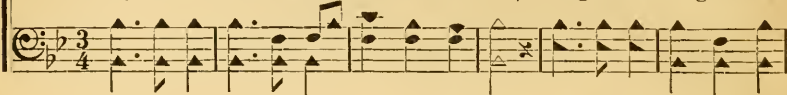
He has burst His hands a - sunder; He has borne our sins a - way:  
Thus the Lord His glo - ry rais - es; Thus He fills His foes with shame:  
Soon, in yon - der blessed regions, They shall join His praise to sing:

*Rit.* *ff*  
He is ris'n to-day! He is ris'n to-day! Yes, the Lord is ris'n to - day!  
He is ris'n to-day! He is ris'n to-day! Yes, the Lord is ris'n to - day!  
He is ris'n to-day! He is ris'n to-day! Yes, the Lord is ris'n to - day!

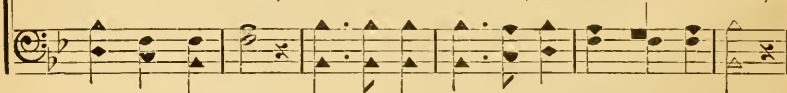
Joy - ful tidings! joy - ful tidings! Yes, the Lord is ris'n to - day!  
Sing ye praises! sing ye praises! Praises to the Victor's name.  
Songs e - ter - nal, songs e - ter - nal Shall thro' heav'n's high arches ring.



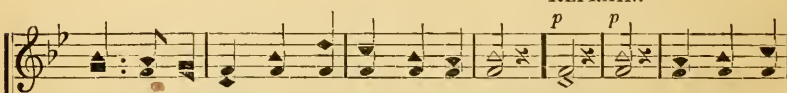
1. Near to the Saviour, O come ver - y near, Pray for a blessing on
2. Here we are gathered in Je - sus' dear name, Je - sus who taught us His
3. Plead for the souls that are languid and cold, Plead for the wand'ers a-
4. Pray with a faith that takes hold on the Lord, Strong in the strength it has



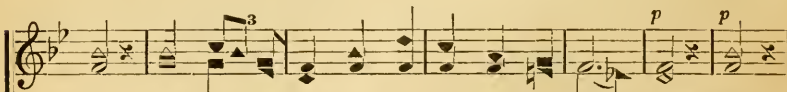
all that are here; Pray that His Spir - it may come at this hour,  
 bless - ing to claim; If in His prom - ise we tru - ly be - lieve,  
 way from the fold; Pray that the Sav - iour may lead them to - night  
 drawn from His word; Come we with boldness, O come not with fear;



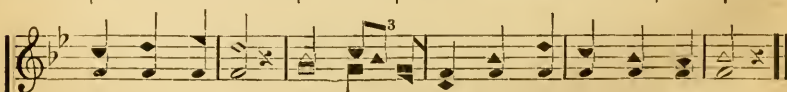
## REFRAIN.



Fill - ing each heart with the life - giv - ing power.  
 Pray with a faith that ex - pects to re - ceive. } Wait, wait, wait at His  
 Out of the dark - ness and in - to the light.  
 Je - sus will bless us, and Je - sus is here.



throne; Bring your pe - ti - tions, and there make them known; Wait, wait,



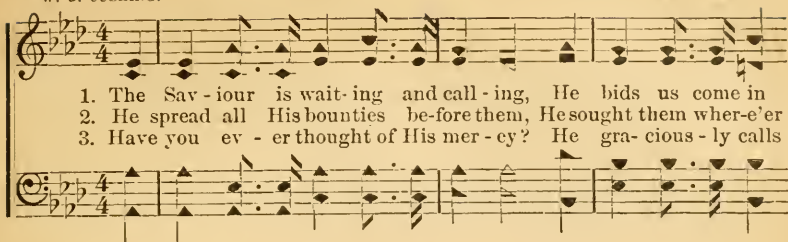
prayer will pre - vail; He has declared it whose word can - not fail.



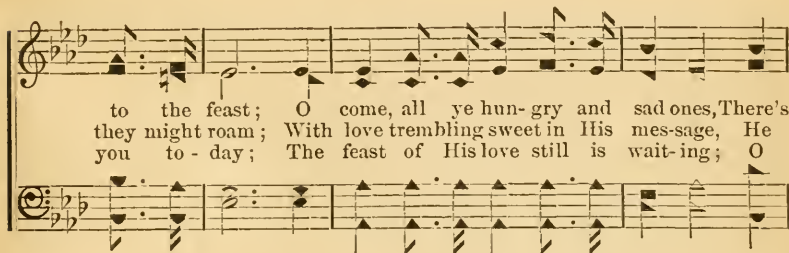
# No. 88. The Saviour is Waiting.

W. O. CUSHING.

ROBERT LOWRY.

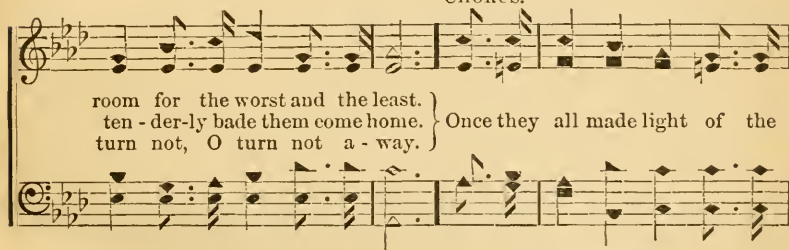


1. The Sav - iour is wait - ing and call - ing, He bids us come in  
 2. He spread all His bounties be - fore them, He sought them wher - e'er  
 3. Have you ev - er thought of His mer - cy? He gra - cious - ly calls

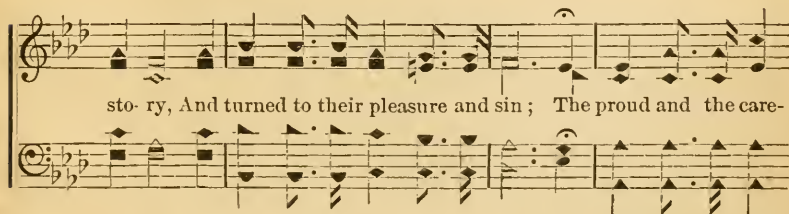


to the feast; O come, all ye hun - gry and sad ones, There's  
 they might roam; With love trembling sweet in His mes - sage, He  
 you to - day; The feast of His love still is wait - ing; O

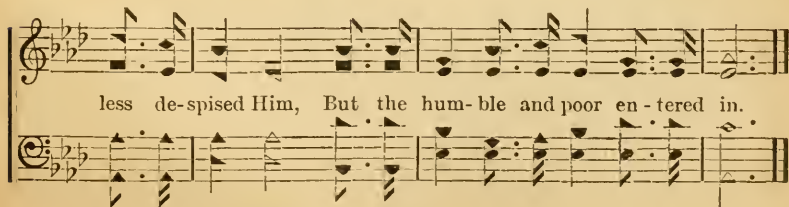
CHORUS.



room for the worst and the least.  
 ten - der - ly bade them come home. } Once they all made light of the  
 turn not, O turn not a - way. }



sto - ry, And turned to their pleasure and sin; The proud and the care -

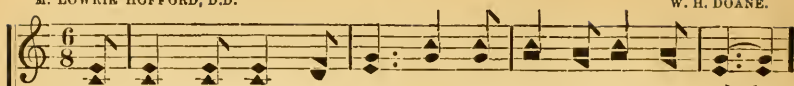


less de - spised Him, But the hum - ble and poor en - tered in.

# No. 89. The Royal Message.

M. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D.D.

W. H. DOANE.



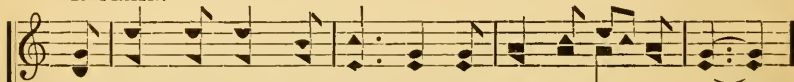
1. I have a roy - al mes - sage, Thro' yon - der arch it rings,
2. I have a ten - der mes - sage From Christ your dearest friend :
3. I have a lov - ing mes - sage : Come un - to me and rest ;



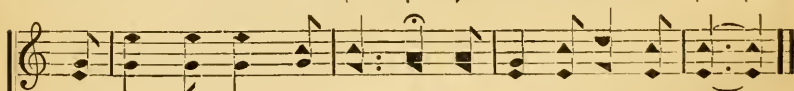
With ti - dings, joy - ful ti - dings, From Christ the King of kings.  
My pres - ence shall go with you, Be with you to the end.  
Ye who are heav - y la - den, Find shel - ter on my breast.



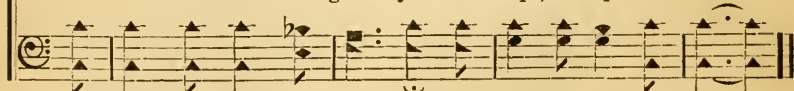
## REFRAIN.



A - bund - ant life He of - fers ; Then at His al - tar bow ;



E - ter - nal life He gives you—Ac - cept, ac - cept it now.



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# No. 90. Shall We Meet One Another?

D. B. P.

D. B. PURINTON.



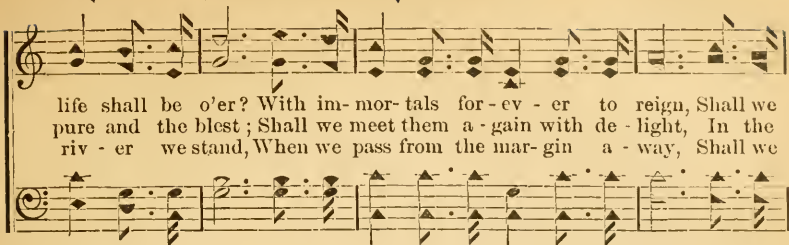
1. Shall we meet one an - oth - er a - gain, Where the sor - rows of
2. Ma - ny loved ones have gone from our sight, To the home of the
3. When at last, at the close of the day, At the brink of the



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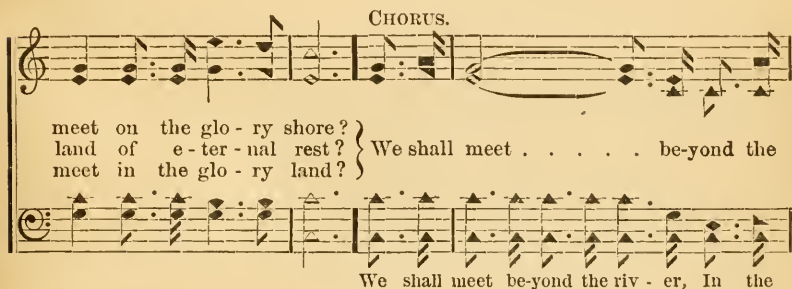


# Shall We Meet One Another? Concluded.



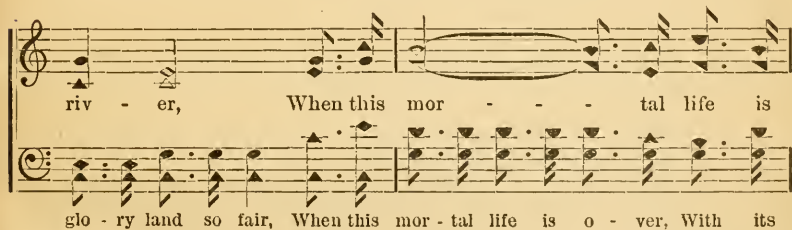
life shall be o'er? With im-mor-tals for-ev-er to reign, Shall we  
pure and the blest; Shall we meet them a-gain with de-light, In the  
riv-er we stand, When we pass from the mar-gin a-way, Shall we

CHORUS.



meet on the glo-ry shore?  
land of e-ter-nal rest? } We shall meet . . . . beyond the  
meet in the glo-ry land? }

We shall meet beyond the riv-er, In the



riv-er, When this mor-tal life is  
glo-ry land so fair, When this mor-tal life is o-ver, With its



o-ver; In the glo-ry land for-  
sor-row and its care; In the glo-ry land for-ev-er, Where the



ev-er, We shall meet one an-oth-er there.  
ma-n-y man-sions are,

CORA LINDEN.

W. H. DOANE.

*Gently.*

1. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way on to my home, And there in its  
 2. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way far - ther to go, O'er mountain and  
 3. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way; there I shall see The friends that in  
 4. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way o - ver the tide, And there from my

sun-shine for - ev - er I'll roam; While all the day long I  
 val - ley where dark wa - ters flow; My Sav - iour is near with  
 glo - ry are wait - ing for me; Their voic - es from home now  
 Sav - iour no dark - ness shall hide; The arms of His love will

jour - ney with song, O beau - ti - ful E - den land, thou art my home.  
 bless - ings to cheer, His love is my guid - ing star; why should I fear?  
 float on the air, They're calling me ten - der - ly, call - ing me there.  
 bear me a - long Safe home to the beau - ti - ful E - den of song.

## REFRAIN.

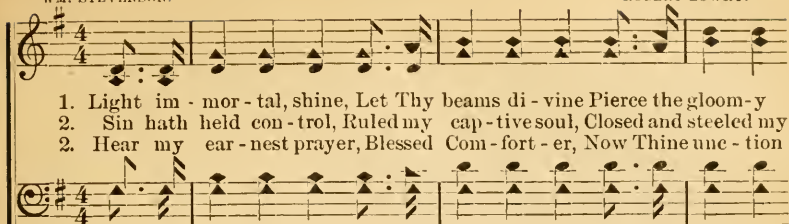
'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way, on - ly a lit - tle way,

'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way on to my home.

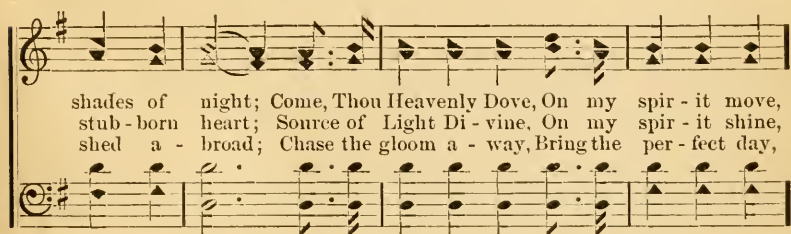
# No. 92. Light Immortal, Shine.

WM. STEVENSON.

ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Light im - mor - tal, shine, Let Thy beams di - vine Pierce the gloom - y  
 2. Sin hath held con - trol, Ruled my cap - tive soul, Closed and steeled my  
 2. Hear my ear - nest prayer, Blessed Com - fort - er, Now Thine unc - tion

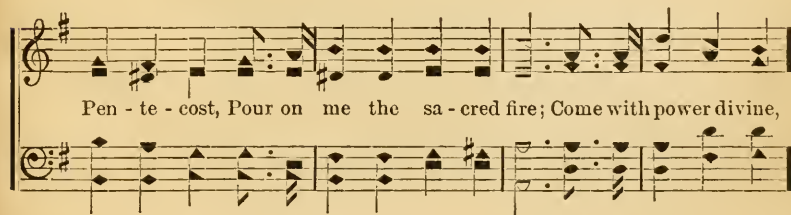


shades of night; Come, Thou Heavenly Dove, On my spir - it move,  
 stub - born heart; Source of Light Di - vine, On my spir - it shine,  
 shed a - broad; Chase the gloom a - way, Bring the per - fect day,

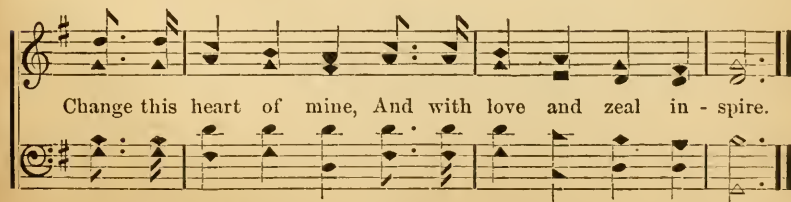
REFRAIN.



Bid my dark - ness turn to light. }  
 Bid my un - be - lief de - part. } O Ho - ly Ghost! As at  
 Wit - ness I am born of God. }



Pen - te - cost, Pour on me the sa - cred fire; Come with power divine,

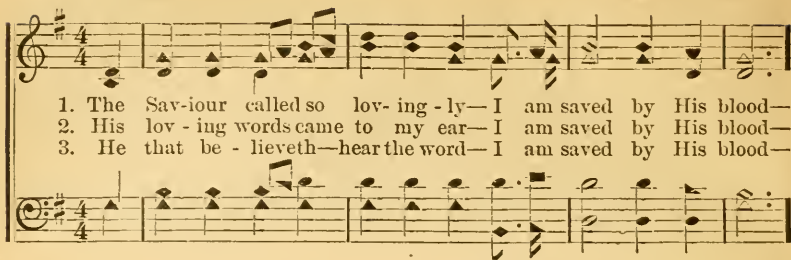


Change this heart of mine, And with love and zeal in - spire.

# No. 93. Saved by His Blood.

Mrs. M. BLISS WILLSON.

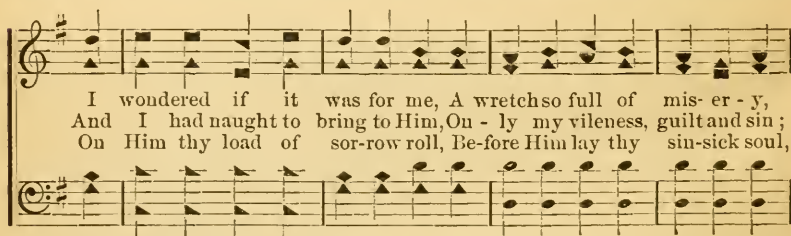
WARREN W. BENTLEY.



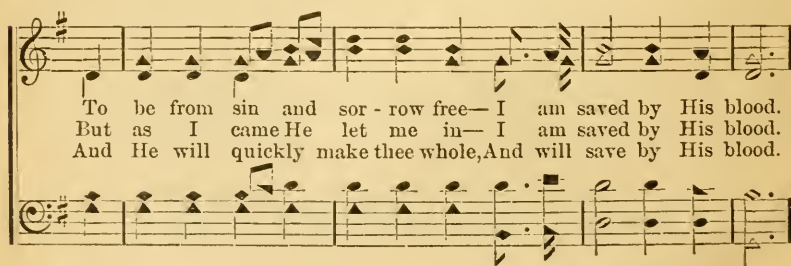
1. The Sav-iour called so lov-ing-ly—I am saved by His blood—  
 2. His lov-ing words came to my ear—I am saved by His blood—  
 3. He that be-lieveth—hear the word—I am saved by His blood—



I heard His voice from Cal-va-ry—I am saved by His blood—  
 "Come un-to me" and do not fear—I am saved by His blood—  
 Hath life in Je-sus Christ our Lord—I am saved by His blood—

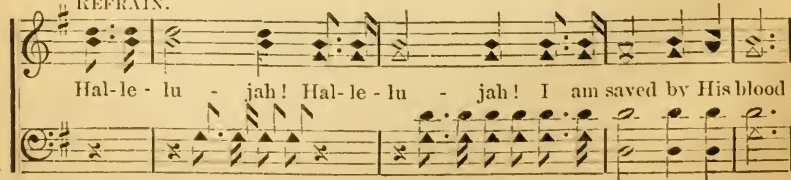


I wondered if it was for me, A wretch so full of mis-er-y,  
 And I had naught to bring to Him, On-ly my vileness, guilt and sin;  
 On Him thy load of sor-row roll, Be-fore Him lay thy sin-sick soul,



To be from sin and sor-row free—I am saved by His blood.  
 But as I came He let me in—I am saved by His blood.  
 And He will quickly make thee whole, And will save by His blood.

## REFRAIN.



Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved by His blood;

Hal-le-lu-jah!

Hal-le-lu-jah!



# Saved by His Blood. Concluded.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved by His blood.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

## No. 94. I Am Saved by the Blood.

WM. STEVENSON.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I am saved by the blood, Rec - on - ciled un - to God,  
 2. He a ta - ble hath spread, Where the hun - gry are fed;  
 3. When the good fight is fought, O how bless - ed the thought,

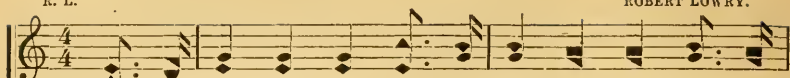
And my joy there's no tongue can ex - press;.....  
 Liv - ing wa - ter His hand doth sup - ply;.....  
 That for me there re - main - eth a rest;.....

On - ly Je - sus I'll know, And no oth - er be - low,  
 For the thirst - y it flows, And new life it be - stows;  
 Earth - ly tri - als all past, There is vic - t'ry at last,

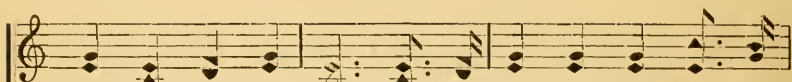
For in Him ev - ery good I pos - sess.....  
 You may come with - out mon - ey and buy.....  
 And a robe and a crown with the blest.....

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

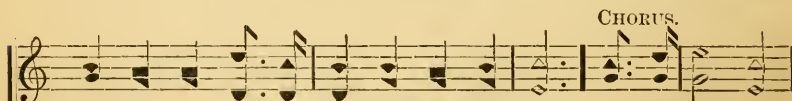


1. Thanks to God we give for the bless - ed word That re-  
 2. Nev - er came a draught to a thirst - y lip, Like the  
 3. 'Tis the best of books, 'tis the book di - vine, 'Tis the

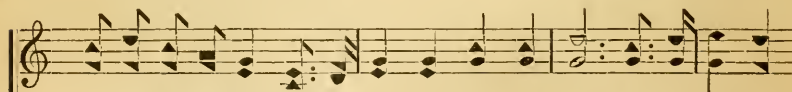


veals His gra - cious will; 'Twas a voice of love when our  
 wa - ter of this well; And the soul that seeks from its  
 ver - y word of truth; There is com - fort here when the

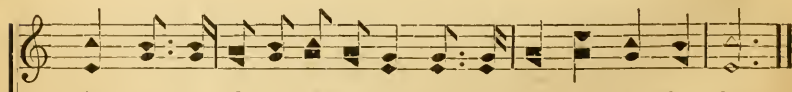
CHORUS.



hearts it stirred, 'Tis the sweet-est mu - sic still.  
 depths to dip, Finds a joy that none can tell. } Bless - ed Bi - ble,  
 years de - cline, There is strength for ten - der youth. }



ev - er - last - ing word, Lamp of life to light our way! May the rays di -



vine o - ver all the nations shine, Till we reach the per - fect day!

## No. 96.

## Altogether Lovely.

Mrs. ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Ves - per bells are ring - ing, Peace and com - fort bring - ing ; Songs of praise  
 2. Like sweet mu - sic fall - ing, Still I hear Him call - ing ; And His voice  
 3. Heav'nly harps are ring - ing, An - gel voi - ces sing - ing From a - bove,

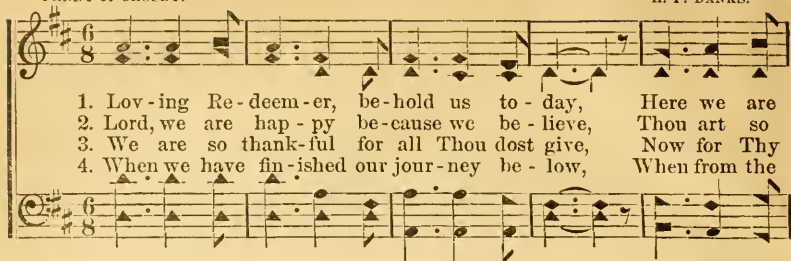
thro' the days, Je - sus, un - to Thee ; Sweet they tell the sto - ry  
 says, Re-joyce ; Bids us look to Him ; Al - to - geth - er love - ly  
 songs of love, Je - sus, un - to Thee ; Al - to - geth - er love - ly,

Of Thy grace and glo - ry ; Sweet - est of all mel - o - dy, Christ my  
 Is my Bless - ed Sav - iour ; And, from sin to set me free, Long a -  
 Chieft a - mong ten thou - sand ; Sweet - est of all mel - o - dy, Christ my

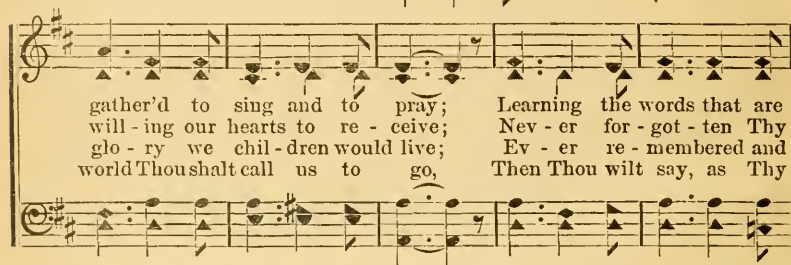
## REFRAIN.

Sav - iour died for me. }  
 go He died for me. } Al - to - geth - er love - ly Is our King of  
 Sav - iour died for me. }

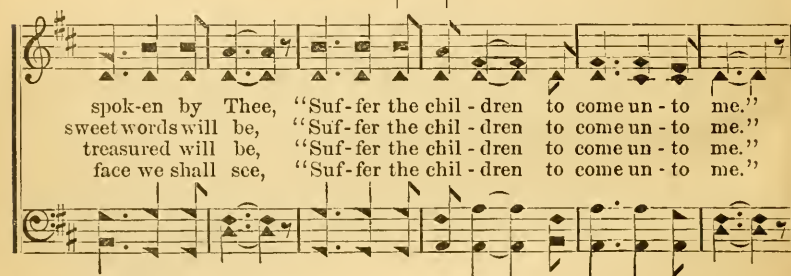
Glo - ry ; Sing His praise in sweet - est lays, Our glo - rious King of kings.



1. Lov-ing Re-deem-er, be-hold us to-day, Here we are  
 2. Lord, we are hap-py be-cause we be-lieve, Thou art so  
 3. We are so thank-ful for all Thou dost give, Now for Thy  
 4. When we have fin-ished our jour-ney be-low, When from the



gather'd to sing and to pray; Learning the words that are  
 will-ing our hearts to re-ceive; Nev-er for-got-ten Thy  
 glo-ry we chil-dren would live; Ev-er re-mem-bered and  
 world Thou shalt call us to go, Then Thou wilt say, as Thy

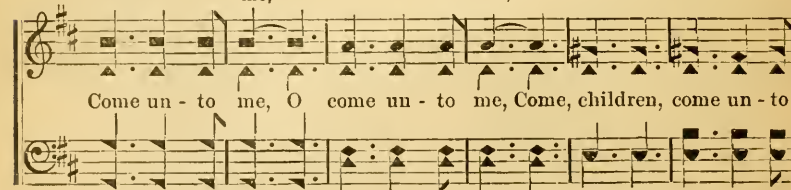


spok-en by Thee, "Suf-fer the chil-dren to come un-to me."  
 sweet words will be, "Suf-fer the chil-dren to come un-to me."  
 treasured will be, "Suf-fer the chil-dren to come un-to me."  
 face we shall see, "Suf-fer the chil-dren to come un-to me."

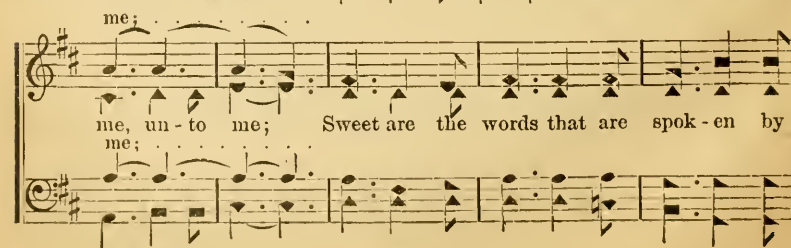
CHORUS.

me,

me,



Come un-to me, O come un-to me, Come, children, come un-to



me;  
 me, un-to me; Sweet are the words that are spok-en by  
 me;

un-to me;



# Come unto Me. Concluded.

Thee, "Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to me."

## No. 98. Stand By The Right.

Mrs. EDNA L. PARK.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Work - ing for the Mas - ter, Work - ing all the day,
2. Work - ing for the Mas - ter, Do not be a - fraid;
3. March - ing on to glo - ry, Still your way pur - sue;

Nev - er be dis - couraged, On - ly watch and pray; Do your du - ty  
Tri - als may be - fall you, Nev - er be dismayed; Put your trust in  
In your Father's kingdom There's a crown for you; Live for Him who

no - bly, Heart and hand u - nite, Mind - ing the watchword,  
Je - sus, Keep your ar - mor bright; Mind - ing the watchword,  
loves you, Keep your col - ors bright; Mind - ing the watchword,

Stand by the right; Mind - ing the watchword, Stand by the right.  
Stand by the right; Mind - ing the watchword, Stand by the right.  
Stand by the right; Mind - ing the watchword, Stand by the right.

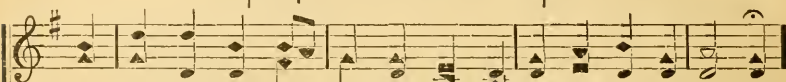
# No. 99. A Loving Friend my Shepherd Is.

REV. HENRY W. BAKER.

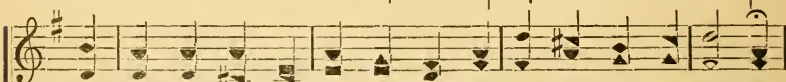
ROBERT LOWRY.



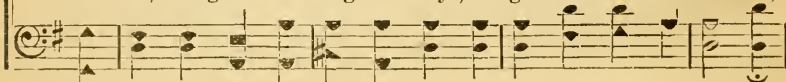
1. A lov - ing Friend my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth nev - er;
2. Though oft my wayward feet have strayed, His loving heart has sought me,
3. He spreads a ta - ble in my sight, His unction grace bestow - eth;



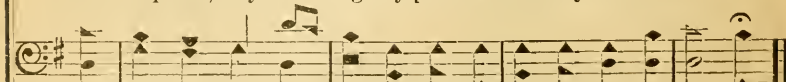
I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.  
And, on His shoul - der safe - ly laid, My Shepherd home has brought me.  
And O the trans - port of de - light With which my cup o'erfloweth!



Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, My ransomed soul He lea -  
In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Him, my Lord, be - side me;  
And so, through all the length of days, His goodness fail - eth nev - er;



And, where the ver - dant pastures grow, With food ec - les - tial feed - eth.  
His rod and staff my com - fort still, His cross be - fore to guide me.  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise Within Thy house for - ev - er.



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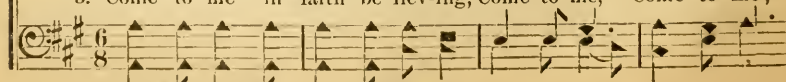
# No. 100. Come, My Child, to Me.

D. B. P.

D. B. PURINTON.



1. Hear the Sav - iour gen - tly call - ing, Come to me, Come to me;
2. Come to me from earth's temptation, Come to me, Come to me;
3. Come to me in faith be - liev - ing, Come to me, Come to me;



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# Come, My Child, to Me. *Concluded.*

On thine ear the word is fall-ing, Come, my child, to me.  
 Find in me a full sal-va-tion, Come, my child, to me.  
 Par-don, peace and joy re-ceiv-ing, Come, my child, to me.

## No. 101. New-Year Day.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

*Sprightly.*

1. Smil-ing in its vir-gin beau-ty, Comes the mer-ry New-Year Day—  
 2. Praise to Him whose love hath brought us In these pure de-lights to share;

Bright with hope and joy and glad-ness, Like our childhood's morning ray;  
 Let us not for-get to thank Him For His ev - er watch-ful care;


Hap - py greet-ing, hap - py greet-ing, Parents, friends, and teachers dear!  
 Hap - py New-Year, friends and teachers, Hap - py New-Year, one and all!

Ev - ery heart beats high with pleasure While we hail the new-born year.  
 May our Father's rich - est bless-ing On your path-way ev - er fall.

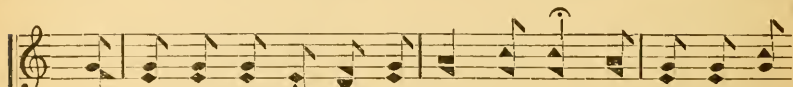
# No. 102. Purchased For Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. News of re - demp - tion thro' Christ our Lord, Full and free, full and free,  
 2. Won - der - ful tidings! great joy they bring, Full and free, full and free;  
 3. Je - sus the wa - ter of life be - stows, Full and free, full and free;  
 4. Bless - ed re - demp - tion! its power be - lieve, Full and free, full and free;




Is of - fered to - day in the Sav - iour's word, And purchased in  
 All glo - ry to Je - sus my heart shall sing, For mer - cy and  
 How pure from a riv - er on high it flows; The gift of His  
 A par - don thro' Je - sus by faith re - ceive, The pur - chase of

## REFRAIN.

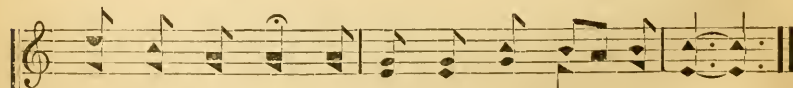


love for me.  
 love to me.  
 love to me.  
 love for me.

} News of re - demp - tion! O tell it a - far;



Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free; Je - sus has o - pened a



fount - ain of blood, A fount - ain for you and me.



## No. 103.

## Early Seeking.

EDWARD A. BARNES.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Ear-ly will I wake, and heed the call, The day-star to be - hold ;  
 2. Ear-ly will I kneel, and at His feet Ac-cept the bet - ter part ;  
 3. Ear-ly will I think of ho - ly things, And search the Scriptures o'er ;

Ear - ly will I take what is for all, The gift of love un - told.  
 Ear - ly will I take His say-ings sweet, And hide them in my heart.  
 Ear - ly will I come to living springs, And drink, and thirst no more.

## REFRAIN.

Ear - ly, ear - ly, ear - ly will I seek Him, Ear - ly, ear - ly

seek the bless - ed Lord ; Ear - ly, ear - ly, ear - ly will I

seek Him, Ear - nest - ly, joy - ful - ly, fol - low His word.

1. In our du - ty, Lord, to Thee, May we ev - er faith-ful be;  
 2. Faith-ful to Thy bless-ed cause, Faith-ful to Thy sa-cred laws,  
 3. Faith-ful at the place of prayer, Faith-ful to the cross we bear,  
 4. True and faith-ful un - to death, Prais-ing Thee with ev-ery breath;

Show-ing forth Thy con-stant praise, In our dai - ly walk and ways.  
 Faith-ful in our work of love, Ask-ing wis-dom from a - bove.  
 Faith-ful though our faith is tried, By our suffering pu - ri - fied.  
 Faith-ful till our souls u - nite Where our faith is lost in sight.

## REFRAIN.

Sav - iour, keep us faith-ful, Keep us true and faith-ful;  
 Sav - iour, keep us faith-ful, Keep us true and faith-ful;

Faith - ful in our du - ty may we ev - er be;  
 Walk - ing (Omit.....)

in Thy coun - sel, liv - ing close to Thee.

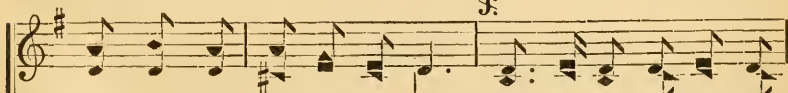
# No. 105. Haven, Bright Haven.

W. O. CUSHING.

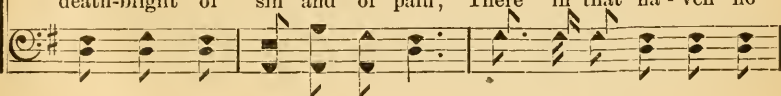
W. H. DOANE.



1. Peace - ful and beau - ti - ful ha - ven of rest, Home of the
2. Oft have I dreamer' a man - sion so fair, Oft have I
3. All is so marred in this Lost E - den plain, Marred by the



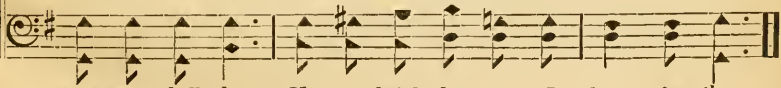
pu - ri - fied, joy of the blest; Home where all sad - ness for -  
wished I at last might be there; Here, as a - far from my  
death-blight of sin and of pain; There in that ha - ven no



*D.S.—Home where the dear - est of*  
**FINE.**

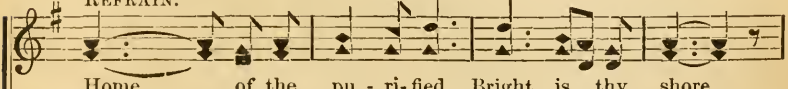


ev - er shall flee, Ha - ven, bright ha - ven, I long for thee.  
pleas - ures I roam, Oft do I sigh when I think of home.  
sor - row shall fall, Beauty's bright splendor will shine o'er all.



treas - ures shall be, Ha - ven, bright ha - ven, I long for thee.

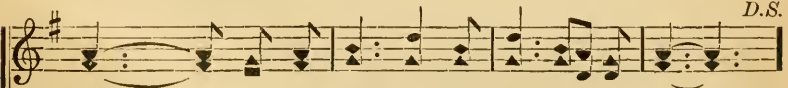
**REFRAIN.**



Home..... of the pu - ri - fied, Bright is thy shore,



Home of the good and the



Ha - - ven of peace when life's tri - als are o'er;



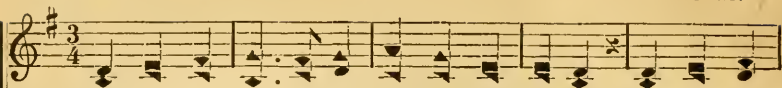
Ha - ven of ref - uge and

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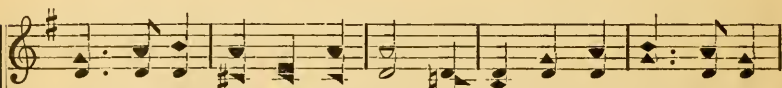
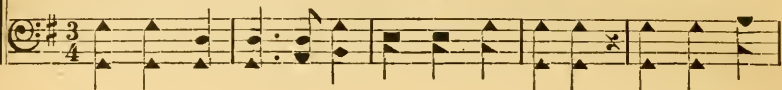
# No. 106. Bless Our Souls Once More.

W. O. CUSHING.

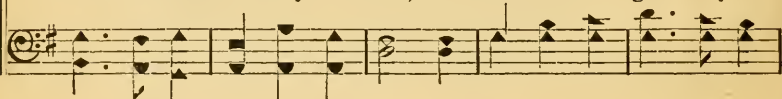
ROBERT LOWRY.



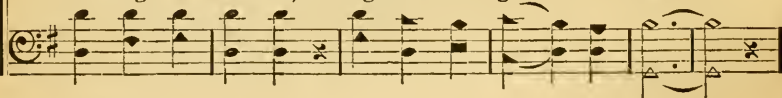
1. There is no dew on the mountains of Zi-on, Dark are the
2. There is no word on the lips of Thy peo-ple, Cold are the
3. Why should we sleep while the moments are fly-ing? Souls in their



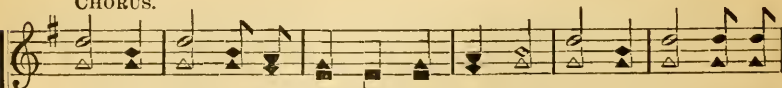
paths where Thy glo-ry was known; We pray Thee, O Sav-iour, re-  
 hearts that had loved Thee so long; And harps that a-woke to the  
 dark-ness and sin may be lost; How can we for-get they are



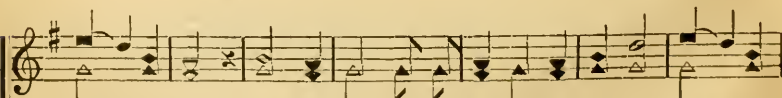
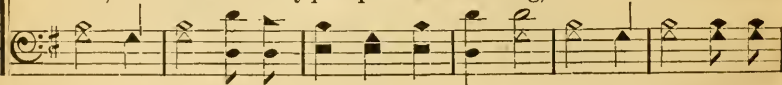
turn to Thy dwell-ing, O make our hearts Thine own.....  
 prais-es of Je-sus Now wake no more in song.....  
 liv-ing a-round us, Bought at so great a cost?.....



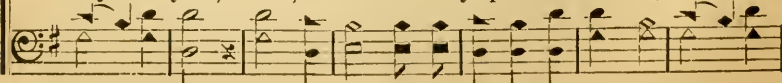
## CHORUS.



Come, O come where Thy peo-ple are bend-ing, Come as once in the



days of yore; Come, O come with Thy Spirit's re-turn-ing, Bless our





# Bless Our Souls Once More. *Concluded.*

dim. *p*

souls once more, once more, O bless our souls once more.....  
once more.

## No. 107. Little Eyes.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

(Motion Song.)

W. H. DOANE.

1. Lit - tle eyes, 1 lit - tle eyes, Soft - ly close in wor - ship now;  
2. Lit - tle ears, 4 lit - tle ears, List - en while He speaks to you; 3  
3. Lit - tle heart, 6 lit - tle heart, Read - y be to take Him in; 7  
4. Lit - tle eyes, 1 lit - tle ears, 4 Be to Je - sus ev - er true;

Fold the arms, 2 bow the head, 3 While we whis - per soft and low,  
Gen - tle words, full of peace, Come to those who love Him true; 2  
Lit - tle hands, 8 bus - y be, Lead - ing souls from paths of sin;  
Lit - tle hands, 10 lit - tle feet, 11 Best of er - rands wait for you;

*Slower.* *Rit.*

God is here, and hap - py we, In His pres - ence e'er may be.  
God is love, and we must be Lit - tle foll' - wers glad and free. 5  
God will help you ev - ery day, Guide you in His bless - ed 9 way.  
God 3 fill heart 6 and life each day, Love us, 2 guide us in this way.

Copyright, 1886, by W. H. Doane.

MOTIONS FOR OPENING SONG.—1 Touch eyes. 2 Fold arms. 3 Bow head. 4 Touch ears. 5 Raise hands. 6 Right hand over heart. 7 Spread hands and arms. 8 Wave hands from side to side. 9 Point upward with fore-finger of right hand. 10 Raise hands and move them. 11 Raise feet alternately as in walking.

1. As I sought with wea - ry flit - ting Where to dwell, where to dwell,  
 2. From the liv - ing depths He brought it, Bub - bling up, bub - bling up,  
 3. From the drear - y des - ert turn - ing, Pause and drink, pause and drink;

Came I to the Mas - ter sit - ting On the well; 'Twas the well of  
 And to me who faint - ly sought it, Gave the cup; Life was in the  
 Calm the striv - ing, cool the burn - ing, At its brink; Here find heal - ing

CHORUS.  
 health and cheer, Liv - ing wa - ter fresh and clear.  
 draught He gave, Springing life to help and save. } O the Mas - ter is  
 and re - pose, Where the Liv - ing Wa - ter flows. }

sitting on the well, O the Mas - ter is sitting on the  
 sitting on the well,

well; And the Liv - ing Wa - ter flows, Giv - ing  
 sit - ting on the well;

# Living Water. Concluded.

life where'er it goes, While the Mas - ter is sit - ting on the well.

## No. 109. I'll Praise Him While I Live.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

H. P. DANKS.

1. No oth - er name but Je - sus, Be - fore the throne I plead ;  
 2. No ear like that of Je - sus Can hear me when I pray ;  
 3. No words like those of Je - sus Can give me joy and rest ;  
 4. For - ev - er and for - ev - er, While all the a - ges roll,

No oth - er friend but Je - sus, For me can in - ter - cede.....  
 No hand like that of Je - sus Can smooth life's devious way.....  
 No love like that of Je - sus Can make me tru - ly blest.....  
 His name shall be my watchword, His glo - ry fill my soul.....

### CHORUS.

I'll praise Him while I live; My dai - ly song shall be,

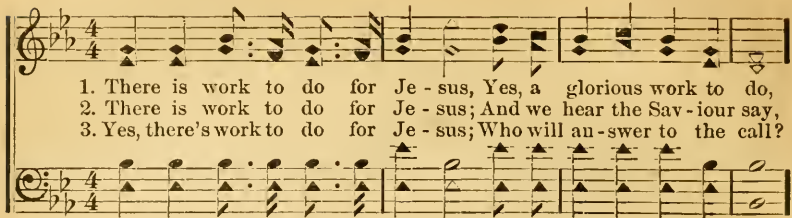
I'll praise Him, praise Him, while I live, while I live; My song, my daily song shall be,

I love my bless - ed Sav - iour, Be - cause He first loved me.

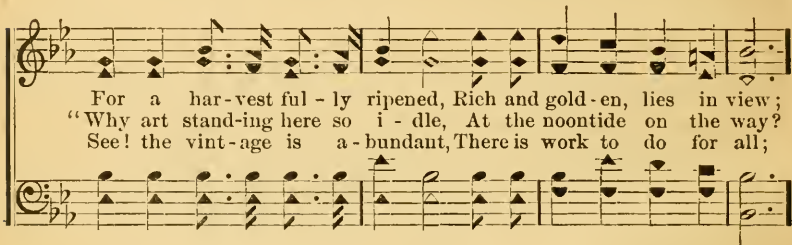
# No. 110. Work to Do for Jesus.

Mrs. LUCY H. WASHINGTON.

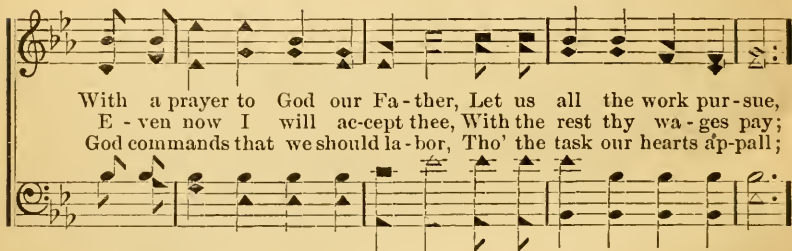
ROBERT LOWRY.



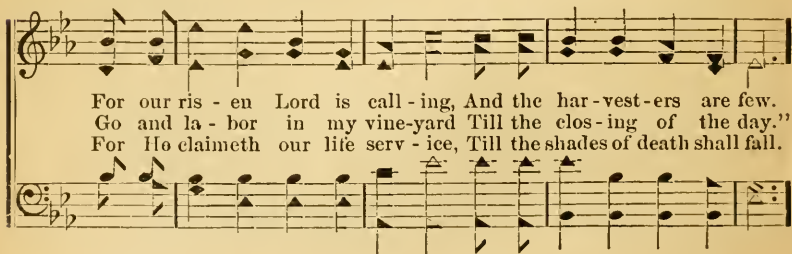
1. There is work to do for Je - sus, Yes, a glorious work to do,  
 2. There is work to do for Je - sus; And we hear the Sav - iour say,  
 3. Yes, there's work to do for Je - sus; Who will an - swer to the call?



For a har - vest ful - ly ripened, Rich and gold - en, lies in view;  
 "Why art stand - ing here so i - dle, At the noontide on the way?  
 See! the vint - age is a - bundant, There is work to do for all;

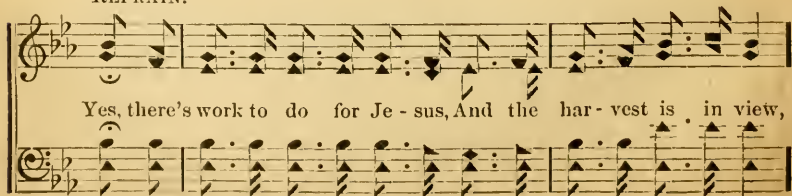


With a prayer to God our Fa - ther, Let us all the work pur - sue,  
 E - ven now I will ac - cept thee, With the rest thy wa - ges pay;  
 God commands that we should la - bor, Tho' the task our hearts ap - pall;



For our ris - en Lord is call - ing, And the har - vest - ers are few.  
 Go and la - bor in my vine - yard Till the clos - ing of the day."  
 For Ho claimeth our life serv - ice, Till the shades of death shall fall.

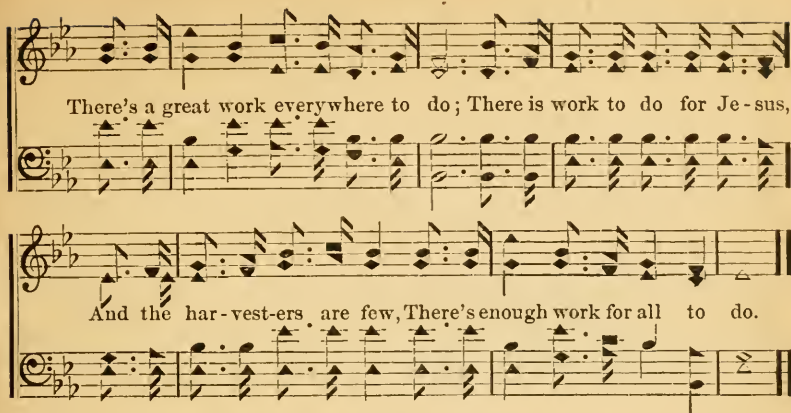
## REFRAIN.



Yes, there's work to do for Je - sus, And the har - vest is in view,



# Work to Do for Jesus. Concluded.

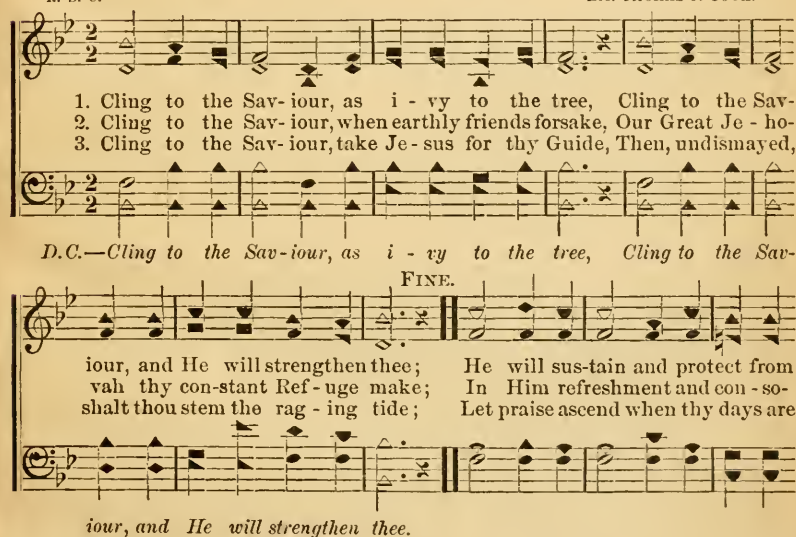


There's a great work everywhere to do; There is work to do for Je-sus,  
And the har-vest-ers are few, There's enough work for all to do.

## No. III. Cling to the Saviour.

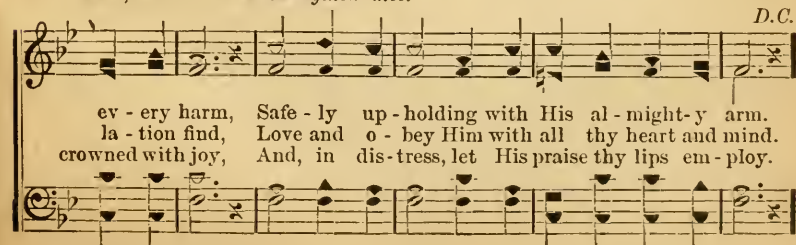
R. S. C.

Mrs. THOMAS J. COOK.



1. Cling to the Sav-iour, as i - vy to the tree, Cling to the Sav-  
2. Cling to the Sav-iour, when earthly friends forsake, Our Great Je - ho-  
3. Cling to the Sav-iour, take Je-sus for thy Guide, Then, undismayed,  
*D.C.—Cling to the Sav-iour, as i - vy to the tree, Cling to the Sav-*  
*FINE.*  
iour, and He will strengthen thee; He will sus-tain and protect from  
vah thy con-stant Ref-uge make; In Him refreshment and con-so-  
shalt thou stem the rag - ing tide; Let praise ascend when thy days are

*iour, and He will strengthen thee.*



*D.C.*  
ev - ery harm, Safe - ly up - holding with His al - might - y arm.  
la - tion find, Love and o - bey Him with all thy heart and mind.  
crowned with joy, And, in dis-tress, let His praise thy lips em - ploy.

# No. 112. Holy Spirit, Now Descend.

Prof. D. B. PURINTON.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, now de-scend, Fill this sa - cred place;  
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Thee we seek, Let us find Thee here;  
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, be this hour Fragrant with Thy love;

On Thy pres - ence we de - pend, And Thy prom - ised grace;  
 Make us ho - ly, pa - tient, meek, Ban - ish ev - ery fear;  
 Let us feel Thy quickening power, Lift our thoughts a - bove;

Hear our prayer, Thyself im - part, Vis - it ev - ery wait - ing heart.  
 What - so - e'er our sor - rows be, Let us now re - joice in Thee.  
 Con - se - crate us, Lord, to Thee, Now and through e - ter - ni - ty.

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# No. 113. Jesus, I am Coming.

E. D. JONES.

W. H. DOANE.

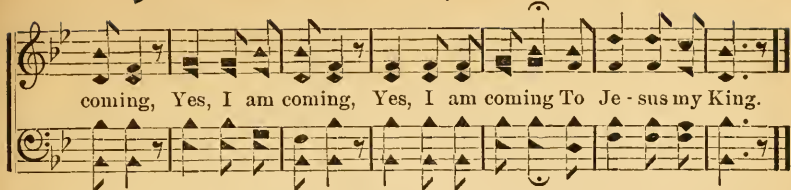
1. Je - sus, let me come to Thee; Lowly now I bend the knee; Ev - er  
 2. Je - sus, may I come to Thee? Humble, contrite I will be; Cost - ly  
 3. Je - sus, I will come to Thee; Faithful I will al - ways be; Now I

CHORUS.

at Thy feet I'll bow; Help me as I make this vow.  
 gifts I can-not bring, But will own Thee as my King. } Yes, I am  
 give Thee all my heart; We can nev - er, nev - er part.

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# Jesus, I am Coming. Concluded.

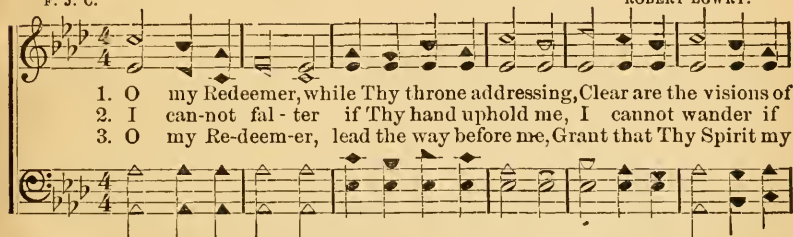


coming, Yes, I am coming, Yes, I am coming To Je - sus my King.

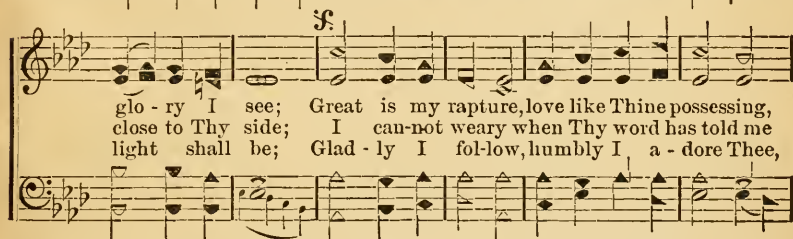
## No. 114. Now and Forever.

F. J. C.

ROBERT LOWRY.



1. O my Redeemer, while Thy throne addressing, Clear are the visions of  
2. I can-not fal-ter if Thy hand uphold me, I cannot wander if  
3. O my Re-deem-er, lead the way before me, Grant that Thy Spirit my



glo-ry I see; Great is my rapture, love like Thine possessing,  
close to Thy side; I can-not weary when Thy word has told me  
light shall be; Glad-ly I fol-low, humbly I, a-dore Thee,

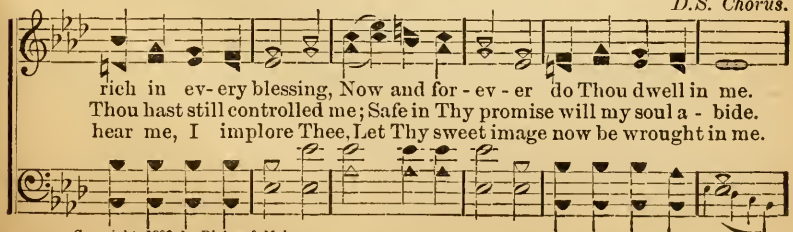
*D.S. Cho.*—O my Re-deem-er, Life of all Thy peo-ple,



Life is an E-den bright where'er I be; O my Re-deemer,  
Thou art my Refuge and my faith-ful Guide; O my Re-deemer,  
Un-der Thy lov-ing care I walk with Thee; O my Re-deemer,

Now and for-ev-er do Thou dwell in me.

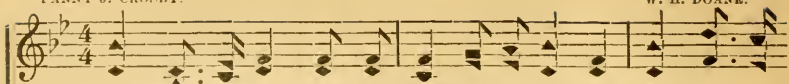
*D.S. Chorus.*



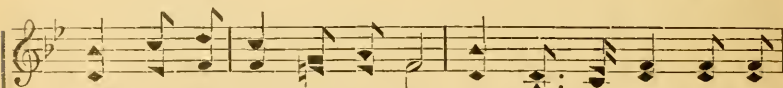
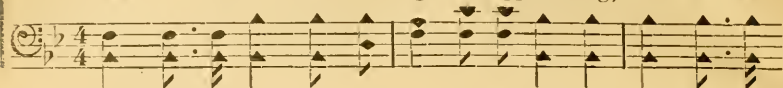
rich in ev-ery blessing, Now and for-ev-er do Thou dwell in me.  
Thou hast still controlled me; Safe in Thy promise will my soul a-bide.  
hear me, I implore Thee, Let Thy sweet image now be wrought in me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Up with the morn-ing, O pil-grim of Zi-on! On with thy
2. Up! for the Mas-ter commands thee to la-bor, On! for the
3. Trust in the Lord, and re-mem-ber His good-ness, Trust in the
4. Haste! for the shad-ows of night are approaching; On to the



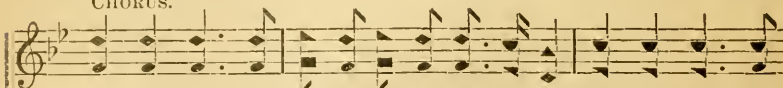
sau-dals, and haste thee a-way; Press to the mark of thy  
 mo-ments are fly-ing a-pace; Run! and with pa-tience thy  
 arm that is might-y to save; Sing and re-joice in thy  
 riv-er,—thy Sav-iour is there; Shout! for the Sav-iour is



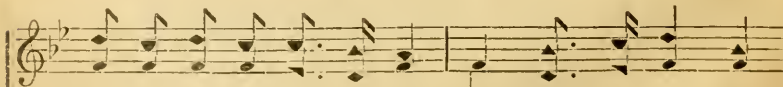
call-ing in Je-sus, Heed not, tho' pleasure in-vite thee to stay.  
 jour-ney pur-su-ing, Thine be the crown at the end of the race.  
 Strength and Re-deem-er, Tell how He triumphed o'er death and the grave.  
 gra-cious-ly wait-ing, O-ver the riv-er thy spir-it to bear.



## CHORUS.



On, press on, tho' clouds are hang-ing drear-i-ly; On, press on, with



rapt-ure sing-ing cheer-i-ly; Je-sus de-fends thee,





# On, Press On. Concluded.

Mer - cy attends thee ; Sweet thy welcome on the gold - en shore.

## No. 116. Every Day for Jesus.

Mrs. J. G. WELSH.

(Primary Song.)

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Ev - ery day for Je - sus, Ev - ery day ;  
 2. Ev - ery day for Je - sus, Ev - ery day ;  
 3. Ev - ery day for Je - sus, Ev - ery day ;

Ev - ery, ev - ery

Wheth - er bright or drear - y, Noth - ing can so cheer thee  
 Is thy life a pleas - ure? Thou canst fill its meas - ure  
 School will then, grow dear - er, Les - sons seem far clear - er,

As to walk with Je - sus Ev - ery day, ev - ery day ;  
 By a talk with Je - sus Ev - ery day, ev - ery day ;  
 If we learn of Je - sus Ev - ery day, ev - ery day ;

As to walk with Je - sus Ev - ery day (ev - ery day).  
 By a talk with Je - sus Ev - ery day (ev - ery day).  
 If we learn of Je - sus Ev - ery day (ev - ery day).

1. Our joy - ful notes we glad - ly raise To Him whose name we love ;  
 2. His love hath brightened all our way, His care we hum - bly own ;  
 3. No trib - ute we could ev - er raise Were worthy of His grace ;  
 4. Then joy - ful notes we'll ev - er raise, — O-bey Him ev - ery day ;

And in a song of grate - ful praise A-dore our God a - bove.  
 And we would yield, this sa - cred day, True wor - ship at His throne.  
 But we may dai - ly seek to live Approved be - fore His face.  
 And, filled with songs of grate - ful praise, Trust in His word al - way.

REFRAIN.

Un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord, We

bring our hap - py song of grate - ful praise ; Un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord,

Glad - ly we raise, glad - ly we raise Our song of grate - ful praise.

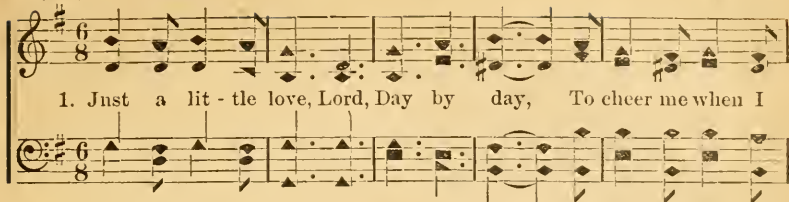
Our song of praise un - to the Lord.

# No. 118.

# Just a Little.

MARGARET S. TENNENT.

ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Just a lit - tle love, Lord, Day by day, To cheer me when I



2 Just a little faith, Lord,  
For a light  
To guide me when I stray, Lord,  
In the night.

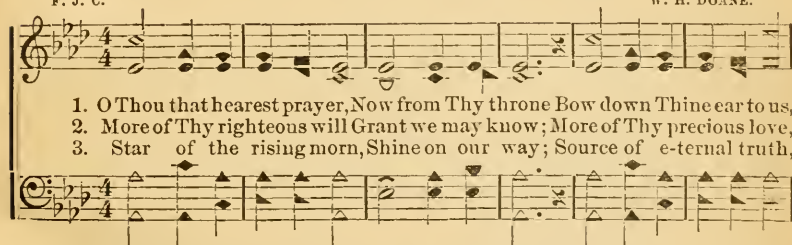
3 Just a little glimpse, Lord,  
Of yon shore,  
To make me look and wish, Lord,  
Yet for more.

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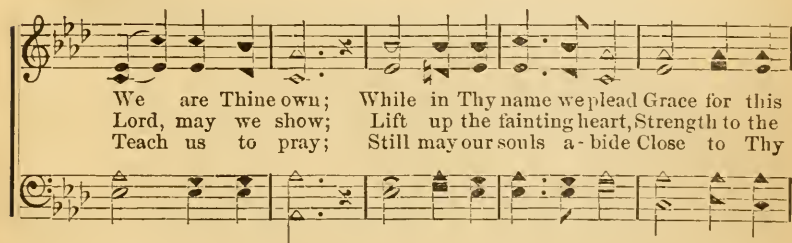
# No. 119. O Thou that Hearest Prayer.

F. J. C.

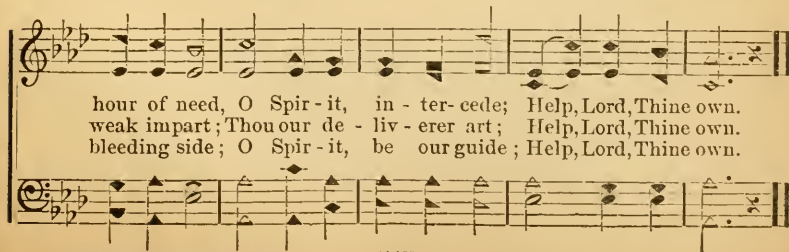
W. H. DOANE.



1. O Thou that hearest prayer, Now from Thy throne Bow down Thine ear to us,  
2. More of Thy righteous will Grant we may know; More of Thy precious love,  
3. Star of the rising morn, Shine on our way; Source of e - ternal truth,



We are Thine own; While in Thy name we plead Grace for this  
Lord, may we show; Lift up the fainting heart, Strength to the  
Teach us to pray; Still may our souls a - bide Close to Thy



hour of need, O Spir - it, in - ter - cede; Help, Lord, Thine own.  
weak impart; Thou our de - liv - erer art; Help, Lord, Thine own.  
bleeding side; O Spir - it, be our guide; Help, Lord, Thine own.

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## No. 120.

## Not a Stranger.

EDWARD A. BARNES.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. My soul was long a stran-ger To Je - sus and His love ;  
 2. I kept my heart from Je - sus, Lest He should en - ter in, —  
 3. I thought His gra - cious prom - ise Did not ap - ply to me ;

I would not hear the gos - pel Of mer - cy from a - bove ;  
 Lest He should sanc - ti - fy it, And take a - way its sin ;  
 A fol - low - er of Je - sus I did not care to be ;

I would not come, re - pent - ing, The sin - ner's prayer to lift ;  
 I grieved the Ho - ly Spir - it, Whose pleadings were in vain ;  
 The path in which I wan - dered, No com - fort could af - ford ;

Nor would I take, be - liev - ing, Sal - va - tion as a gift.  
 For I was prone and will - ing In bond - age to re - main.  
 And sin did keep and hold' me A stran-ger to my Lord.

## CHORUS.

But now I'm not a stran-ger, At His feet I love to bend ;

But now, but now  
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# Not a Stranger. Concluded.

But now I'm not a stran-ger, Je - sus is my Friend.

But now, but now

No. 121.

O The Rapture!

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. When we hear the dis-tant mur-mur Of the dark and swell-ing tide;
2. When we clasp the hand of Je - sus, And we hear His voice a - new;
3. When the ties of hallowed friendship Are u - nit - ed one by one,
4. Let us work and wait with patience, For the time is draw-ing nigh,

When we step a - cross the wa-ters, And have gained the oth - er side, —  
 When we think of all the tri-als That His love has brought us through, —  
 And we know that all our sor-rows And our mourning days are done, —  
 When our bless-ed Lord will call us To a home be - yond the sky.

CHORUS. *rit.*

O the rapt-ure, ho - ly rapt-ure, When we press the gold-en shore,

*tempo.* *rit.*

Sing-ing, Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! To the Lamb for - ev - er more.

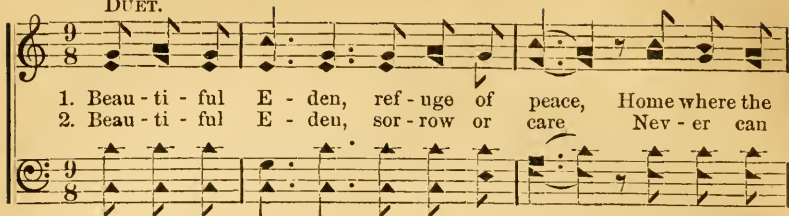
# No. 122.

# Beautiful Eden.

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

W. H. DOANE.

## DUET.



1. Beau - ti - ful E - den, ref - uge of peace, Home where the  
2. Beau - ti - ful E - den, sor - row or care Nev - er can



songs of the ransomed ne'er cease ; O how my spir - it, when  
with - er thy blossoms so fair ; Sin can-not blight them, and

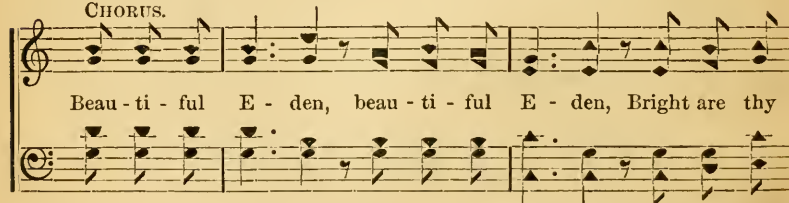
*D.S.*—Pure are thy riv - ers, thy



saddened by gloom, Long to be-hold thee, thou gar-den of bloom !  
death cannot slay, Safe in the gar-den of prom - ise are they.

fountains how free ! Beau-ti - ful E - den, my soul longs for thee.

## CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful E - den, beau - ti - ful E - den, Bright are thy



*D.S.* 3. Beautiful Eden, place of delight,  
Land of the angels celestial and bright;  
Here may the wayfarer stay and take rest,  
Here in the heavenly home of the blest.

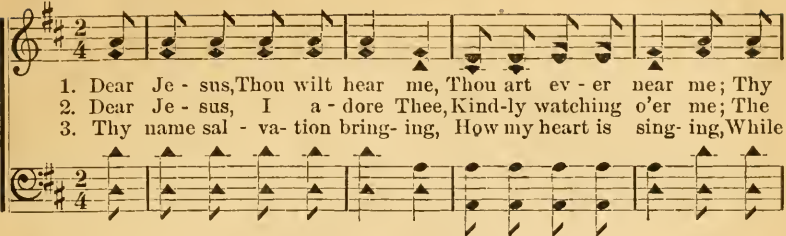
flow-ers—golden thy fruits ;

4. Beautiful Eden, garden of grace,  
Where we may gaze on the Saviour's dear face;  
There we shall gather in gladness above,  
Roaming the realms of an Eden of love.

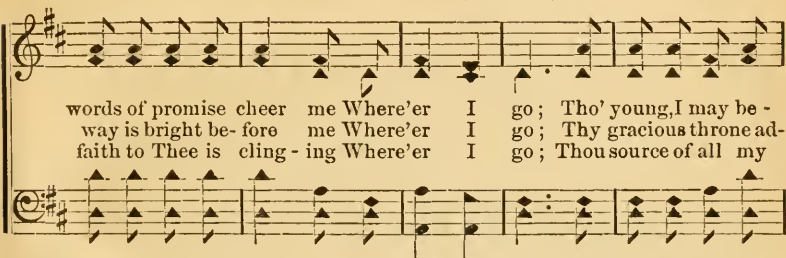
# No. 123. Thy Promise Tells Me So.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

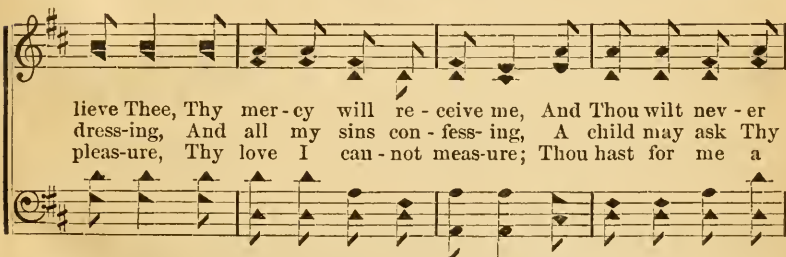
W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Dear Je - sus, Thou wilt hear me, Thou art ev - er near me; Thy  
 2. Dear Je - sus, I a - dore Thee, Kind - ly watch - ing o'er me; The  
 3. Thy name sal - va - tion bring - ing, How my heart is sing - ing, While

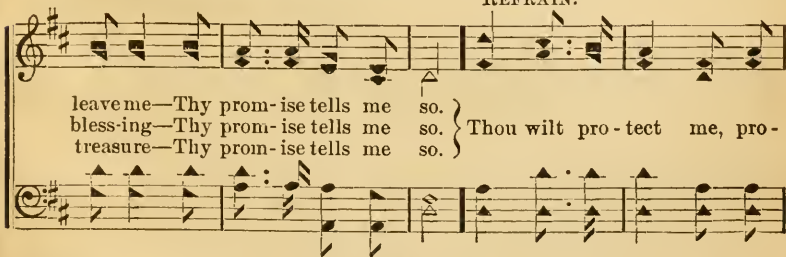


words of promise cheer me Where'er I go; Tho' young, I may be -  
 way is bright be - fore me Where'er I go; Thy gracious throne ad -  
 faith to Thee is cling - ing Where'er I go; Thou source of all my

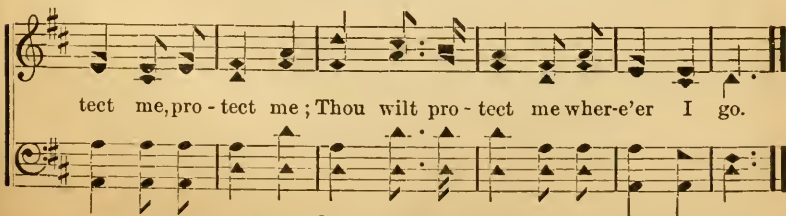


lieve Thee, Thy mer - cy will re - ceive me, And Thou wilt nev - er  
 dress - ing, And all my sins con - fess - ing, A child may ask Thy  
 pleas - ure, Thy love I can - not meas - ure; Thou hast for me a

## REFRAIN.



leave me—Thy prom - ise tells me so. }  
 bless - ing—Thy prom - ise tells me so. } Thou wilt pro - tect me, pro -  
 treasure—Thy prom - ise tells me so. }



tect me, pro - tect me; Thou wilt pro - tect me wher - e'er I go.

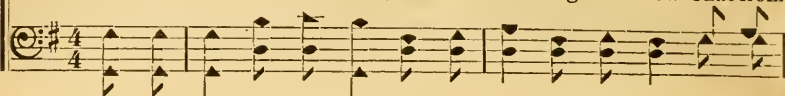
# No. 124. There's a Saviour on High.

WM. STEVENSON.

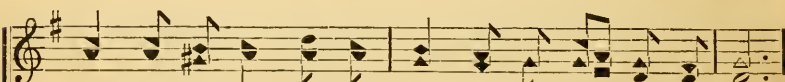
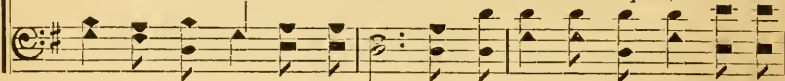
ROBERT LOWRY.



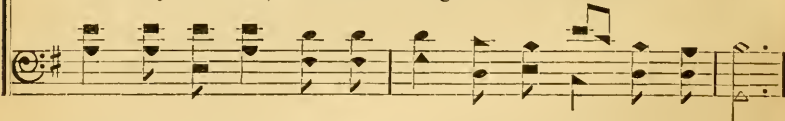
1. There's a Sav - iour on high, And He bids me draw nigh ; He has
2. Long in sin I have lain, And have la - bored in vain From its
3. When His fa - vor I know, There is noth - ing be - low That from



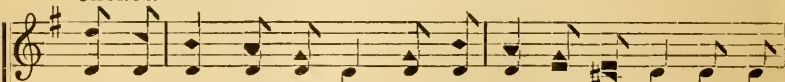
promised to an - swer my prayer ; He will par - don my sin, Will re -  
fet - ters my spir - it to free ; But no ef - fort of mine E'er its  
Je - sus my soul can remove ; When earth's conflicts are past, And there's



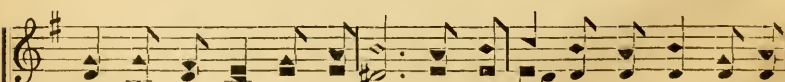
new me with - in, And my heart for His dwell - ing pre - pare.  
bands can un - twine, Or bring hope or de - liv - rance to me.  
vic - t'ry at last, He will bring me to man - sions a - bove.



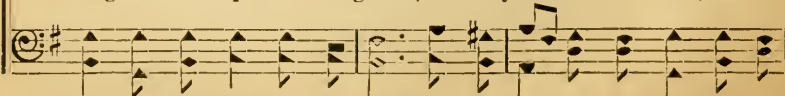
## CHORUS.



Then to Je - sus I'll go, For He loves me, I know, And no



long - er His Spir - it I'll grieve ; From my sins He'll re - lease, Give me





# There's a Saviour on High. Concluded.

com - fort and peace, And the glad - ness of them that be - lieve.

## No. 125. Traveling Homeward.

Mrs. E. C. ANDREWS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Trav'ling homeward, trav'ling homeward, In the Sav-iour we are strong;
2. Trav'ling homeward, trav'ling homeward, Drawing nearer ev - ery day,
3. Trav'ling homeward, trav'ling homeward, Tho' our hearts are oft oppressed;
4. Trav'ling homeward, trav'ling homeward, Our Redeemer's love to share;

He di - rects us on our jour - ney, Fills our hearts with love and song.  
To a mansion bright with glo - ry That shall nev - er fade a - way.  
Je - sus kind - ly bears our burdens, Gives the wea - ry spir - it rest.  
We shall see Him in His kingdom, We shall dwell for - ev - er there.

### REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah glad - ly

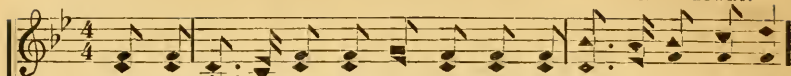
(sing) (sing) (sing)

sing; We are go - ing, we are go - ing To the pal - ace of a King.

# No. 126. Truth is Marching On.

ISAAC ROBERTS.

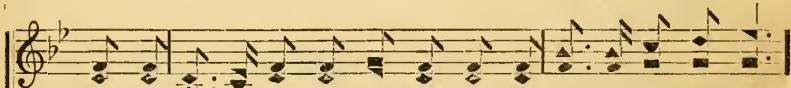
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. We are toil - ing thro' the dark-ness, but our eyes be-hold the light
2. He will come in glo - rious maj - es - ty to sweep a-way all wrong,
3. He is call - ing on His peo - ple to be faithful, prompt, and brave,
4. Let us fight a-against the e - vil with our fac-es t'ward the light,



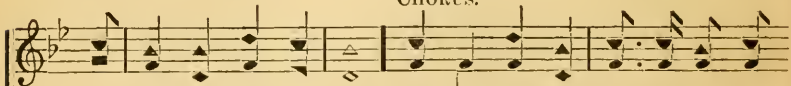
That is mounting up the east - ern sky, and beat - ing back the night ;  
He will heal the bro - ken-heart-ed, and will make His peo - ple strong ;  
To up - lift a - gain the fall - en, and to help from sin to save ;  
God is look - ing thro' the dark-ness, and He watch-es o'er the fight ;



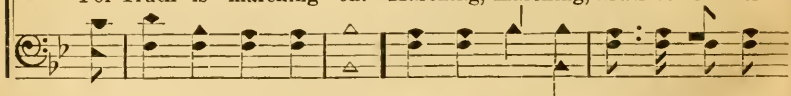
Soon with joy we'll hail the morn - ing when our Lord will come in might,  
He will teach our souls His right-eous-ness, our hearts a glad new song,  
To de-vote themselves for oth - ers, as Him-self for them He gave,  
And His joy will be our rec - om-pense, His triumph crown the right,



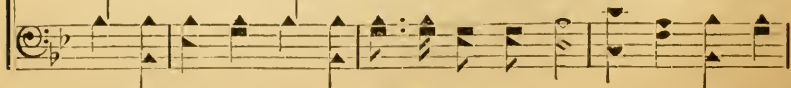
## CHORUS.



For Truth is marching on. Marching, marching, Truth is ev - er



marching, Brighter, clear - er, comes the hap - py dawn ; Marching, marching,



# Truth is Marching On. Concluded.

Truth is ev - er march - ing, Ev - er march - ing on.

## No. 127. It is Good to be Here.

Rev. I. N. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. { While we bow in Thy name, Sav - iour, meet us a - gain;  
 { May the Spir - it of grace, And the smiles of Thy face,  
 2. { How our souls long for Thee! Grant us, Lord, we may see  
 { May we feel, as it rolls In its pow'r o'er our souls,

*D.S.*—light stream - ing down makes the path - way all clear;

*FINE.* *REFRAIN.*  
 Fill our souls with the light of Thy love;  
 Gen - tly fall on us now from a - bove. } It is good to be  
 Now a wave of sal - va - tion ap - pear;  
 It is good for us, Lord, to be here. }

*It is good for us, Lord, to be here.*

here, it is good to be here, Thy per - fect love now drives a -

*D.S.*  
 way all our fear; And

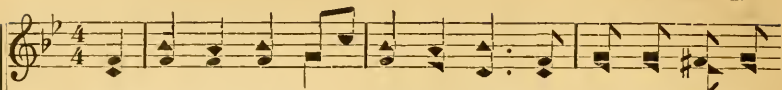
3.

Thou art with us, we know,  
 And we feel the sweet flow  
 Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning tide;  
 We are washed from our sin,  
 We have comfort within,  
 And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

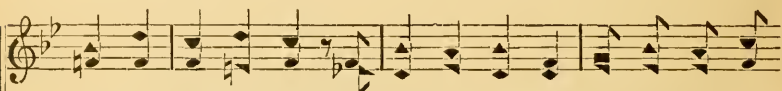
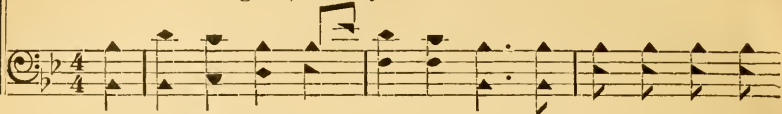
# No. 128. Throng His Gates with Praise.

Mrs. CORA LINDEN.

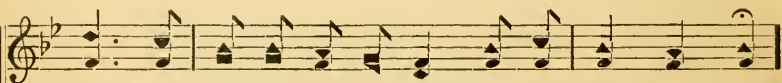
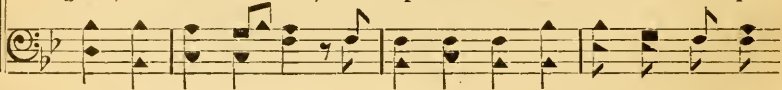
W. H. DOANE.



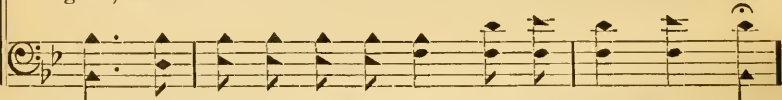
1. To God who claims our high - est praise, Let ev - ery heart a
2. Our lives, our all, to Him we owe; With ea - ger joy we
3. The Lord is great, and yet we share The rich - es of His



song of tri - umph raise; Our faith leads on - ward to the tem - ple  
haste our love to show; Our love leads on - ward to the tem - ple  
grace, His ten - der care; Our hope leads on - ward to the tem - ple



gates, Where Je - sus our Re - deem - er in glo - ry waits.  
gates, Where Je - sus our Re - deem - er so kind - ly waits.  
gates, Where Je - sus our Re - deem - er His chil - dren waits.



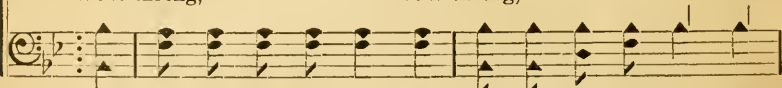
## REFRAIN.



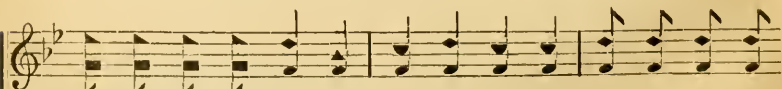
We'll throng,

we'll throng,

We'll



We'll throng His gates with praise, We'll throng His gates with praise,



throng His gates with ho - ly joy - ful praise; O hail the King of





# Thro' His Gates with Praise. *Concluded.*

kings, our hap-py voi-ces raise, And fill His temple gates with joyful praise.

## No. 129. Rolling Onward.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. As the dis-tant streams unit-ing, To the o - cean onward move,
2. 'Tis the cho - rus of an ar - my Do-ing bat - tle for the Lord,
3. 'Tis the cho - rus of the faith - ful Press-ing on to win the prize,
4. May the praise that now is of - fered From this ho - ly place of prayer,

So our songs of joy are blending With the songs of those a - bove.  
 'Tis the ech - o of the mar - tyrs Who have conquered thro' His word.  
 'Tis the an - them of the mill - ions Gathered safe beyond the skies.  
 Rise to heaven, and sweetly mingle With the songs of an - gels there.

CHORUS.

Rolling on-ward, sweeping downward, At the gold-en gate they meet ;

*cres.*

Songs from earth and songs in glo - ry Break as one, at Je-sus' feet.

1. O I can - not take it in, With my weak and trembling mind,  
 2 In His pres - ence we shall dwell, And be - hold Him face to face,  
 3. Soon the wel - come day will dawn, Soon the faith will change to sight,

All the rich - es, all the glo - ry, of my Lord; How He  
 In His pre - cious love re - joice for - ev - er - more; All the  
 Soon the gloom - y shades of night will pass a - way; Then we'll

saves me from my sin, And my heart to Him doth bind; I can  
 won - drous sto - ry tell, How He saved us by His grace, How He  
 hail the glo - rious morn, And, in heaven's uncloud - ed light, We shall

## CHORUS.

on - ly rest up - on His ho - ly word.  
 brought us safe to Ca - naan's hap - py shore. } But O I shall be  
 live and praise His name through endless day. }

sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied;

# When I Awake. Concluded.

When I a-wake in His like-ness, I shall be sat-is-fied.

## No. 131. Nothing but a Broken Reed.

ELLA DALE.

(May be sung as a Solo.)

W. H. DOANE.

*With Expression.*

1. Dear Lord, Thy precious blood was shed for me; I love the sto-ry  
 2. I would be Thine, I give my wand'ring o'er, O may I nev-er  
 3. Now seal Thy blessed name up-on my heart, Thy ho-ly tem-ple

to re-peat; And now my sin-ful heart I bring to Thee, And  
 leave Thy side; I would be Thine, dear Lord, and noth-ing more; Be-  
 may it be; Re-new and sanc-ti-fy its ev-ery part, And

*D.S.*—Yet Thou wilt hear me if Thy name I plead, There's

FINE.

CHORUS.

lay it weep-ing at Thy feet.  
 hind the cross, O let me hide. } I know I'm nothing but a  
 let Thy will be done in me. }

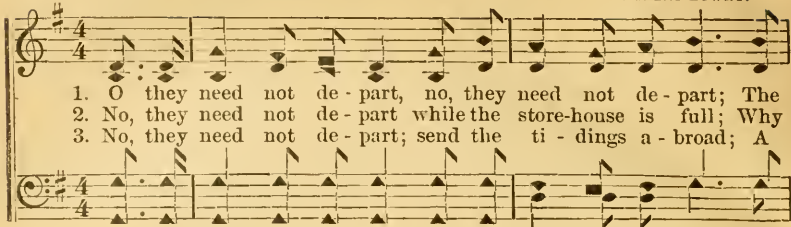
mer-cy at the cross for me.

bro-ken reed, That leans, and on-ly leans on Thee;

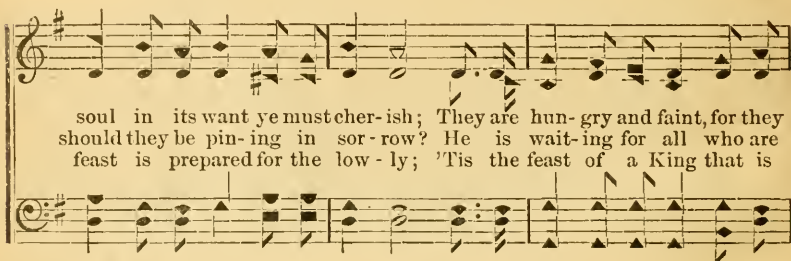
*D.S.*

W. O. CUSHING.

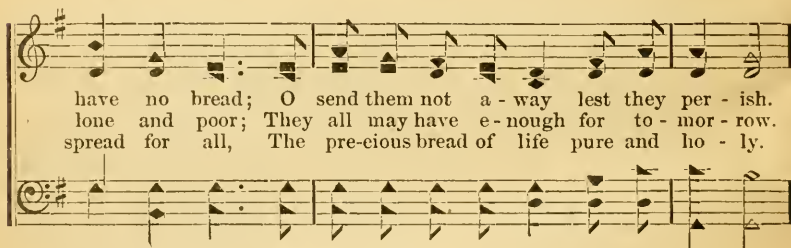
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. O they need not de-part, no, they need not de-part; The  
 2. No, they need not de-part while the store-house is full; Why  
 3. No, they need not de-part; send the ti-dings a-broad; A

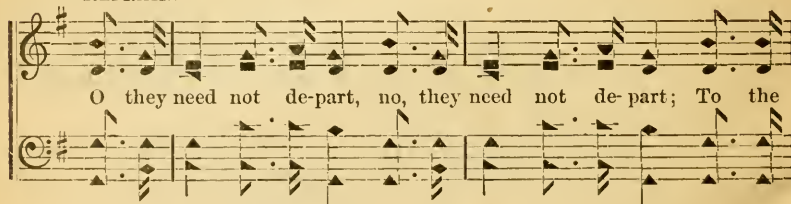


soul in its want ye must cher-ish; They are hun-gry and faint, for they  
 should they be pin-ing in sor-row? He is wait-ing for all who are  
 feast is prepared for the low-ly; 'Tis the feast of a King that is




have no bread; O send them not a-way lest they per-ish.  
 lone and poor; They all may have e-nough for to-mor-row.  
 spread for all, The pre-cious bread of life pure and ho-ly.

## REFRAIN.



O they need not de-part, no, they need not de-part; To the



Lord kind-ly lead them; Bring the hungry and the poor, there's e-  
 to the Lord



# They Need not Depart. *Concluded.*

nough and to spare; With His wonder-work-ing hand He will feed them.

## No. 133. Precious Invitation.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. List, 'tis the Saviour call-ing, Come, come, come; Soft-ly His tones are
2. Hark, 'tis the Saviour pleading. Come to me; Turn not a-way un-
3. Come with thy weight of sor-row, Haste a - way; Wait not un-til the
4. Come, in thy heart be - liev-ing, He'll for - give; Light from the cross re-

### REFRAIN.

fall - ing, Come, O come home.  
 heed - ing His love to thee.  
 mor - row, Come, come to - day.  
 ceiv - ing, Look, look and live. } O precious in - vi - ta - tion!

Pre-cious in - vi - ta - tion!

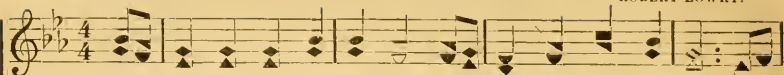
Thy Saviour bids thee come; 'Tis Je - sus, 'Tis Je - sus

'Tis thy Sav - iour bids thee come;

call - ing now, Soft - ly, gen - tly, Sin - ner, come home.

Mr. ELLEN M. H. GATES.

ROBERT LOWRY.



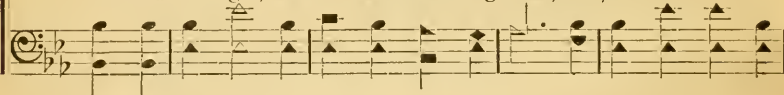
1. How ma - ny sheep are straying, Lost from the Saviour's fold! Up-
2. O who will go to find them? Who, for the Saviour's sake, Will
3. How sweet 'twould be at evening, If you and I could say, Good



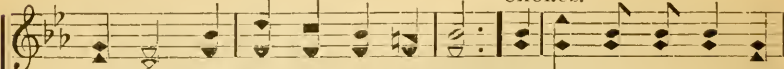
on the lone - ly mountain They shiv - er with the cold; With - in the  
search with tire - less patience, Thro' bri - er and thro' brake? Unheed - ing  
Shepherd, we've been seek - ing The sheep that went a - stray! Heart - sore and



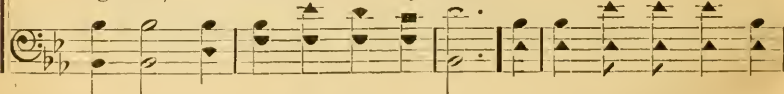
tan - gled thickets, Where poi - son - vines do creep, And o - ver rock - y  
thirst or hun - ger, Who still, from day to day, Will seek, as for a  
faint with hun - ger, We heard them mak - ing moan, And, lo! we come at



## CHORUS.



ledg - es, Wan - der the poor, lost sheep. }  
treasure, The sheep that go a - stray? } O come, let us go and  
nightfall, And bear them safe - ly home. }



find them; In the paths of death they roam; At the close of the



# The Lost Sheep. Concluded.

day, 'twill be sweet to say, "I have brought some lost one home."

## No. 135. Keep Thou Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

EDWARD ROBERTS.

1. Bless-ed Hope of my sal - va - tion, Keep Thou me; In the  
 2. From the joy my heart de - ceiv - ing, Keep Thou me; From the  
 3. When the sil - ver cord is break - ing, Keep Thou me; When my

hour of sore temp - ta - tion, Keep Thou me; With Thine  
 care my spir - it griev - ing, Keep Thou me; In Thy  
 soul to life is wak - ing, Keep Thou me; When I

eye, O Lord, be - hold me, In Thine arm of mer - cy fold me;  
 truth a - bid - ing ev - er, In Thy love that chang - es nev - er,  
 rise from grace to glo - ry, And pro - claim Thy joy - ful sto - ry,

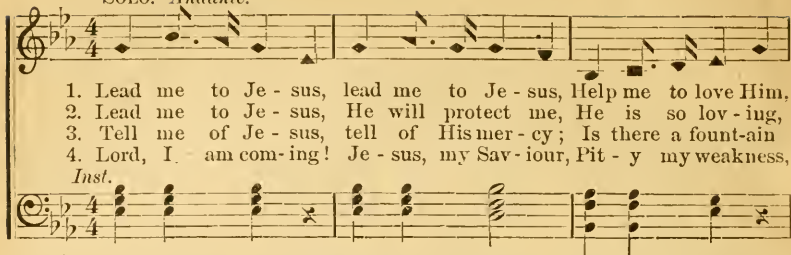
Bless - ed Hope of my sal - va - tion, Keep Thou me.  
 Bless - ed Rock of my sal - va - tion, Keep Thou me.  
 Bless - ed Hope of my sal - va - tion, Keep Thou me.

## No. 136.

## Lead Me to Jesus.

F. J. C.

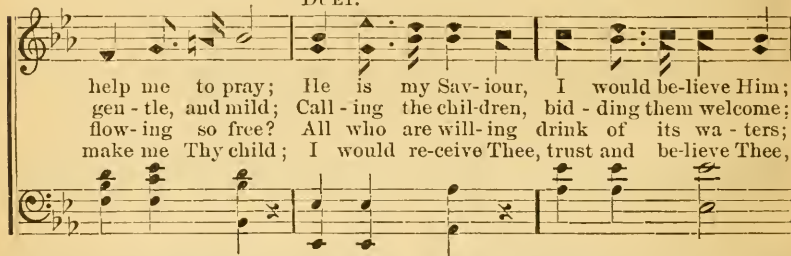
W. H. DOANE.

SOLO. *Andante.*


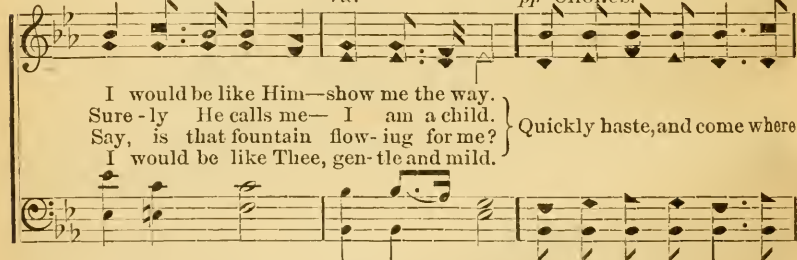
1. Lead me to Je - sus, lead me to Je - sus, Help me to love Him,  
 2. Lead me to Je - sus, He will protect me, He is so lov - ing,  
 3. Tell me of Je - sus, tell of His mer - cy; Is there a fount - ain  
 4. Lord, I - am com - ing! Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Pit - y my weakness,

*Inst.*

DUET.



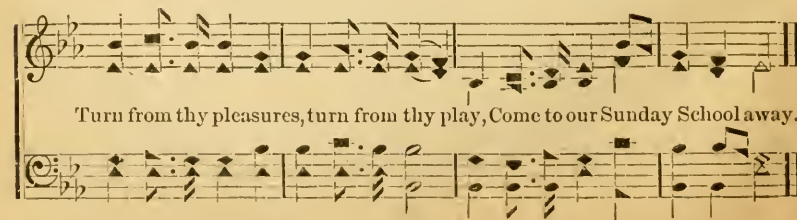
help me to pray; He is my Sav - iour, I would be - lieve Him;  
 gen - tle, and mild; Call - ing the chil - dren, bid - ding them wel - come;  
 flow - ing so free? All who are will - ing drink of its wa - ters;  
 make me Thy child; I would re - ceive Thee, trust and be - lieve Thee,

*rit.**mf* CHORUS.


I would be like Him—show me the way.  
 Sure - ly He calls me— I am a child.  
 Say, is that fountain flow - ing for me? } Quickly haste, and come where  
 I would be like Thee, gen - tle and mild.

*cresc.*


hap - py chil - dren meet, Hither come and rest thy lit - tle wea - ry feet;



Turn from thy pleasures, turn from thy play, Come to our Sunday School away.



## No. 137.

## Bright Home Above.

WM. STEVENSON.

ROBERT LOWRY.



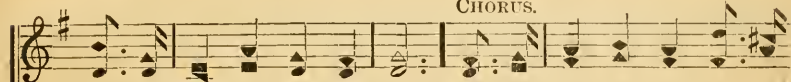
1. Lov - ing hearts we bring, Free sal - va - tion sing; To the Lamb all  
 2. E - den's fields are fair, And its fruits are rare, Chill - ing winds they  
 3. Tears and sor - rows cease, All is joy and peace, In the Cit - y



praise be given; If our faith en - dure, And our lives be pure,  
 nev - er know; 'Mid the fade-less green Brightest flowers are seen,  
 of our God; Free from stain of sin All who en - ter in,



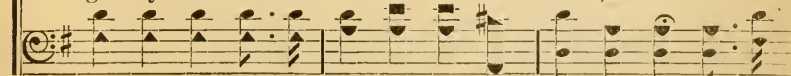
## CHORUS.



We shall dwell with Him in heaven.  
 And the liv - ing wa - ters flow. } O at last may we All the  
 Washed in Christ's most precious blood.



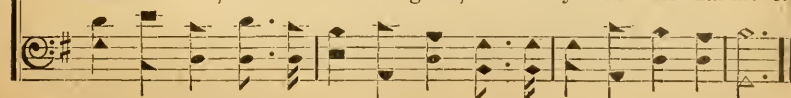
glo - ry see In the home a - bove; Then be-



bright home, bright home a - bove;



hold His face, And a - dore His grace, While the years e - ter - nal move.

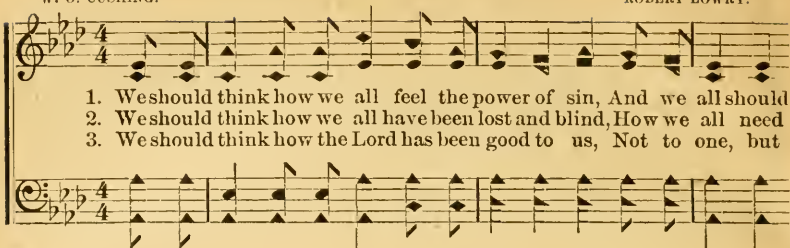


# No. 138.

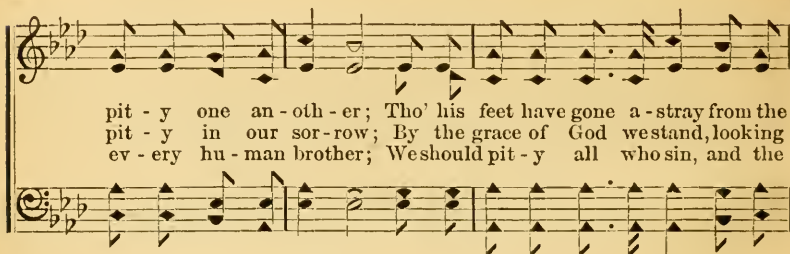
# Pity One Another.

W. O. CUSHING.

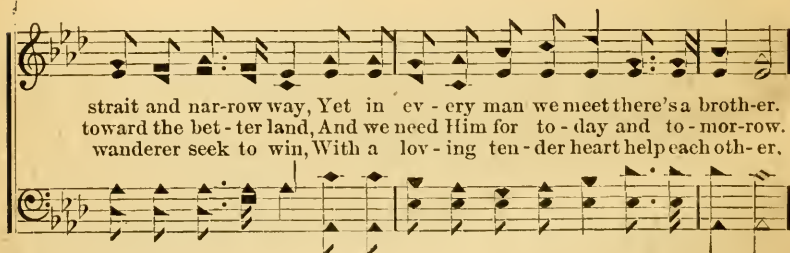
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. We should think how we all feel the power of sin, And we all should  
 2. We should think how we all have been lost and blind, How we all need  
 3. We should think how the Lord has been good to us, Not to one, but

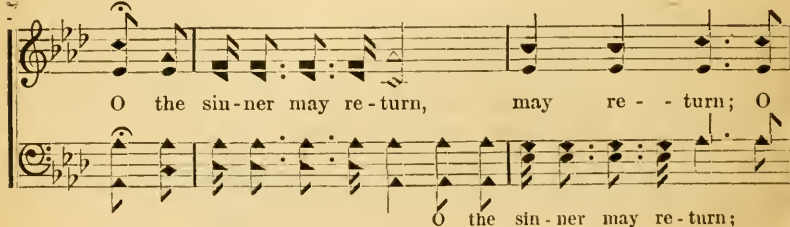


pit - y one an - oth - er; Tho' his feet have gone a - stray from the  
 pit - y in our sor - row; By the grace of God we stand, looking  
 ev - ery hu - man brother; We should pit - y all who sin, and the

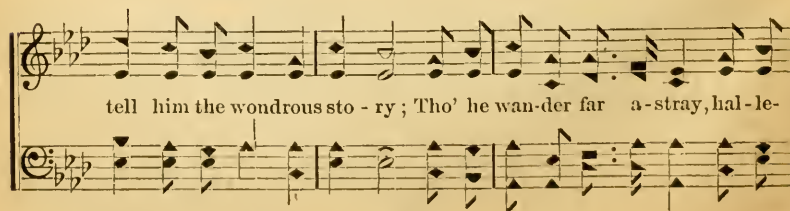


strait and nar - row way, Yet in ev - ery man we meet there's a broth - er.  
 toward the bet - ter land, And we need Him for to - day and to - mor - row.  
 wanderer seek to win, With a lov - ing ten - der heart help each oth - er.

## CHORUS.



O the sin - ner may re - turn, may re - - turn; O  
 O the sin - ner may re - turn;



tell him the wondrous sto - ry; Tho' he wan - der far a - stray, hal - le

# Pity One Another. Concluded.

lu - jah! there's a way, There's a free and o - pen way to glo - ry.

## No. 139. When Shall I Come to Jesus?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. When shall I come to Je - sus, And at His foot-stool bow?  
 2. When shall I cease from sin - ning, And turn from earth a - way?  
 3. When shall I go to Je - sus, And pay my sol - emn vow?

I'll come and plead His mer - cy Just now, just now.  
 I'll set my jour - ney heav'n-ward To - day, to - day.  
 I'll go and take my of - f'ring, Just now, just now.

### CHORUS.

Re - ceive me, bless - ed Sav - iour, I turn from sin a - way;

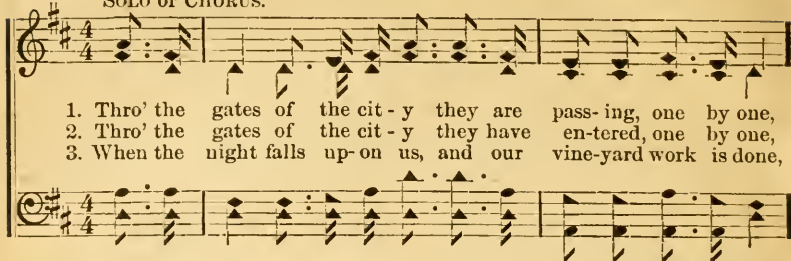
O bless me, seal me, save me, To - day, to - day.

# No. 140. Thro' the Gates of the City.

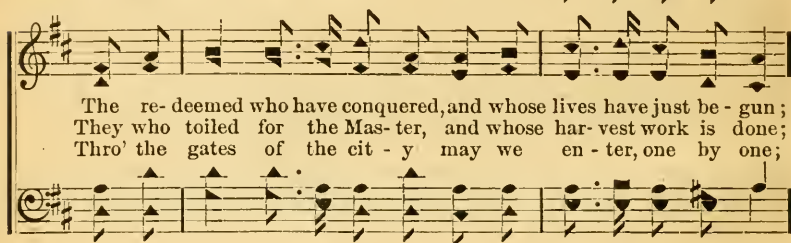
FANNY J. CROSBY.

ROBERT LOWRY.

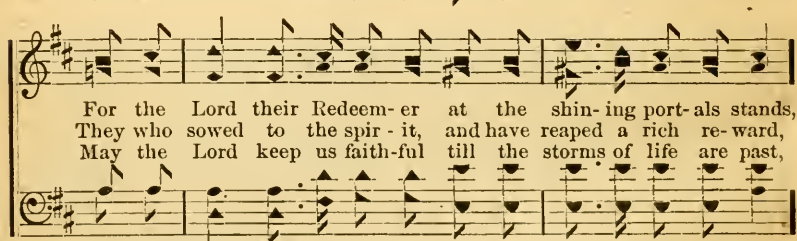
SOLO or CHORUS.



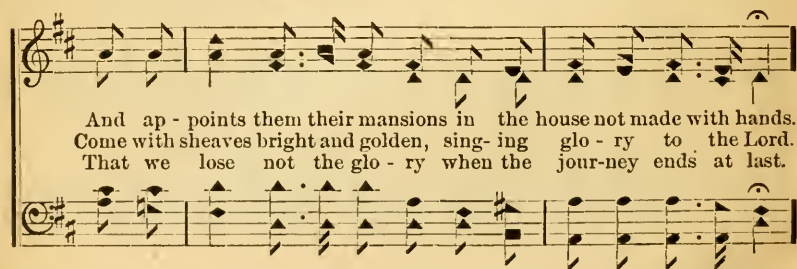
1. Thro' the gates of the cit - y they are pass-ing, one by one,  
 2. Thro' the gates of the cit - y they have en-tered, one by one,  
 3. When the night falls up-on us, and our vine-yard work is done,



The re-deemed who have conquered, and whose lives have just be-gun;  
 They who toiled for the Mas-ter, and whose har-vest work is done;  
 Thro' the gates of the cit - y may we en-ter, one by one;

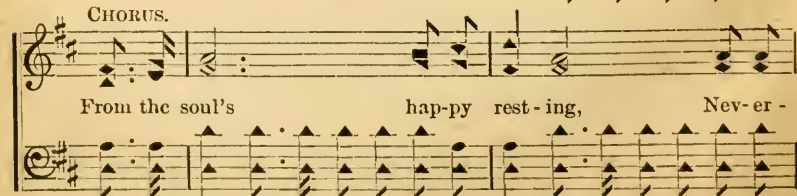


For the Lord their Redeem-er at the shin-ing port-als stands,  
 They who sowed to the spir-it, and have reaped a rich re-ward,  
 May the Lord keep us faith-ful till the storms of life are past,



And ap-oints them their mansions in the house not made with hands.  
 Come with sheaves bright and golden, sing-ing glo-ry to the Lord.  
 That we lose not the glo-ry when the jour-ney ends at last.

CHORUS.

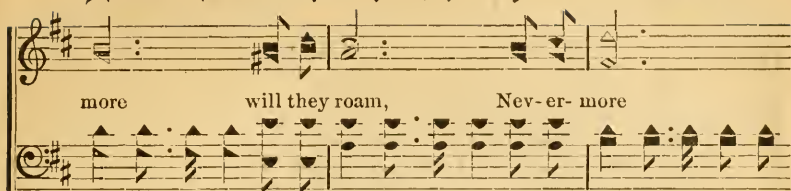


From the soul's hap-py rest-ing, Nev-er -

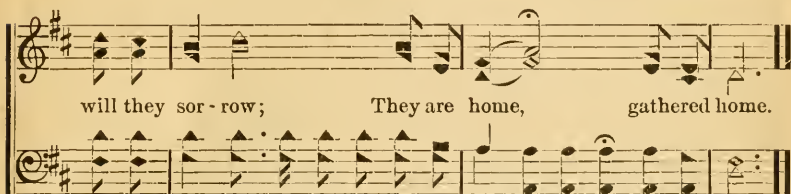
From the soul's hap - py rest-ing, from the soul's hap - py rest-ing, Nev - er -



# Thro' the Gates of the City. Concluded.



more will they roam,nev-er- more will they roam,Never - more will they sor- row,

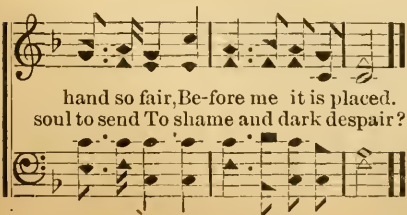
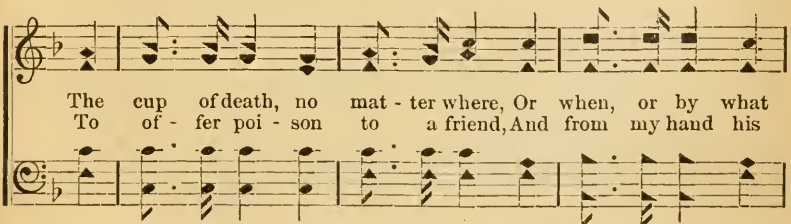
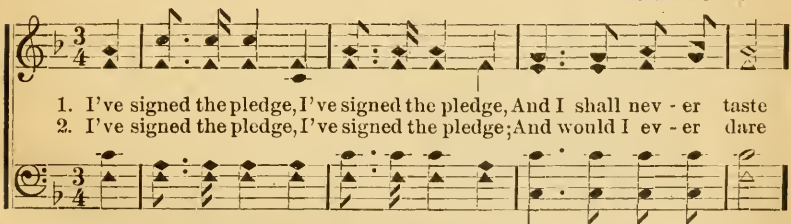


nev - er - more will they sor-row; They are home,they are home,gathered home.

## No. 141. I've Signed the Pledge.

Mrs. HELEN E. BROWN.

ROBERT LOWRY.



3.  
I've signed the pledge,  
I've signed the pledge;  
I've promised God on high,  
With angels listening to my vow,  
And, by His grace—He hears me  
now—  
I'll keep it till I die.

# No. 142. Something for Children to Do.

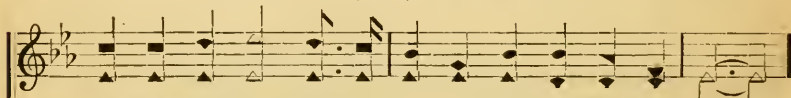
W. H. DOANE.



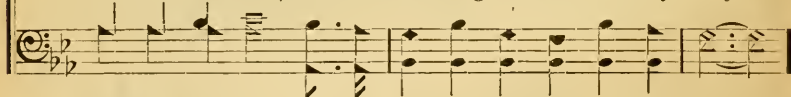
1. There is something on earth for the chil-dren to do, For the
2. There are sweet, winning words to the wea-ry and sad, By their
3. There are les-sons to learn both at home and at school, There are
4. There are smiles to be giv-en, kind deeds to be done, Gen-tle



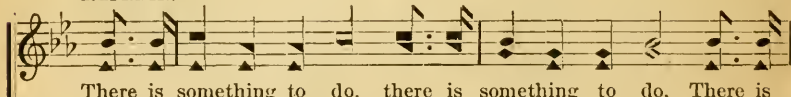
child that is striv-ing to be Like the One who once murmured in  
glad, lov-ing lips to be said; There are hearts that are wait-ing, by  
bat-tles to fight for the right; There's a watch to be kept o-ver  
words to be dropped by the way; For the child that is seek-ing to



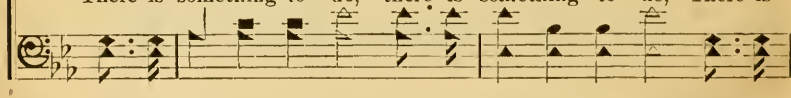
ac-cents of love, "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to me."  
some lit-tle hand Un-to Je-sus the Lord to be  
tem-per and tongue, And God's help to be asked day and night.  
fol-low the Lord, There is something to do ev-ery day.



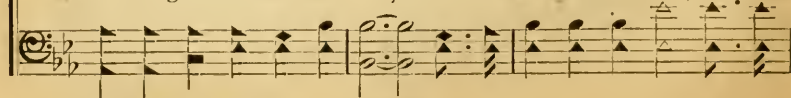
## REFRAIN.



There is something to do, there is something to do, There is



something for chil-dren to do; On this earth here be-low, filled with



# Something for Children to Do. Concluded.

sin and with woe, There is something for chil-dren to do.

## No. 143. Our Hope of Endless Glory.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Since Christ is mine, and I am His, Why yield to sad re-pin-ing,
2. That grace to us He free-ly gives, Each hour a-new be-stow-ing;
3. Look up, look up in sim-ple faith, Our all to Him con-fid-ing;
4. We know that from our Saviour's love Nor life nor death can sev-er;

When thro' the clouds, tho' dark they roll, His love is bright-ly shin-ing?  
 And O how oft He fills our hearts With joy to o-ver-flow-ing.  
 Be-lieve He marks the path we tread, And ev-ery step is guid-ing.  
 Tho' heav'n and earth may pass a-way, His love en-dures for-ev-er.

### REFRAIN.

O sing a-loud His wor-thy praise, Proclaim the grand old sto-ry

Of grace di-vine thro' Christ the Lord, Our hope of end-less glo-ry.

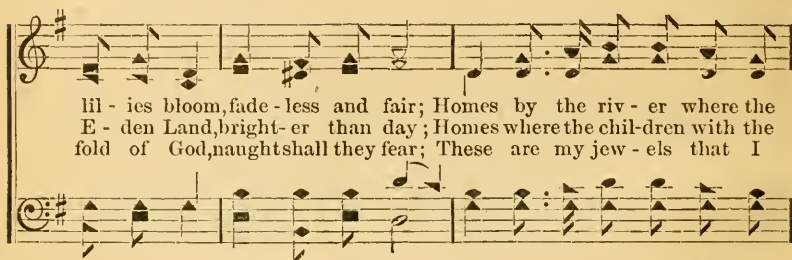
# No. 144. Homes for the Children.

W. O. CUSHING.

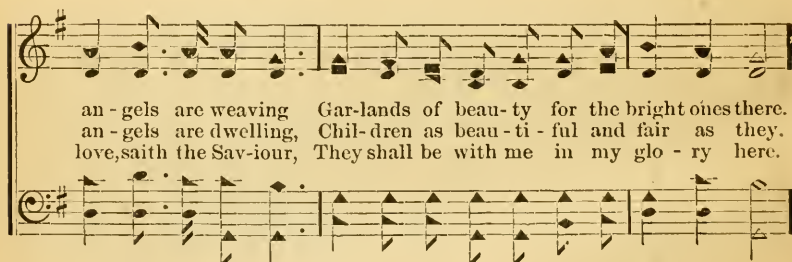
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Homes for the chil-dren our Lord is pre-par-ing, Homes where the  
 2. Homes for the chil-dren our Lord is pre-par-ing, Homes in the  
 3. Homes for the chil-dren our Lord is pre-par-ing; Safe in the

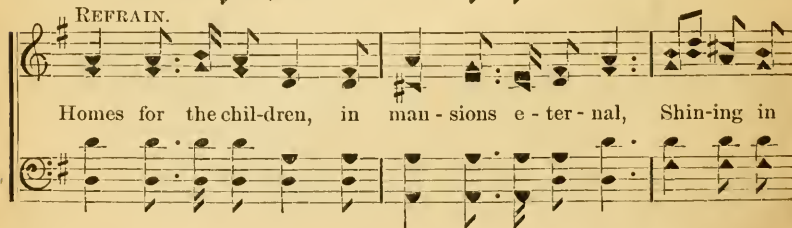


lil-ies bloom, fade-less and fair; Homes by the riv-er where the  
 E-den Land, bright-er than day; Homes where the chil-dren with the  
 fold of God, naught shall they fear; These are my jew-els that I

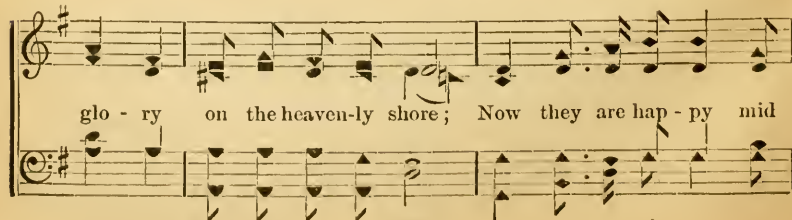


an-gels are weaving Gar-lands of beau-ty for the bright ones there.  
 an-gels are dwelling, Chil-dren as beau-ti-ful and fair as they.  
 love, saith the Sav-iour, They shall be with me in my glo-ry here.

## REFRAIN.



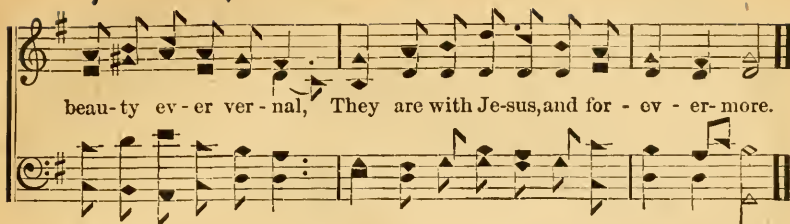
Homes for the chil-dren, in man-sions e-ter-nal, Shin-ing in



glo-ry on the heav-en-ly shore; Now they are hap-py mid



# Homes for the Children. Concluded.

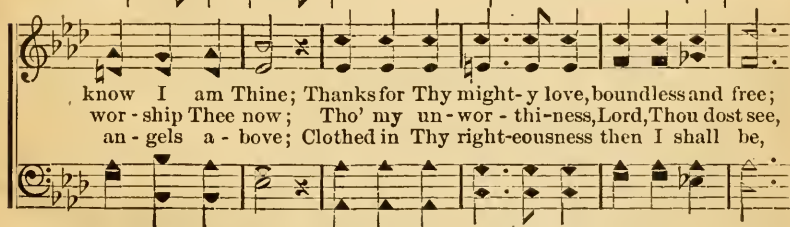
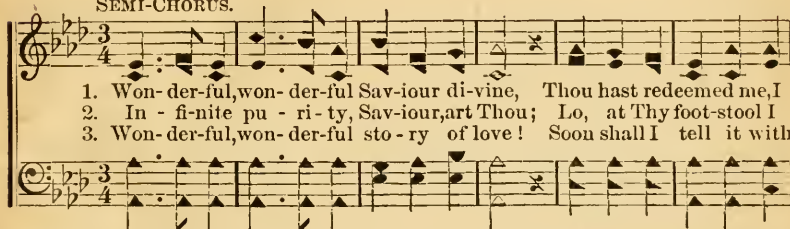


## No. 145. Thou Carest for Me.

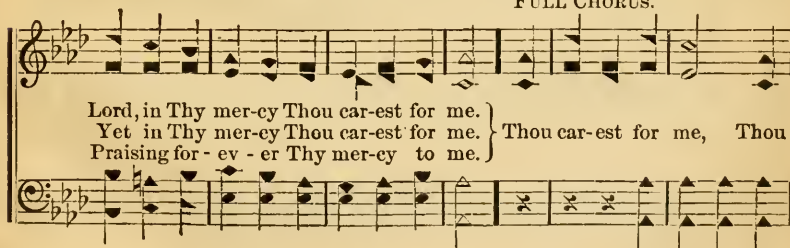
FANNY J. CROSBY.

H. P. DANKS.

### SEMI-CHORUS.



### FULL CHORUS.



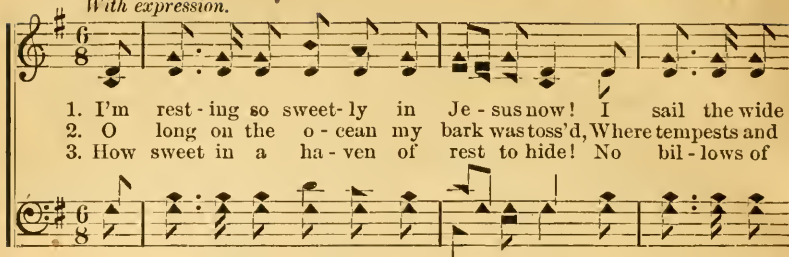
me, Thou car-est,

# No. 146. The Anchored Soul.

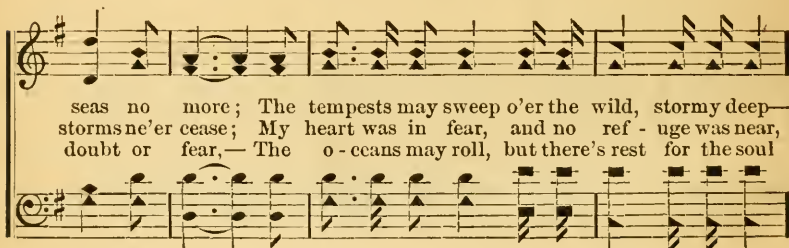
W. O. CUSHING.

ROBERT LOWRY.

*With expression.*



1. I'm rest - ing so sweet - ly in Je - sus now! I sail the wide  
 2. O long on the o - cean my bark was toss'd, Where tempests and  
 3. How sweet in a ha - ven of rest to hide! No bil - lows of

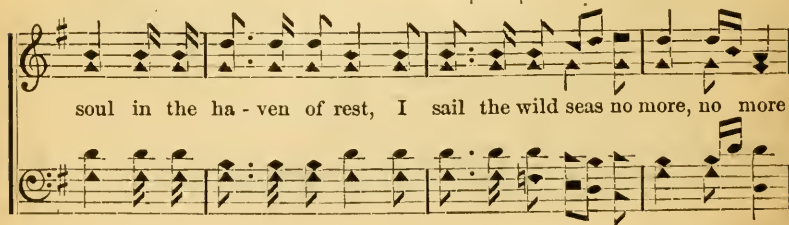


seas no more; The tempests may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep—  
 storms ne'er cease; My heart was in fear, and no ref - uge was near,  
 doubt or fear,—The o - ceans may roll, but there's rest for the soul

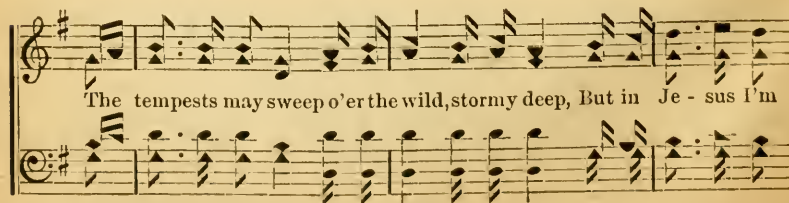
## CHORUS.



I am safe where the storms come no more.  
 Till in Je - sus my soul found her peace. } I have anchored my  
 When the voice of my Sav - iour is near. }



soul in the ha - ven of rest, I sail the wild seas no more, no more;



The tempests may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep, But in Je - sus I'm

# The Anchored Soul. Concluded.

safe ev - er-more, ev - er-more, But in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

## No. 147. Learn of Jesus.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Haste a - way, O haste a - way, Come and learn of Je - sus;  
 2. He is just the friend we need, None can save but Je - sus;  
 3. Once He laid His crown a - side, O the love of Je - sus!  
 4. Come and join us while we sing, Glo - ry be to Je - sus;

Bright with joy our home to - day, Come and learn of Je - sus.  
 Come and learn His name to plead, None can save but Je - sus.  
 On the cross for us He died, O the love of Je - sus!  
 Let the joy - ful cho - rus ring, Glo - ry be to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

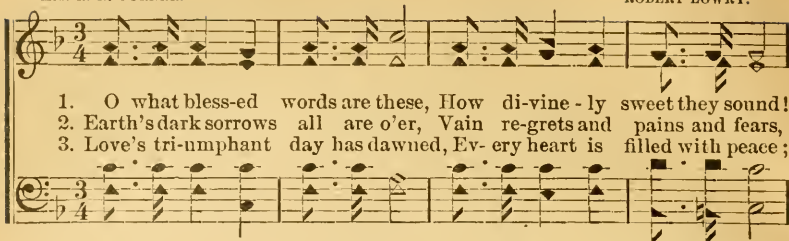
Hear the voice that speaks to all, Now His words like mu - sic fall;

In His heart there's room for all, Come and learn of Je - sus.

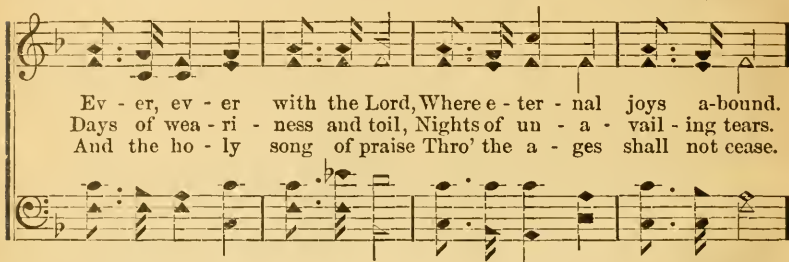
# No. 148. Ever With the Lord.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

ROBERT LOWRY.

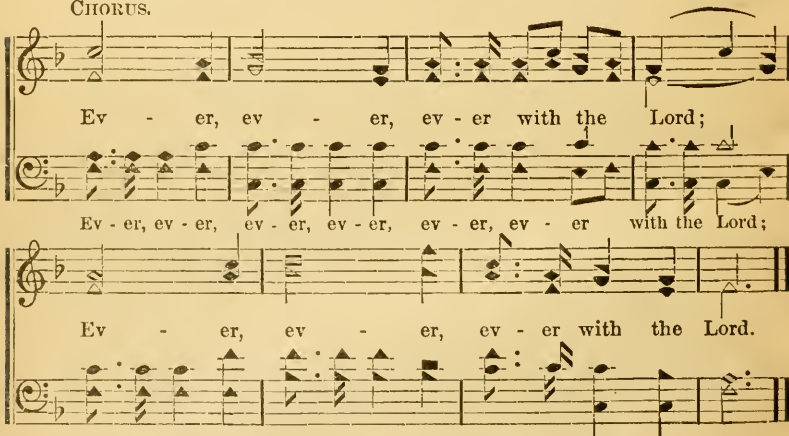


1. O what bless-ed words are these, How di-vine-ly sweet they sound!  
 2. Earth's dark sorrows all are o'er, Vain re-grets and pains and fears,  
 3. Love's tri-umphant day has dawned, Ev-ery heart is filled with peace;



Ev - er, ev - er with the Lord, Where e - ter - nal joys a-bound.  
 Days of wea - ri - ness and toil, Nights of un - a - vail - ing tears.  
 And the ho - ly song of praise Thro' the a - ges shall not cease.

## CHORUS.



Ev - er, ev - er, ev - er with the Lord;  
 Ev - er, ev - er, ev - er, ev - er, ev - er with the Lord;  
 Ev - er, ev - er, ev - er with the Lord.

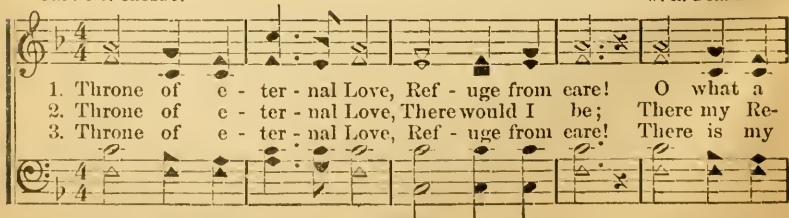
Ev - er, ev - er, ev - er, ev - er,

Copyright, 1886, by Biglow & Main.

# No. 149. Throne of Eternal Love.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

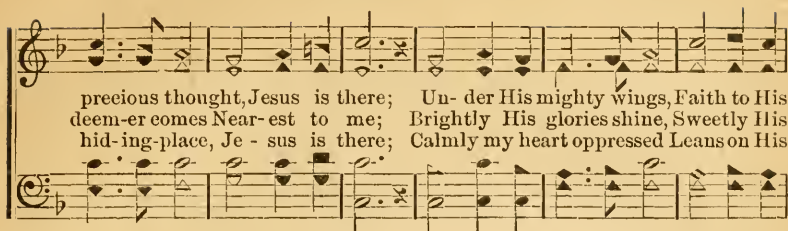


1. Throne of e - ter - nal Love, Ref - uge from care! O what a  
 2. Throne of e - ter - nal Love, There would I be; There my Re-  
 3. Throne of e - ter - nal Love, Ref - uge from care! There is my

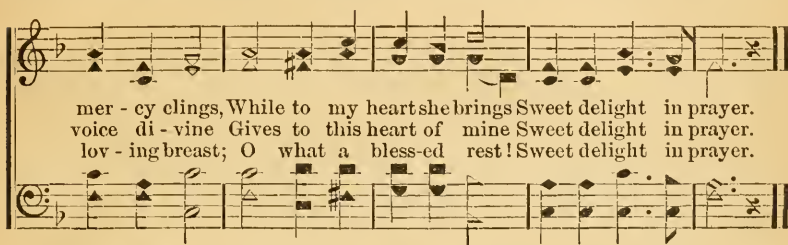
Copyright, 1886, by Biglow & Main.



# Throne of Eternal Love. Concluded.



precious thought, Jesus is there; Un- der His mighty wings, Faith to His  
deem-er comes Near-est to me; Brightly His glories shine, Sweetly His  
hid-ing-place, Je- sus is there; Calmly my heart oppressed Leans on His

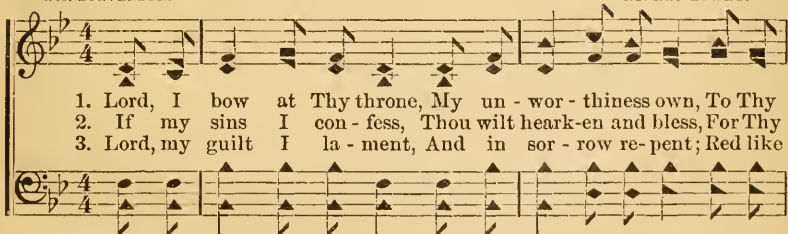


mer- cy clings, While to my heart she brings Sweet delight in prayer.  
voice di- vine Gives to this heart of mine Sweet delight in prayer.  
lov- ing breast; O what a bless- ed rest! Sweet delight in prayer.

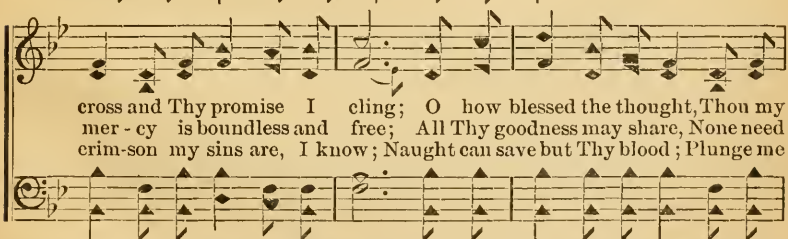
## No. 150. Lord, I Bow at Thy Throne.

WM. STEVENSON.

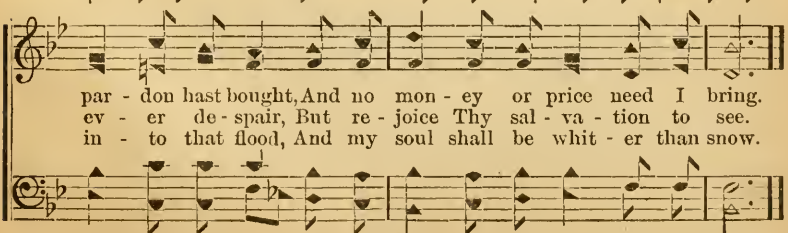
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Lord, I bow at Thy throne, My un- wor- thiness own, To Thy  
2. If my sins I con- fess, Thou wilt heark-en and bless, For Thy  
3. Lord, my guilt I la- ment, And in sor- row re- pent; Red like



cross and Thy promise I cling; O how blessed the thought, Thou my  
mer- cy is boundless and free; All Thy goodness may share, None need  
crim-son my sins are, I know; Naught can save but Thy blood; Plunge me




par- don hast bought, And no mon- ey or price need I bring.  
ev- er de- spair, But re- joice Thy sal- va- tion to see.  
in- to that flood, And my soul shall be whit- er than snow.

## No. 151.


## Cry For Help.

MINNIE B. LOWRY.

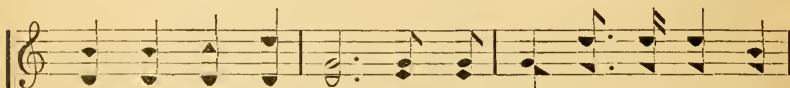
W. H. DOANE.




1. Hark that cry of deep and ear-nest plead-ing, Borne a - cross the  
 2. Still that cry: O Chris-tian, come and help us, Lead us to the  
 3. Christian, wake, that cry is still re - sounding; Give your la - bor




o - cean wave, Give, O give us light from Him you wor-ship,  
 Liv-ing Spring; Songs of praise that fill our hearts with glad-ness,  
 and your store; Send the truth to those be - night-ed na - tions,



Him who came to save; 'Tis the cry of the hea - then,  
 Teach us how to sing; 'Tis the cry of the hea - then,  
 Truth from shore to shore; Then the isles of the o - cean,



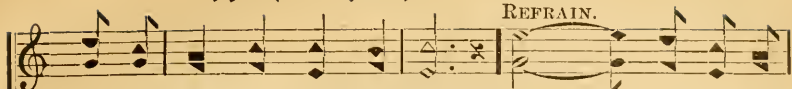
far, far a - way; They are ask - ing in tears for the  
 far, far a - way; To the God whom we serve they would  
 far, far a - way, Shall re - joice in the light of that



gold - en ray That is beam-ing so bright and so joy - ful to - day  
 learn to pray; They would turn from their i - dols, and Je - sus o - bey,  
 gold - en ray That is beam-ing so bright and so joy - ful to - day

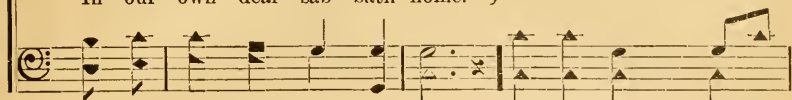
# Cry For Help. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

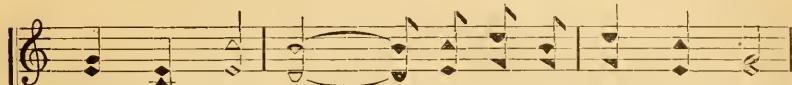


In our own dear sab - bath home.  
If they knew a Sav - iour's love.  
In our own dear sab - bath home.

We . . . can help them,



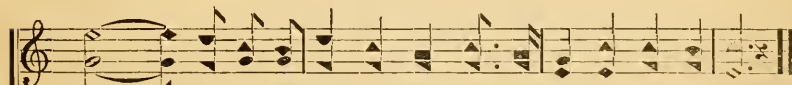
We can help them,



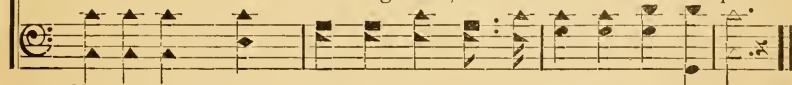
Sav - iour dear, We . . . . . can send them words of cheer;



We can send them



Give . . . us now a will - ing heart, In the work to bear a part.



Give us now a

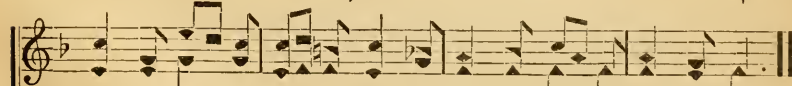
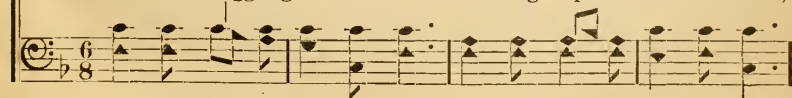
## No. 152. The Hour of Worship.

C. B. STOUT.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, in sovereign power, Come and help this wor-ship hour;
2. We are struggling on the road Lead-ing up to Heaven and God;



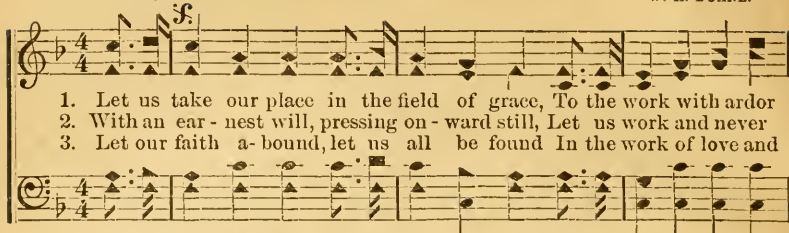
Lift us far from worldly care, And bless us with the grace of prayer.  
Help, O help us on our way, And bless us all while here we pray.



# No. 153. With an Earnest Will.

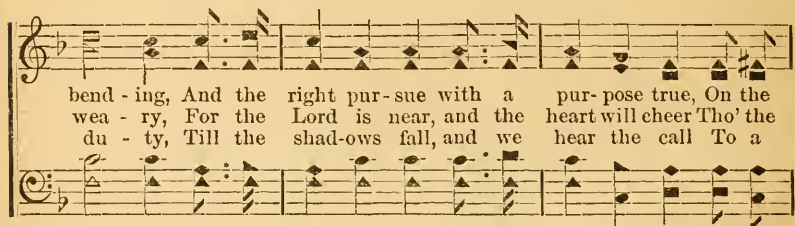
FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



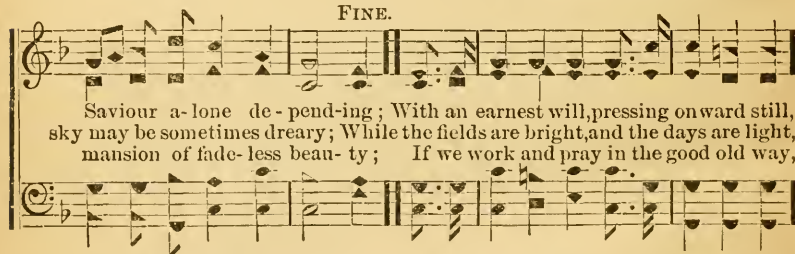
1. Let us take our place in the field of grace, To the work with ardor  
 2. With an ear - nest will, pressing on - ward still, Let us work and never  
 3. Let our faith a - bound, let us all be found In the work of love and

*D.S.—take our place in the field of grace, &c.*

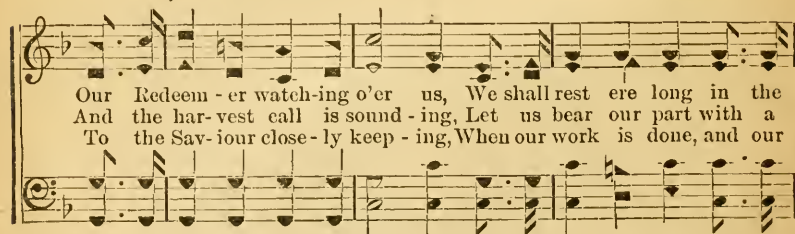


bend - ing, And the right pur - sue with a pur - pose true, On the  
 wea - ry, For the Lord is near, and the heart will cheer Tho' the  
 du - ty, Till the shad - ows fall, and we hear the call To a

FINE.

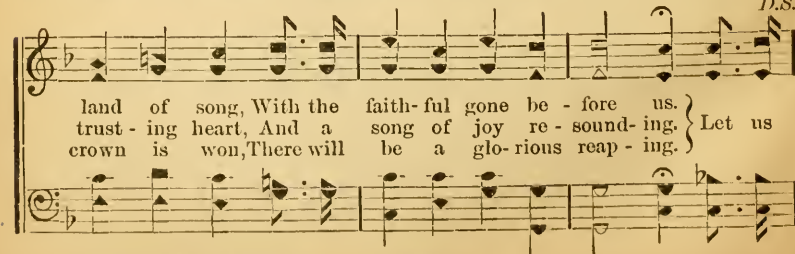


Saviour a - lone de - pend - ing; With an earnest will, pressing onward still,  
 sky may be sometimes dreary; While the fields are bright, and the days are light,  
 mansion of fade - less beau - ty; If we work and pray in the good old way,



Our Redeem - er watch - ing o'er us, We shall rest ere long in the  
 And the har - vest call is sound - ing, Let us bear our part with a  
 To the Sav - iour close - ly keep - ing, When our work is done, and our

*D.S.*



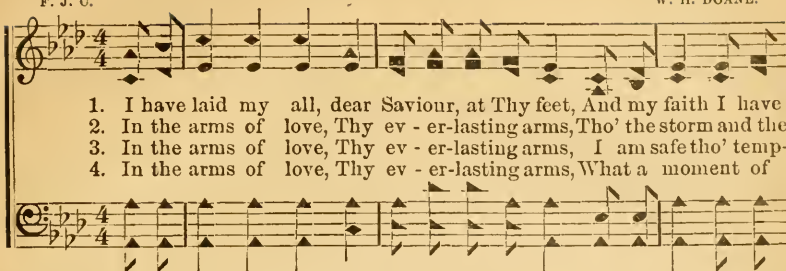
land of song, With the faith - ful gone be - fore us. }  
 trust - ing heart, And a song of joy re - sound - ing. } Let us  
 crown is won, There will be a glo - rious reap - ing. }



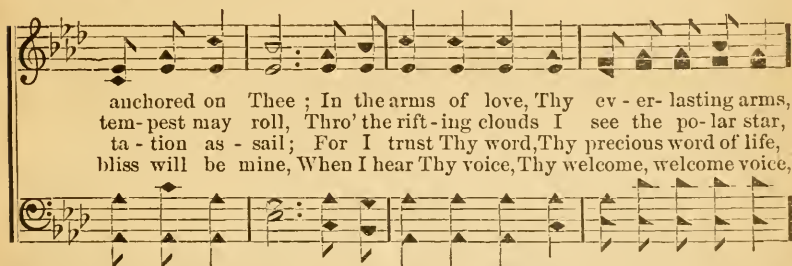
# No. 154. The Everlasting Arms.

F. J. G.

W. H. DOANE.



1. I have laid my all, dear Saviour, at Thy feet, And my faith I have  
 2. In the arms of love, Thy ev - er-lasting arms, Tho' the storm and the  
 3. In the arms of love, Thy ev - er-lasting arms, I am safe tho' temp-  
 4. In the arms of love, Thy ev - er-lasting arms, What a moment of

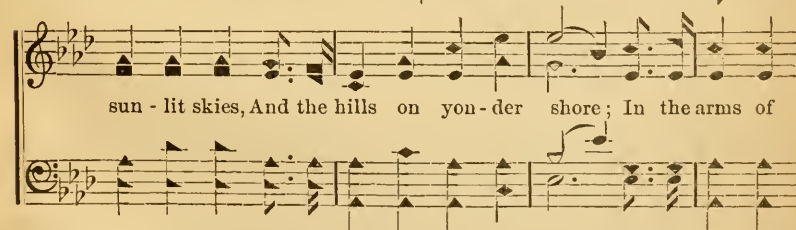


anchored on Thee ; In the arms of love, Thy ev - er - lasting arms,  
 tem-pest may roll, Thro' the rift-ing clouds I see the po-lar star,  
 ta - tion as - sail; For I trust Thy word, Thy precious word of life,  
 bliss will be mine, When I hear Thy voice, Thy welcome, welcome voice,

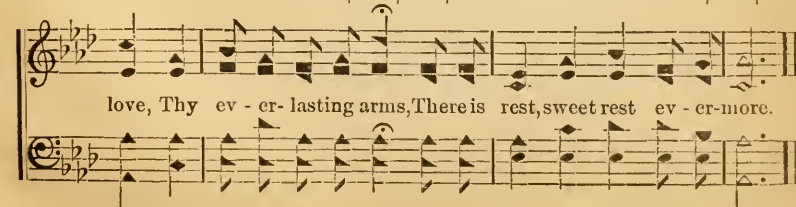
## REFRAIN.



I shall rest where'er I may be.  
 And its light still shines o'er my soul.  
 And its truth I know can-not fail. } I can lift my eyes to the  
 And be-hold Thy glo - ry di-vine.



sun - lit skies, And the hills on yon-der shore ; In the arms of



love, Thy ev - er - lasting arms, There is rest, sweet rest ev - er - more.

# No. 155.

# How Long?

Mrs. J. G. WELSH.

*Tenderly.*

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. How long, thou sin - ful one, How long wilt thou de - lay?  
 2. How long, thou wea - ry heart, Wilt thou thy bur - den bear?  
 3. How long, thou child of God, Wilt thou the Spir - it grieve?

The gate that now stands o - pen wide May bar thee on the  
 Thy Sav - iour wait - eth to re - lieve, Thy heav - y bur - den  
 Thou canst not live by bread a - lone, Thou canst not serve a

out - er side; How long in darkness stay? How long, how long?  
 to re - ceive; How long re - fuse His care? How long, how long?  
 God unknown; How long thy - self de - ceive? How long, how long?

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# No. 156. All Around is Bright and Fair.

MINNIE B. LOWRY.

W. H. DOANE.

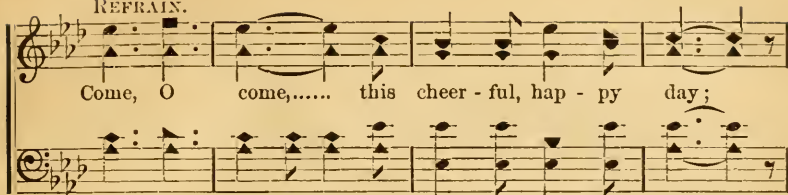
1. All a - round is bright and fair, While we work for Je - sus;  
 2. Ev - ery face with pleasure beams, While we work for Je - sus;  
 3. Near - er seem the realms a - bove, While we work for Je - sus;

Joy and peace are ev - erywhere, While we work for Je - sus.  
 Ev - ery heart with rapture teems, While we work for Je - sus.  
 Dear - er seems our Saviour's love, While we work for Je - sus.

By permission.

# All Around is Bright and Fair. Concluded.

## REFRAIN.



Come, O come,..... this cheer - ful, hap - py day;

O come,



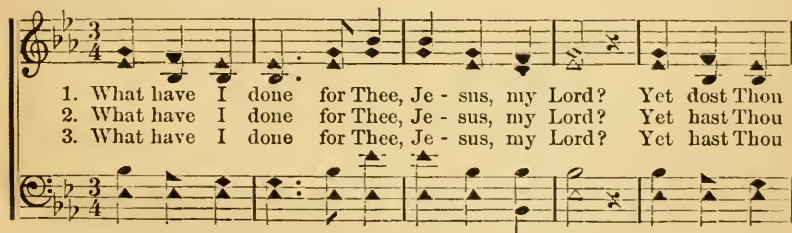
Come, O come,..... to Sun - day School a - way.

O come,

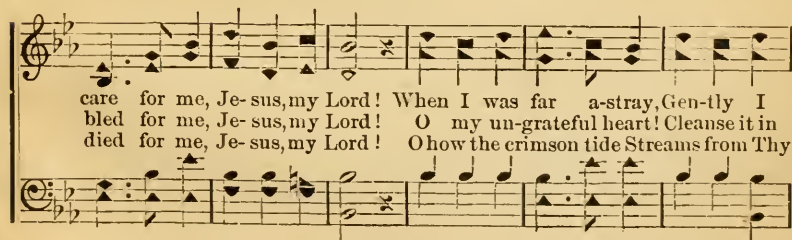
## No. 157. Jesus, My Lord.

FANNY J. VAN ALSTYNE.

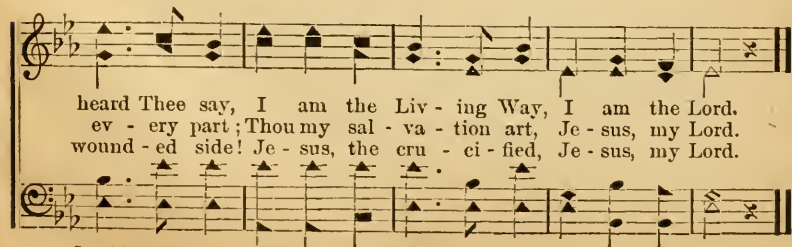
T. J. COOK.



1. What have I done for Thee, Je - sus, my Lord? Yet dost Thou  
2. What have I done for Thee, Je - sus, my Lord? Yet hast Thou  
3. What have I done for Thee, Je - sus, my Lord? Yet hast Thou



care for me, Je - sus, my Lord! When I was far a - stray, Gen - tly I  
bled for me, Je - sus, my Lord! O my un - grate - ful heart! Cleanse it in  
died for me, Je - sus, my Lord! O how the crimson tide Streams from Thy



heard Thee say, I am the Liv - ing Way, I am the Lord.  
ev - ery part; Thou my sal - va - tion art, Je - sus, my Lord.  
wound - ed side! Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied, Je - sus, my Lord.

LAURA MILLER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We come, our Re-deem-er, . to sing of Thy love, And min-gle our  
 2. We thank Thee for bless-ings that fall like the dew, We thank Thee for  
 3. We ask Thy pro-tec-tion, our Saviour and Friend, We ask that from

voic-es with an-gels a-bove; We gath-er to wor-ship, and  
 mer-cies each mo-ment a-new; But O how we thank Thee that  
 e-evil Thy grace may de-fend; We pray that Thy Spir-it our

hail Thee our King, And here in Thy tem-ple our trib-ute to bring.  
 all may be-lieve, And life ev-er-lasting from Thee may receive.  
 Teach-er may be, Di-rect-ing our ef-forts to la-bor for Thee.

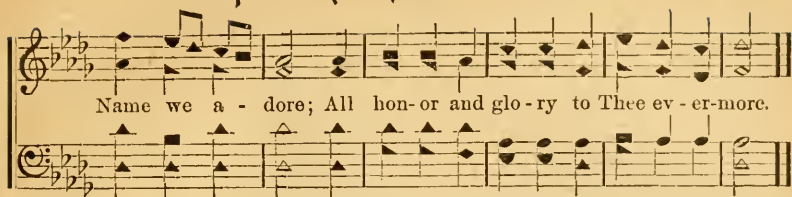
## CHORUS.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, Thy Name we a-dore; All hon-or and

glo-ry to Thee ev-er-more; We praise Thee, we bless Thee, Thy



# We Praise Thee. Concluded.

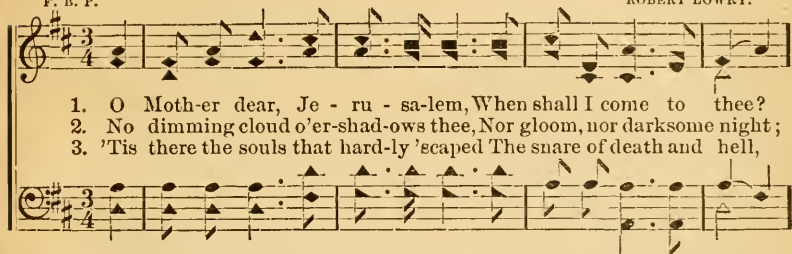


Name we a - dore; All hon - or and glo - ry to Thee ev - er - more.

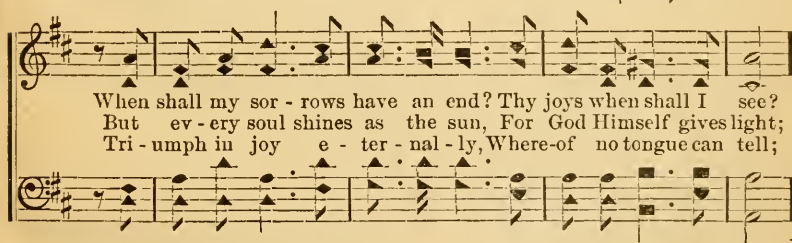
## No. 159. O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.

F. B. P.

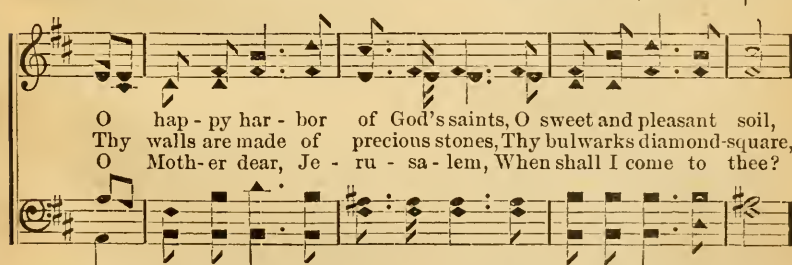
ROBERT LOWRY.



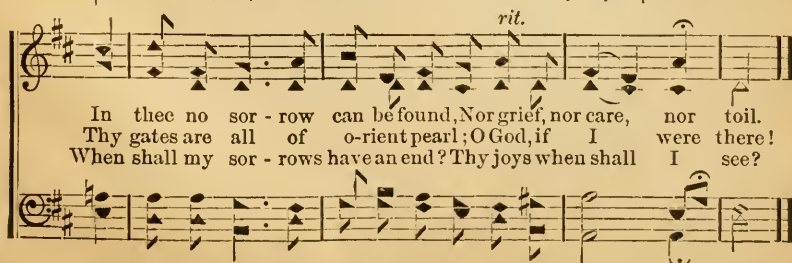
1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?  
2. No dimming cloud o'er - shad - ows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night;  
3. 'Tis there the souls that hard - ly 'escaped The snare of death and hell,



When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
But ev - ery soul shines as the sun, For God Himself gives light;  
Tri - umph in joy e - ter - nal - ly, Where - of no tongue can tell;



O hap - py har - bor of God's saints, O sweet and pleasant soil,  
Thy walls are made of precious stones, Thy bulwarks diamond-square,  
O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?



*rit.*  
In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.  
Thy gates are all of o - rient pearl; O God, if I were there!  
When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

# Hymns.

## No. 160. Tune, CORONATION.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 O that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

## No. 161. Tune, DENNIS.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

## No. 162. Tune, TOPLADY.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin a double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know—  
This for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

## No. 163. Tune, BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

- 1 Shall we gather at the river  
Where bright angel feet have trod;  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing from the throne of God?
- CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river—  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows from the throne of God.
- 2 Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.
- CHO.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

## No. 164. Tune, BROWN.

- 1 I love to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,—  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.

## No. 165. Tune, SWEET HOUR.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of  
prayer!  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known;  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of  
prayer!  
May I thy consolation share,  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home, and take my flight;  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

## No. 66. Tune, MARTYN.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am—  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

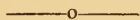
## No. 167. Tune, PRECIOUS NAME.

- 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe—  
It will joy and comfort give you,  
Take it, then, where'er you go.
- CHO. ♪: Precious name, O how sweet,  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven. : ♪
- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,  
As a shield from every snare;  
If temptations round you gather,  
Breathe that Holy Name in prayer.

## No. 168. Tune, WEBB.

- 1 The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,  
In many a gentle shower,  
And brighter scenes before us  
Are opening every hour;  
Each cry to heaven going  
Abundant answer brings,  
And heavenly gales are blowing  
With peace upon their wings.

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This Index is of a very general character. A careful examination of the book will enable the Leader to select many hymns for special use which are not given in minute analysis of subjects. It is intended that suitable hymns shall be found for any occasion likely to arise in the work of the Sunday School. The Numbers refer to the *hymns*, not the pages.

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